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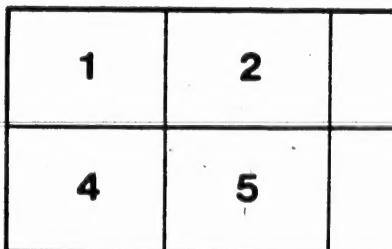
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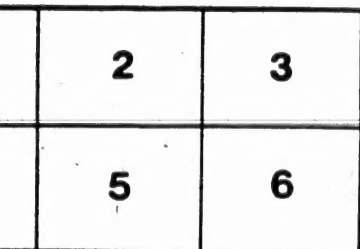
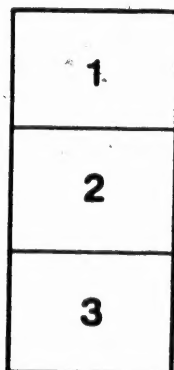
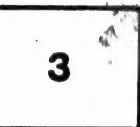
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THE DOMINION CATHOLIC SERIES

SADLIER

DOMINION



FOURTH READER

REVISED AND ENLARGED

BY

A CATHOLIC TEACHER



JAMES A. SADLIER
MONTREAL AND TORONTO



INSTRUCTORS.

EARNEST and well directed effort in the use of this concluding volume of the series must result in success. The Elocutionary Treatise should be thoroughly taught from the first. Require students to commit to memory and recite the important principles, definitions, and examples. Employ these Lessons for *Readings*, and apply the principles daily, in all recitations and conversations, until their right use shall become easy, uniform, and habitual.

THE READINGS OF PART SECOND, while illustrating most felicitously and *in extenso* all the Elements of Elocution, afford mental nutriment of the highest order for a literary education which shall develop and unfold both the practical and the ideal man. Now, if ever, the student must acquire a love for a pure, finished, manly style—for the genuine prose and verse which refine, strengthen, ennoble, give wholesome conceptions of life, and minister alike to mental and spiritual growth.

REQUIRE A SPECIAL PREPARATION before each Reading, which shall enable the student, *without formal questions*, to give, *first* the Title of the Piece; *secondly*, the words liable to mispronunciation in the Reading and the Notes; *thirdly*, all needful definitions, explanations, and biographical sketches, either immediately connected with the Lesson, or found by reference to the *Index to Notes*; *fourthly*, a summary of the Reading, in his own language; and *fifthly*, the moral, conclusion, or outcome. Direct his attention daily to the character of the composition—its grammatical construction, rhetorical figures, logical arrangement, etc.

THE INDEX TO THE NOTES is of the utmost importance, and ought to be employed daily. Make special efforts to give pupils great facility in its use.

Entered according to Act of Parliament A. D. 1891

By JAMES A. SADLER

In the Office of the Minister of Agriculture and Statistics at Ottawa

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PREFACE.

SADLIER'S Dominion Fourth Reader, the highest number of the Series, now thoroughly revised and enlarged, is essentially a *new book*. It is designed to supply the wants of all students from the middle to the advanced classes, and worthily to crown the Dominion Catholic Series of Readers.

THE TREATISE ON ELOCUTION is simple and comprehensive, presenting the subject in its most attractive and practical form. Its important divisions, and their relations to each other, are exhibited to the eye by the use of a Series of Blackboard Diagrams [see page 9]. All of *Webster's* marked letters are used as required to indicate Pronunciation. The Phonic Alphabet is made complete by the addition of *seven* of Watson's combined letters, as follows: *Ou, ow, eh, sh, th, wh, and ng*. This marked type affords nearly all the advantages of pure phonetics, without incurring any of the objections, and is as easily read as though unmarked. Its use in the Notes can not fail to remove localisms and form the habit of correct pronunciation.

PART SECOND contains 125 Reading Lessons of surpassing worth, representing every variety of style and subject, and specially adapted to illustrate the principles of rhetorical delivery. They embrace matters of local interest, biographical, geographical, historical, and scientific, are of suitable length, and of a character that will not permit the interest to flag. To these are added the fittest pieces of classic English literature, from Shakespeare to the present time—narrative and descriptive, moral and didactic, spiritual and religious, and largely representing Catholic truth and usage.

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TRAINING THE MEMORY, so important an educational factor, that it may retain the memorabilia of literature, as well as of events, and afford abundant available material for ready use, calls for special provision in a reading-book of this grade. Many masterpieces in prose and verse are here given to be committed to memory, for individual declamation and class recitation, as well as for reading exercises. The Readings are also interspersed, at fit intervals, with numerous literary gems from writers of rare genius, to be memorized by the students.

THE GRADATION OF THE READINGS is systematic, presenting the simplest first in order. Commencing with pieces quite as elementary as those at the close of the Dominion Third Reader, the student gradually and well-nigh unconsciously progresses until the difficulties and even intricacies of speech give added zest and value to the Lessons.

THE ADDITIONAL AIDS needed for a thorough understanding of the text, and preparatory to the Class Readings, are supplied. The Pictorial Illustrations are of rare excellence. Foot-notes give the pronunciation of words that had to be re-spelled for the purpose; definitions; explanations of classical, historical, and other allusions; and biographical sketches of authors and of persons whose names occur in the Reading Lessons. This assistance is given in every instance on the page where the difficulty first arises, and a complete *Index to the Notes* is added for general reference.

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ELOCUTION

ELOCUTION is the mode of utterance or delivery of any thing spoken. It may be good or bad.

2. **Good Elocution** is the art of uttering ideas understandingly, correctly, and effectively. It embraces the two general divisions, **ORTHOËPY** and **EXPRESSION**.

Elocution { Orthoëpy
Expression

ORTHOËPY.

OORTHOËPY is the art of correct pronunciation.¹ It embraces **ARTICULATION**, **SYLLABICATION** and **ACCENT**.

Orthoëpy { Articulation
Syllabication
Accent

ORTHOËPY has to do with *separate* words—the production of their oral elements, the combination of these elements to form syllables, and the accentuation of the right syllables.

¹ **Blackboard Diagrams** are here introduced for the convenience of young teachers, and as constant reminders of the importance of em-

playing the perceptive faculties in connection with oral instruction.

² **Pronunciation** (pro nūn'shē a'shun).

I. ARTICULATION.

1.

DEFINITIONS.

ARTICULATION is the *distinct* utterance of the oral elements in syllables and words.

2. **Oral Elements** are the sounds that form syllables and words.

3. **Oral Elements are Produced** by different positions of the organs of speech, in connection with the voice and the breath.

4. **The Principal Organs of Speech** are the lips, the teeth, the tongue, and the palate.

5. **Voice is Produced** by the action of the breath upon the larynx, or windpipe.

6. **Oral Elements are Divided** into *eighteen* TONICS, *fifteen* SUBTONICS, and *ten* ATONICS.

7. **Tonics** are pure tones produced by the voice, with but slight use of the organs of speech.

8. **Subtonics** are tones produced by the voice, *modified* by the organs of speech.

9. **Atomics** are mere breathings, modified by the organs of speech.

10. **Letters** are characters that are used to represent or to modify the oral elements.

11. **The Alphabet is Divided** into vowels and consonants.

12. **Vowels** are the letters that usually represent the tonics. They are *a, e, i, o, u*, and sometimes *y*.

13. **A Diphthong** is the union of two vowels in a syllable; as *ou* in *our*, *ea* in *bread*.

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14. **A Proper Diphthong** is the union of two vowels in a syllable, neither of which is silent ; as *ou* in *out*.

15. **An Improper Diphthong** is the union in a syllable, one of which is silent ; as *ōa* in *now*.

16. **A Triphthong** is the union of three vowels in a syllable ; as *eau* in *beau* (*bō*), *ieu* in *adieu* (*ādīu*).

17. **Consonants**¹ are the letters that singly represent either subtonic or atonic elements. They are either single letters and combined, including all the letters of the alphabet, except the vowels, and the combinations *ch*, *sh*, *wh*, *ng* : *th* subtonic, and *fh* atonic.

18. **Labials** are letters whose oral elements are chiefly formed by the lips. They are *b*, *p*, *w*, and *wh*. *M* is a nasal labial. *F* and *v* are labio-dentals.

19. **Dentals** are letters whose oral elements are chiefly formed by the teeth. They are *j*, *s*, *z*, *ch* and *sh*.

20. **Linguals** are letters whose oral elements are chiefly formed by the tongue. They are *d*, *l*, *r*, and *t*. *N* is a nasal-lingual ; *y*, a lingua-palatal, and *th*, a lingua-dental.

21. **Palatals** are letters whose oral elements are chiefly formed by the palate. They are *g* and *k*. *Ng* is a nasal-palatal.

22. **Cognates** are letters whose oral elements are produced by the same organs, in a similar manner ; thus, *f* is a cognate of *v* ; *k* of *g*, etc.

23. **Alphabetic Equivalents** are letters, or combinations of letters, that represent the same elements, or sounds ; thus, *i* is an equivalent of *e*, in *pique*.

¹ **Consonant.**—The term *consonant*, meaning *sounding with*, is applied to these letters and combinations because they are rarely used in words without having a vowel connected with them in the same syllable, although their oral elements may be uttered separately, and without a vowel. They often form syllables alone ; as *n* in *aven*.

II.

ORAL ELEMENTS.

In sound, the tonics, the organs of speech should be fully opened, and the stream of sound from the throat should be turned, as much as possible, directly upward against the roof of the mouth. These elements should open with an abrupt and explosive force, and then diminish gradually and equably to the end.

In producing the *subtonic* and *atonic elements*, it is important to press the organs upon each other with great firmness and tension; to throw the breath upon them with force; and to prolong the sound sufficiently to give it a full impression on the ear.

The instructor will first require the students to pronounce a catch-word once, and then produce the oral element represented by the marked vowel, or *Italic* consonant, four times—thus; āge—ā, ā, ā, ā; āte—ā, ā, ā, ā; āt—ā, ā, ā, ā; āsh—ā, ā, ā, ā, etc. He will exercise the class until each student can utter *consecutively* all the elementary sounds as arranged in the following

TABLE OF ORAL ELEMENTS.

I. TONICS.

1. ā, ¹ in āge,	āte.	4. ā, in all,	ball.
2. ā, “ āt,	āsh.	5. ā, ² “ bare,	care.
3. ā, “ ārt,	ārm.	6. ā, ³ “ ask,	glass.

¹ Long and Short Vowels.—

The attention of the class should be called to the fact that the first element, or sound, represented by each of the vowels, is usually indicated by a horizontal line placed over the letter, and the second sound by a curved line.

² A Fifth.—The *fifth* element, or sound, represented by ā, is its *first* or *Alphabetic* sound, modified or softened by *r*. In its production, the lips, placed nearly together, are held immovable while the student tries to say ā.

³ A Sixth.—The *sixth* element

7. ē
8. ē
9. ē
10. ī
11. ī
12. ō

1. b,
2. d,
3. g,
4. j,
5. l,
6. m,
7. n,
8. ng,

1. f,
2. h,
3. k,
4. p,
5. s,

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² O M
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7. ē, in	hē,	thēse.	13. ō, ² in	ōn,	frōst.
8. ě, "	ělk,	ěnd.	14. ō, "	dō,	prōve.
9. ě, ¹ "	hēr,	vērse.	15. ū, ³ "	eūbe,	eūre.
10. ī, "	īce,	child.	16. ū, "	būd,	hūsh.
11. ĭ, "	īnk,	īnch.	17. ū, "	full,	pušh,
12. ō, "	ōld,	hōme.	18. ou, "	our,	house.

II. SUBTONICS.

1. b, in	babe,	orō.	9. r, ⁴ in	rake,	bar.
2. d, "	did,	dim.	10. th, "	this,	with.
3. ġ, "	ġaġ,	ġiġ.	11. v, "	vine,	viġē.
4. j, "	join,	joint.	12. w, "	wake,	wiġe.
5. l, "	lake,	lane.	13. y, "	yard,	yes.
6. m, "	mild,	mūm.	14. z, "	zest,	gaze.
7. n, "	name,	nine.	15. zh, "	azure,	glaziēr.
8. ng, "	ġang,	sang.			

III. ATONICS.

1. f, in	fame,	fife.	6. t, in	tart,	toast.
2. h, "	hark,	harm.	7. th, "	thank,	youth.
3. k, "	kind,	kink.	8. ch, "	chase,	march.
4. p, "	pipe,	pump.	9. sh, "	shade,	mūsh.
5. s, "	souse,	sense.	10. wh, "	whale,	white.

represented by *ā*, is a sound intermediate between *a* as heard in *at*, *ash*, and *a* as in *arm*, *art*. It is produced by prolonging and slightly softening *ā*.

¹ **E Third.**—The *third* element represented by *ē*, is *e* as heard in *end* prolonged, and modified or softened by *r*.

² **O Modified.**—The modified oral element of *o*, in this work, is represented by *ō*, the same mark as its regular second power. This modified or medium element may

be produced by uttering the sound of *o* in *not*, slightly softened, with twice its usual volume, or prolongation.

³ **U Initial.**—*U*, at the beginning of words, when long, has the sound of *yu*, as in *use* (*yūs*).

⁴ **R Trilled.**—In *trilling r*, the tip of the tongue is made to vibrate rapidly against the roof of the mouth. Frequently require the student, after a full inhalation, to trill *r* continuously, as long and rapidly as possible.

For *a*, *au*, *aw*, *eo*, *o*, *oa*, *ou*; as in *fault*, *hawk*, *George*,
cork, *broad*, *bought*.

For *ā*, *aī*, *ē*, *ea*, *ei*; as in *chair*, *there*, *swear*, *heir*.

For *ē*, *ea*, *ee*, *ei*, *eo*, *ey*, *ī*, *ie*; as in *read*, *deep*, *cell*, *people*,
key, *valise*, *field*.

For *ē*, *a*, *ai*, *ay*, *ea*, *ei*, *eo*, *ie*, *u*, *ue*; as in *any*, *said*, *says*,
head, *heifer*, *leopard*, *friend*, *bury*, *guess*.

For *ē*, *ea*, *i*, *o*, *ou*, *u*, *ue*, *y*; as in *earth*, *girl*, *word*,
scourge, *burn*, *guerdon*, *myrrh*.

For *i*, *ai*, *ei*, *eye*, *ie*, *oi*, *ui*, *uy*, *y*, *ye*; as in *aisle*, *sleight*,
eye, *die*, *choir*, *guide*, *buy*, *mỹ*, *rye*.

For *ī*, *ai*, *e*, *ee*, *ie*, *o*, *oi*, *u*, *ui*, *y*; as in *captain*, *pretty*,
been, *eve*, *women*, *tortoise*, *busy*, *build*, *hymn*.

For *ō*, *au*, *eau*, *eo*, *ew*, *oa*, *oe*, *oo*, *ou*, *ow*; as in *hautboy*,
beau, *yeoman*, *sew*, *eol*, *fœ*, *dōor*, *soul*, *blow*.

For *ō*, *a*, *ou*, *ow*; as in *what*, *hough* (*hock*), *knowledge*.

For *o*, *ew*, *oe*, *oo*, *ou*, *u*, *ui*; as in *grew*, *shoe*, *spoon*, *squ*,
rade, *fruit*.

For *ū*, *eau*, *eu*, *ew*, *ieu*, *iew*, *ue*, *ui*; as in *beauty*, *feud*,
new, *adieū*, *view*, *hūe*, *jūice*.

For *ū*, *o*, *oe*, *oo*, *ou*; as in *love*, *does*, *blood*, *young*.

For *u*, *o*, *oo*, *ou*; as in *wolf*, *book*, *could*.

For *ou*, *ow*; as in *now*.

For *oi* (*ai*), *oy*; as in *boy*.

II. SUBTONIC AND ATONIC ELEMENTS.

For *f*, *gh*, *ph*; as in *enough*, *nymph*.

For *j*, *g*; as in *gem*, *gin*.

For *k*, *e*, *eh*, *gh*, *q*; as in *cole*, *eoneh*, *lough*, *etiquette*.

For *s*, *ç*; as in *cell*, *city*.

For *t*, *d*, *th*, *phth*; as in *danced*, *Thames*, *phthisie*.

For *v*, *f*, *ph*; as in *of*, *Stephen*.

For y, *i*; as in pinion.

For z, *c*, *ç*, *x*; as in suffice, rose, zebec.

For zh, *g*, *s*; as in rouse, osier.

For ng, *n*; as in anger, bank.

For ch, *t*; as in fusian.

For sh, *c*, *qh*, *s*, *ss*, *t*; as in ocean, glaise, sure, assure, martial.

V.

ORAL ELEMENTS COMBINED.

AFTER giving the class a thorough drill on the preceding tables as arranged, the following exercises will be found of great value, to improve the organs of speech and the voice, as well as to familiarize the student with different combinations of sound.

As the *fifth* element represented by *a*, and the *third* element of *e*, are always immediately followed by the oral element of *r* in words, the *r* is introduced in like manner in these exercises. Since the *sixth* sound of *a*, when not a syllable by itself, is always immediately followed by the oral element of *f*, *n*, or *s*, in words, these letters are here also employed.

I. TONICS AND SUBTONICS.

1. bā,	bā,	bā,	bā,	bār,	báf;	bē,	bē,	bēr;
īb,	īb;	ōb,	ōb,	qb;	ūb,	ūb,	ub;	oub.
dā,	dā	dā,	dā,	dār,	dās;	dē,	dē,	dēr;
īd,	īd;	ōd,	ōd,	qd;	ūd,	ūd,	ud;	oud.
gā,	gā,	gā,	gā,	gār,	gān;	gē,	gē,	gēr;
īg,	īg;	ōg,	ōg,	qg;	ūg,	ūg,	ug;	oug.
2. jā,	jār,	ja,	jā,	jā,	jā;	jēr,	jē,	jē;
īg,	īg;	qg,	ōg,	ōg;	ūg,	ūg,	ug;	oug.
lās,	lār,	la,	lā,	lā,	lā;	lēr,	lē,	lē;
īl,	īl;	ul,	ōl,	ōl;	ul,	ūl,	ul;	oul.

mā
īm.

3. ān,
nŷ,
āng
īng

rā,
rī,

4. āth,
thī,
ve,
iv,
wā,
wī,

5. yā,
yī,
zow,
gēr,
ouzh
ērzh,

1. fā,
īf,
hēr,
hī,
āk,
kī,

2. ep,
pl,
āf,

- más, mér, mó, mā, mǎ, me; mēr, mē, mī;
 im, im; qm, ǫm, ǫm; ǫm, ǫm, ūm; oum.
3. ān, an, ǎn, ár, nán, ān; ēn, ěn, ěn;
 nŷ, nŷ; nq, nō, nō; nū, nu, nū; nou.
 āng, ár, āng, ǎf, ang, āng; ěng, ěr, ěng;
 ing, ing; ǫng, ǫng, ǫng; ung, ūng, ūng; own.
 rā, rā, rár, rá, rǎ, ráf; rē, rēr, rē;
 rī, rī; rō, rō, rǫ; ru, rǔ, rū; row.
4. āth, ōth, ǎf, eth, árth, āth; ěth, ěrth, ěth;
 thī, thī; thǫ, thō, thǫ; thū, thū, thū; thou.
 vē, vā, vár, vǎ, vǎf, vǎ; vē, vē, vē;
 iv, iv; ǫv, ǫv, ǫv; ūv, ūv, ǫv; ouv.
 wā, wā, wár, wǎ, wǎ, wǎf; wīr, wē, wē;
 wī, wī; wō, wō, wǫ; wū, wū, wū; wow.
5. yā, yā, yǎ, yǎ, yár, yán; yē, yē, yēr;
 yī, yī; yō, yō, yǫ; yū, yū, yū; yow.
 zow; zō, zū, zū; zō, zō; zī, zī;
 šér, šē, šē; šáf, šér, šǎ, šǎ, šǎ.
 ouzh; ǫzh, ūzh, ūzh; qzh, őzh, őzh; izh, izh;
 ěrzh, ězh, ězh; ǎf, árzh, qzh, āzh, āzh, āzh.

II. TONIC AND ATONIC COMBINATIONS.

1. fā, fā, fā, fǎ, fár, fás; fē, fē, fēr;
 if, if; ǫf, ǫf, qf; ūf, ūf, uf; ouf.
 hēr, hán, hǎ, hǎ, hǎ; hē, hē, hēr;
 hī, hī; hō, hō, hū; hū, hū, hū; how.
 ǎk, ǎk, ǎk, ǎk, ár, ǎf; ěk, ěk, ěk;
 kī, kī; kō, kō, kǫ; kū, kū, kū; kou.
2. ep, ǎp, ǎp, ǫp, ěp, páf; pē, pī, pēr;
 pī, pī; ǫp, ǫp, ǎp; pū, pū, pō; ǫp.
 ǎf, éra, óa, ǎs, ǎs, es; sīr, sē, sī;

is, is; us, as, os; so, su, sū; ous;
 tās, tār, tā, āt, āt, āt; tēr, ēt, ēt;
 tŷ, tŷ; tō, tōō, tō; ūt, ut, ūt; tow.

3. thāf, thār, thā, thā, thā, thā; thēr, thē, thē;
 īth, īth; ōth, qth, ōth; ūth, ūth, ūth; outh;
 owch; ūch, ūch, ūch; ōch, qch, ōch; īch, īch;
 ērch, ēch, ēch; chāf, chā, chā, chār, cha, chā.
 oush; ūsh, ūsh, ūsh; ōsh, qsh, ōsh; īsh, īsh;
 shēr, shē, shē; shān, shār, shā, sha, shā, shā.
 whow; whū, whū, whū; whō, whō, whō; whī, whī.
 whēr, whē, whē; whās, whār, whā, whā, whā, whā.

VI

ERRORS IN ARTICULATION.

ERRORS in Articulation arise, *first*, from the omission of one or more elements in a word; as,

an'	for and.	stō'm	for stōrm.
frīen's	" frīends.	wā'm	" wārm.
blīn"ness	" blīnd'ness.	bōis'trous	" bōis'tēr ous.
fāe's	" fāets.	chīck'n	" chīck'an.
sōf'ly	" sōft'ly.	hīs'try	" hīs'tō.
fiel's	" fiēlds.	nōv'l	" nōv'el.
wīl's	" wīlds.	trāv'l	" trāv'el.

Secondly, from uttering one or more elements that should not be sounded; as,

ēv'ēn	for ēv'n.	rāv'ēl	for rāv'l.
hēav'n	" hēav'n.	sēv'ēn	" sēv'n.
tāk'ēn	" tāk'n.	sōf'tēn	" sōf'n.
sīk'ēn	" sīk'n.	shāk'ēn	" shāk'n.
drīv'ēl	" drīv'l.	shōv'ēl	" shōv'l.
grōv'ēl	" grōv'l.	shrīv'ēl	" shrīv'l.

Third

set

sēnce

chēt

for gīt

eāre

dānce

pāst

āsk

grāss

srill

wīrl

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ā gānst'

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letters, sa

Thirdly, from substituting one element for another; as,

sét	for	sit.	earse	for	eourse.
seúve	"	sinçe.	re part'	"	re pōrt'.
shët	"	shūt.	trōf'fý	"	trō'phý.
for gít'	"	for gēt'.	pā'rent	"	pār'ent.
eāre	"	eāre.	būn'net	"	bōn'net.
dānce	"	dānce.	chil'drun	"	chil'drēn.
pāst	"	pāst.	sūl'ler	"	qēl'lar.
āsk	"	āsk.	mēl'lēr	"	mēl'lōw.
grāss	"	grāss.	pil'lēr	"	pil'lōw.
srill	"	shrill.	mō'munt	"	mō'mēnt.
wīrl	"	whīrl.	hārm'liss	"	hārm'lēss.
a gūn'	"	a gain (ā gēn').	kīnd'niss	"	kīnd'nēss.
ā gānst'	"	against (ā gēnst').	wis'per	"	whis'per.
hērth	"	hearth (hārth).	sīng'in	"	sīng'ing.

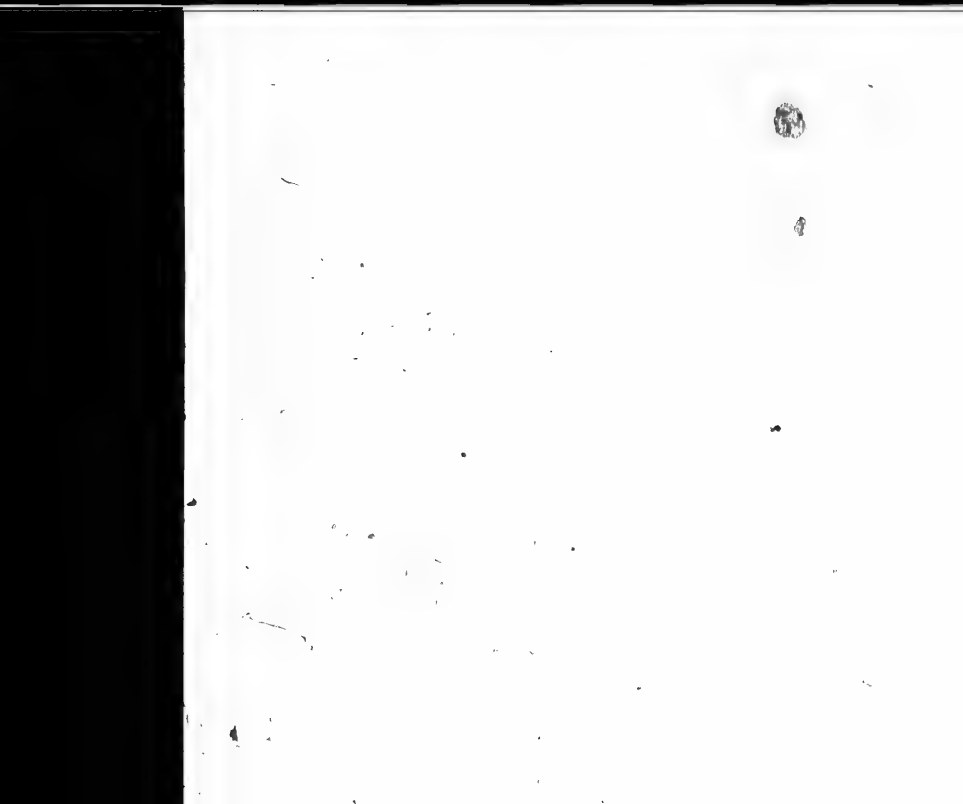
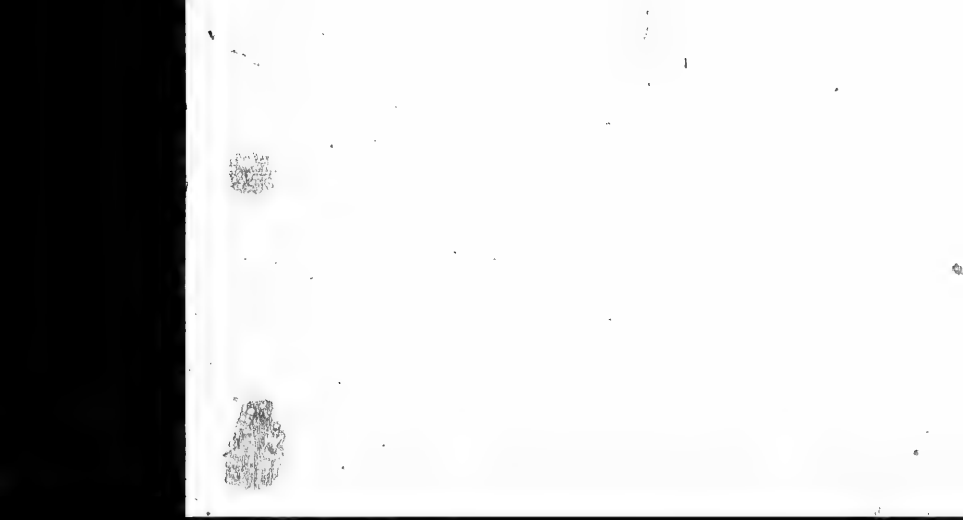
VII.

ANALYSIS OF WORDS.

IN order to secure a practical knowledge of the preceding definitions and tables, to learn to spell spoken words by their oral elements, and to understand the uses of letters in written words, the instructor will require the student to master the following exhaustive though simple analysis.

ANALYZE SALVE.—*1st.* The word SALVE, in pronunciation, is formed by the union of three oral elements; sāv—salve. [The student will utter the three oral elements separately, and then pronounce the word.] The *first* is a modified breathing; hence, it is an atonic. The *second* is a pure tone; hence, it is a tonic. The *third* is a modified tone; hence, it is a subtonic.

2d. The word SALVE, in writing, is represented by the letters, salve—salve. *S* represents an atonic; hence, it is a



consonant. Its oral element is chiefly formed by the teeth; hence, it is a dental. Its oral element is produced by the same organs and in a similar manner as the first oral element of *z*; hence, it is a cognate of *z*. *A* represents a tonic; hence, it is a vowel. *L* is silent. *V* represents a subtonic; hence, it is a consonant. Its oral element is chiefly formed by the lower lip and the upper teeth; hence, it is a labio-dental. Its oral element is formed by the same organs and in a similar manner as that of *f*; hence, it is a cognate of *f*. *E* is silent.

ANALYZE SHOE.—*1st.* The word SHOE, in *pronunciation*, is formed by the union of two oral elements; sh *q*—shoe. The *first* is a modified breathing; hence, it is an atonic. The *second* is a pure tone; hence, it is a tonic.

2d. The word SHOE, in *writing*, is represented by the letters, sh *oe*—shoe. The combination sh represents an atonic; hence, it is a consonant. Its oral element is chiefly formed by the teeth; hence, it is a dental. Its oral element is produced by the same organs and in a similar manner as the second oral element represented by *z*; hence, it is a cognate of *z*. The combination *oe* is formed by the union of two vowels, one of which is silent; hence, it is an improper diphthong. It represents the oral element usually represented by *q*; hence, it is an alphabetic equivalent of *q*.

VIII.

RULES IN ARTICULATION.

THE word *A*, when *emphatic*, should be pronounced like the letter *ā*; as,

I said three boys knew the letter *ā*, not *a* boy knew it.

2. The Word *A*, when not *emphatic*, is marked thus, *ā*, its quality of sound in pronunciation being the same as

the re
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4. U

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Are yg

5. R

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emphatic

He is b

PUPIL

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2.

3.

4.

5.

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7.

8.

9.

10. N

1 A Initial
as an initial
is also mark

the regular *sixth* sound, heard in the words *ask*, *grass*, *māss*, *basket*; as,

Give *ā* baby sister *ā* smile, *ā* kind word, and *ā* kiss.¹

3. **The**, when not emphatic nor immediately followed by a word that commences with a vowel sound, should be pronounced *thū*; as,

The (*thū*) peach, the (*thū*) plum, *thē* apple, and the (*thū*) cherry are yours. Did he *ask* for *ā* pen, or for *thē* pen?

4. **U Preceded by R**.—When *u* long (*u* in *tūbe*), or its alphabetic equivalent *ew*, is preceded by *r*, or the sound of *sh*, in the same syllable, it has always the sound of *o* in *dō*; as,

Are you sure that *shrewd* youth was *rude*?

5. **R may be Trilled** when immediately followed by a vowel sound in the same syllable. When thus situated in *emphatic* words, it should be trilled; as,

He is both *brave* and *true*. I said *scratching*, not *scrawling*.

PUPILS will read the sentences, analyze the words, and tell what rules the exercises illustrate.

EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION.

1. *Thū bōld bād bāz brōk bōlts ānd bārz.*
2. *Thū rōgz rūst round thū rūf rēd rōks.*
3. *Hī ōn ā hīl Hū hērd harsēz harnī hōfs.*
4. *Shōr āl hēr pāthz ār pāthz ōv pēs.*
5. *Bā ! thāt'z nōt siks dōllārz, bŭt ā dōllār.*
6. *Chārj thē ōld mēn tō chōz ā chāis chēz.*
7. *Lit sēking lit, hāfh lit ōv līt bēgild.*
8. *Thōz yōths with tōths yūz wikēd ōthz.*
9. *Arm it with rāgz, ā pīgmī strā wīl pēs it.*
10. *Nōu sēt thū tēth ānd strēch thū nōstrīl wīd.*

¹ **A Initial**.—*A* in many words, as an initial unaccented syllable, is also marked *ā*, its *quality* being that of a *sixth power* (*ā*), as in *ālas*, *āmāss*, though somewhat less in volume of sound.

11. Hē wócht änd wépt, hē fēlt änd prād fār al.
12. Hīz iz amidst thū mīsts, mēzhērd än āzhēr skī.
13. Thū whālz whēld änd whērld, änd bārd thār brād,
broun bāks.
14. Jāsn Jōnz sēd, Lūnā, ālās, āmās, villā, ārō'mā.
15. Thū strif sēsēth, pēs āpprōchēth, and thū gūd mǎn
rējaisēth.
16. Our shrod ānts yūzd shrūgz, änd shārp, shrīl shrēks,
änd shrūngk shīll frōm thū shroudēd shrīn.
17. Amidst thū mīsts änd kōldēst frōsts, wīth bārēst rīsts
änd stoutēst bōsts, hē thrūsts hīz fīsts āgēnst thū pōsts,
änd stīl īnsīsts hē sēz thū gōsts.
18. A stārm ārīzēth ōn thū sē. A mōdēl vēssēl iz strūg-
glīng amidst thū wār ōv ēlēments, kwīvēring änd shīvēring,
shrīngking änd bātting lik ā thīngking bēing.

II. SYLLABICATION.

A SYLLABLE is a word, or part of a word, uttered by a single impulse of the voice.

2. **A Monosyllable** is a word of *one* syllable ; as, *it*.
3. **A Dissyllable** is a word of *two* syllables ; as, *ill-ly*.
4. **A Trisyllable** is a word of *three* syllables ; as, *con-
fine-ment*.
5. **A Polysyllable** is a word of *four* or *more* syllables ;
as, *in-no-cen-cy, un-in-tel-li-gi-bil-i-ty*.

LET pupils tell the number of syllables in words that are not monosyllables, in the following

EXERCISES IN SYLLABICATION.

1. When you rise in the morning, resolve to make the day
a happy one to a fellow-creature. It is easily done.

2. A
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3. A
and us
those v
4. W
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be unqu
5. If
will be
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ACCENT
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Hostility

2. A kind word, an encouraging expression—trifles in themselves light as air—may make some heart glad for at least twenty-four hours.

3. A life of idleness is not a life of pleasure. Only activity and usefulness afford happiness. The most miserable are those who have nothing to do.

4. Would you be free from uneasiness of mind, do nothing that you know or think to be wrong. Would you enjoy the purest pleasure, do always and everywhere what you see to be unquestionably right.

5. If the spring put forth no blossom, in summer there will be no beauty, and in autumn no fruit: so, if youth be trifled away without improvement, manhood will probably be contemptible, and old age miserable.

6. As Charity covers a multitude of sins before God, so does Politeness before men.

III. ACCENT.

ACCENT is the peculiar force given to one or more syllables of a word.

2. In many Trisyllables and Polysyllables, of two syllables accented, one is uttered with greater force than the other. The more forcible accent is called *primary*, and the less forcible, *secondary*; as *hab-i-TA-tion*.

Accent { *Primary*
Secondary

3. The Mark of Acute Accent, heavy, ['] is often used to indicate *primary* accent; light, ['] *secondary* accent; as, Hōstīl'ity brought vict'ory, not ig'nomin'ious defeat'.

4. The Mark of Grave Accent, ['] is here used to indicate, *first*, that the vowel over which it is placed forms a separate syllable; and, *secondly*, that the vowel is not an alphabetic equivalent, but represents one of its usual oral elements; as,

An aged and learned man caught that winged thing, for his beloved pupils. Her goodness [not *goodness*] moved the roughest [not *roughist*].

PUPILS will give the office of each *mark* in these

EXERCISES IN ACCENT.

1. No'tice the marks of ae'cent, and al'ways accent' cōr-rēt'ly the words in'teresting, cir'cumstances, dif'ficulty.
2. That bléssed and belóved child loves évéry winged thing.
3. He that is slow to ánger is bétter than the mighty; and he that rúlèth his spírít than he that tákèth a cit'y.
4. A spírít of kíndness is beaútiful in the áged, lóvely in the young, in'dispen'sable to the háppínèss of a fámily.
5. Thou knówèst my down'sit'ting and mine up'rísing; thou un'derstand'èst my thóught afár off.
6. Thou cōmpassèst my páth and my ly'ing down, and art acquáintèd with all my ways.
7. An'ger and passion (pásh'un) are ir'resist'ible, perhaps', when they come upon' you, but it is ón'ly at times that you are provokèd', and then you are off your guard; so that the occa'sion is ó'ver, and you have failed, before' you were well aware' of its eóm'ing.
8. Find out for yourself' dai'ly self'-deni'als, and this because' our Lord bids you take up your cross dai'ly, because' it proves your éar'néstnèss, and because' by dó'ing so you strength'en your gen'eral pow'er of self'-mas'tery, and come to have such a habit'ual cōmmand' of yourself' as will be a defence' réad'y prepared' when the sea'son of tempta'tion comes, as come it assuredly (ásh shqr'ed li) will.

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E MP

2. To
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explain to
loudness has

EXPRESSION.

EXPRESSION of speech is the utterance of thought, feeling, or passion, with due significance or force. Its most important divisions are EMPHASIS, INFLECTION, SLUR, and PAUSES.



EXPRESSION has to do with words in sentences and discourse. It enables the hearer to see, feel, and understand.

I. EMPHASIS.

I.

DEFINITIONS.

EMPHASIS is the peculiar force given to one or more words of a sentence.

2. **To give a Word Emphasis**, means to pronounce it in a loud¹ or forcible manner. No uncommon tone is necessary, as words may be made emphatic by prolonging the vowel sounds, by a pause, or even by a whisper.

¹ **Loudness.**—The instructor will explain to the class the fact, that loudness has not, of necessity, reference to *high pitch*, but to *volume of voice, used on the same key or pitch*, when reading or speaking.

3. **Emphatic Words** are often printed in *Italics*; those more emphatic, in small CAPITALS; and those that receive the greatest force, in large CAPITALS.

II.

RULES IN EMPHASIS.

WORDS and Phrases peculiarly significant, or important in meaning, are emphatic; as,

Whence and what art thou, execrable shape?

2. **Words and Phrases that contrast**, or point out a difference, are emphatic; as,

I did not say a better soldier, but an elder.

PUPILS will tell which of the two preceding rules is illustrated by each of the following

EXERCISES IN EMPHASIS.

1. *He* may bite; but *I* shall not.
2. Speak *little* and *well*, if you wish to be thought wise.
3. You were taught to *love* your brother, not to *hate* him.
4. Sing the praises of *October*, as the *loveliest* of months.
5. It is not so easy to hide one's faults, as to mend them.
6. Study not so much to show knowledge, as to possess it.
7. The **GOOD** man is *honored*, but the **EVIL** man is *despised*.
8. Custom is the plague of wise men and the idol of fools.
9. He that trusts *you*, where he should find you *lions* finds you **HARES**; where *foxes*, **GEESE**.
10. My friends, our *country must* be **FREE**! The land is never *lost*, that has a *son* to *right* her, and here are *troops* of sons, and **LOYAL** ones!
11. Little Nell was *dead*. No *sleep so beautiful and calm*, so *free* from mark of *pain*, so *fair* to look upon.
12. "When I *die*, put *near* me something that has *loved* the **LIGHT**, and had the **SKY** *above it always*," she said.

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II. INFLECTION.

I.

DEFINITIONS.

INFLECTION is the bend or slide of the voice, used in reading and speaking.

Inflection, or the *slide*, is properly a part of *emphasis*. It is the greater rise or fall of the voice that occurs on the *accented* or *heavy* syllable of an *emphatic* word.

2. **There are Three Inflections** or slides of the voice: the **RISING INFLECTION**, the **FALLING INFLECTION**, and the **CIRCUMFLEX**.

Inflection { *Rising*
Falling
Circumflex

3. **The Rising Inflection** is the upward bend or slide of the voice; as,

Do you love your home?

4. **The Falling Inflection** is the downward bend or slide of the voice; as,

When are you going home?

5. **The Circumflex** is the union of the inflections on the same syllable or word, either commencing with the *rising* and ending with the *falling*, or commencing with the *falling* and ending with the *rising*, thus producing a slight waving movement of the voice.

6. The **Acute Accent** ['] is used to mark the *rising* inflection; the **grave accent** ['] the *falling* inflection; as,

Will you *réad* or *spéll*? I will *réad*, not *spéll*.

7. The **Falling Circumflex**, which commences with a rising and ends with a falling slide, is marked thus $\frown$; the *rising* circumflex, which commences with a falling and ends with a rising slide, is marked thus $\smile$, which the pupil will see is the same mark inverted; as,

You must take me for a *fool*, to think I could do *that*.

II.

RULES IN INFLECTION.

THE Falling Inflection is employed for all ideas that are leading, complete, or known, or whenever something is affirmed or commanded *positively*; as,

He will shed *téars*, on his *retúrn*. *Spéak*, I charge you!

2. The **Rising Inflection** is employed for all ideas that are conditional, incidental, or incomplete, or for those that are doubtful, uncertain, or negative; as,

Though he *sláy* me, I shall *love* him. On its *retúrn*, they will shed *téars*, not of *ágoný* and *distréss*, but of *grátítude* and *jóý*.

3. **Questions for Information**, or those that can be answered by *yes* or *no*, require the *rising* inflection; but their answers, when positive, the *falling*; as,

Do you *love* Máry? *Yés*; I *dó*.

4. **Declarative Questions**, or those that can not be answered by *yes* or *no*, require the *falling* inflection; as,

What means this *stir* in *tówn*? When are you going to *Róme*?

5. **When Words or Clauses contrast or compare**, the first part usually has the *rising*, and the last the *falling* inflection; though, when one side of the contrast is *affirmed*,

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and the other *denied*, the latter has the *rising* inflection, in whatever order they occur; as,

I have *seen* the effects of *love* and *hàtred*, *jóy* and *grièf*, *hópe* and *despair*. I come to *bùry* Cæsar, not to *práise* him.

6. The **Circumflex** is used when the thoughts are not sincere or earnest, but are employed in jest, double-meaning, or mockery. The *falling* circumflex is used in places that would otherwise require the *falling* inflection; the *rising* circumflex, in places that would otherwise require the *rising* inflection; as,

The beggar intends to *ride*, not to *wàlk*. Ah, she loves *yôu*!

STUDENTS will be careful to employ the right slides in sentences that are unmarked, and tell what rule or rules are illustrated by each of the following

EXERCISES IN INFLECTION.

1. I want a *pèn*. It is not a *bóok* I want.
2. The war must go *òn*. We must fight it *througħ*.
3. The *càuse* will raise up *àrmies*; the *càuse* will create *nàvies*.
4. We shall make this a glòrious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honor it.
5. Do you see that bright *stár*? *Yès*: it is spléndid.
6. Does that beautiful lady deserve *práise*, or *blàme*?
7. Is a candle to be put under a *búshel*, or under a *béd*?
8. Hunting *mèn*, not *béasts*, shall be his game.
9. Do *mèn* gáther grapes from thorns, or figs from thistles?
10. There is a tide in the affairs of *mèn*, which, taken at the flood, leads on to *fórtune*.
11. Sink or swim, live or die, survive or *pèrish*, I give my hand and *hèart* to this vote.
12. If *Càndle* says so, then *àll* must believe it, of course.

13. Is this a time to be gloomy and sad
 When our mother Nature laughs around ;
 When even the deep blue heavens look glad,
 And gladness breathes from the blossoming ground ?
14. Ah, it was Maud that gave it ! I never thought, under
 any circumstances, it could be you !

III. SLUR.

S LUR is that smooth, gliding, subdued movement of the voice, by which those parts of a sentence of less comparative importance are rendered less impressive to the ear, and emphatic words and phrases set in stronger relief.

2. **Slur must be Employed** in cases of *parenthesis, contrast, repetition, or explanation*, where the phrase or sentence is of small comparative importance ; and often when *qualification of time, place, or manner* is made.

3. **The Slurred Parts** in a portion of the exercises are printed in *Italic* letters. Students will first read the parts of the sentence that appear in Roman, and then the whole sentence, passing lightly and quickly over what was first omitted. They will also read the *unmarked* examples in like manner.

EXERCISES IN SLUR.

1. I am sure, *if you provide for your young brothers and sisters*, that God will bless you.
2. The general, with his head drooping, and his hands leaning on his horse's neck, moved feebly out of the battle.
3. Children are wading, *with cheerful cries*,
 In the shoals of the sparkling brook ;
 Laughing maidens, *with soft young eyes*,
 Walk or sit in the shady nook.

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4. The sick man *from his chamber* looks at the twisted brooks ; and, *feeling the cool breath of each little pool*, breathes a blessing on the summer rain.

5. The cālm shade shall bring a kindred cālm, and the sweet breeze, that makes the green leaves dānce, shall waft a bālm to thy sick heart.

6. Young eyes, that lāst year smiled in ours,
Now point the rifle's barrel ;
And hands, then stained with fruits and flowers,
Béar redder stains of quarrel.

7. If *thére's a Power abôve us—and that there is, all Nature cries aloud through all her works—*He must delight in virtue ; and that which He delights in must be happy.

8. The moon is at her full, and, riding high,
Floods the cālm fields with light.
The airs that hóver in the summer sky
Are all asleep to-night.

9. Trúth, by whomsoever spoken, really comes from God.
It is, in short, a dīvine essence.

IV. PAUSES.

DEFINITIONS.

PAUSES are suspensions of the voice in reading and speaking, used to mark expectation and uncertainty, and to give effect to expression.

2. The Pause is marked thus 7 in the following illustrations and exercises.

II. RULES FOR PAUSES.

THE SUBJECT of a sentence, or that of which something is declared, when either *emphatic* or *compound*, requires a pause after it ; as,

The *cause* ∇ will raise up armies. *Sincerity* and *truth* ∇ form the basis of every virtue.

2. **Two Nouns in the same Case**, without a connecting word, require a pause between them ; as,

I admire *Webster* ∇ the *orator*.

3. **Adjectives** that follow the words they qualify or limit, require pauses immediately before them ; as,

He had a mind ∇ deep ∇ active ∇ well-stored with knowledge.

4. **But, hence**, and other words that mark a sudden change, when they stand at the beginning of a sentence, require a pause after them ; as,

But ∇ these joys are his. Hence ∇ Solomon calls the fear of the Lord ∇ the beginning of wisdom.

5. **In Cases of Ellipsis**, a pause is required where one or more words are omitted ; as,

He thanked Mary many times ∇ Kate but once. Call this man friend ∇ that ∇ brother.

6. **A Slurred Passage** requires a pause immediately before and immediately after it ; as,

The plumage of the mocking-bird ∇ though none of the homeliest ∇ has nothing bright or showy in it.

PUPILS will tell which of the rules are illustrated by the following

EXERCISES IN PAUSES.

1. All promise ∇ is poor dilatory man.
2. Procrastination is the thief of time.
3. Weeping ∇ may endure for a night ∇ ∇ but joy ∇ cometh in the morning.

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4. Paul 7 the Apostle 7 wrote to Timothy.
5. Solomon, the son of David, was king of Israël.
6. He was a friend 7 gentle 7 generous 7 good-humored 7 affectionate.
7. You see a gentleman, polished, easy, quiet, witty, and, socially, your equal.
8. The night wind 7 with a desolate moan 7 swept by.
9. But 7 I shall say no more 7 pity and charity being dead 7 to a heart of stone.
10. Husbands and fathers 7 think of their wives and children:

III.

MARKS OF PUNCTUATION.

SUCH marks are here introduced as are necessary, in written or printed language, to make plain the meaning of the writer, or to mark a portion of the pauses used in good reading. The teacher will employ this for a Reading Lesson, and not for a task, making all necessary additional explanations.

1. **The Comma** [,] marks the smallest division of a sentence, and represents the shortest pause; as,

The butterfly, child of the summer, flutters in the sun.

2. **The Semicolon** [;] separates such parts of a sentence as are less closely connected than those divided by a comma, and usually represents a longer pause; as,

The noblest men and women have been children once; lisping the speech, laughing the laugh, thinking the thought, of childhood.

3. **The Colon** [:] separates parts of a sentence less closely connected than those divided by a semicolon, and usually represents a longer pause; as,

He who receives a good turn should never forget it: he who does one should never remember it.

4. **The Period [.]** is placed at the close of a sentence which declares something, and usually represents a full stop. It must be used after an abbreviated word ; as,

If you will, you can rise. Send the clothing and the money to Geo. W. Stevenson, Esq.

5. **The Interrogation Point [?]** shows that a question is asked ; as,

You say you will do better to-morrow ; but are you sure of to-morrow ? Have you one hour in your hand ?

6. **The Exclamation Point [!]** is placed after words that express surprise, astonishment, admiration, and other strong feelings ; as,

Alas ! my noble boy ! that thou shouldst die !

Thou, who wert made so beautifully fair !

7. **The Dash [—]** is used when a sentence breaks off abruptly ; when there is an unexpected turn in sentiment ; and for a long or significant pause ; as,

Was there ever a braver soldier ? Was there ever—but I scorn to boast. There are two kinds of evils—those which can not be cured, and those which can.

8. **Marks of Parenthesis ()** are used to inclose words that interrupt the progress of the sentence in which they appear, and that can be omitted without injury to its sense. They should be *skipped* in reading ; as,

Whether playing ball or riding on horseback (*for he rides often*), the boy knows both how to start and when to stop.

9. **Brackets []** are chiefly used to inclose words that serve to explain one or more words of a sentence, or to point out a reference ; as,

Washington [the Father of his country] made this remark. You will find an account of the creation in the Bible. [See Genesis, chap. i.]

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10. Marks of Quotation [“ ”] are used to show that the real or supposed words of another are given. A quotation written within a quotation requires only single marks; as,

“If this poor man,” said my father, “thus earnestly says, ‘I thank Gōd that He is good to me,’ how can we express our thanks for his many mercies !”

11. The Index, or Hand [], points out a passage for special attention; as,

 All orders will be promptly and carefully attended to.

12. The Apostrophe [’], looking like a comma placed above the line, denotes the omission of one or more letters. It is also used before *s* in the singular number, and after *s* in the plural, to mark possession; as,

Do not ask who'll go with you : go áheäd. Unele bought Cōrá's shoes, and the boys' hats.

13. Marks of Ellipsis [— * * * *] are formed by means of a long dash, or of a succession of periods or stars of various lengths, and are used to indicate the omission of letters in a word, of words in a sentence, or of one or more sentences; as,

Friend C—s is in trouble. “Thou shalt love the Lord thy Gōd with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself.” “Charity suffereth long and is kind; * * * * beareth all things, believeth all things, endureth all things.”

14. The Hyphen [-] is placed after a syllable ending a line, to show that the remainder of the word begins the next line. It usually unites the words of which a compound is formed, when each of them retains its original accent; as,

We thank the all'-wise' Gōd for the in'cense-brēath'ing morn.

15. Marks of Reference.—The Asterisk, or Star [*], the Obelisk, or Dagger [†], the Double Dagger [‡], the Section [§], Parallel Lines [||], and the Paragraph [¶],

are used, in the order named, when references are made to remarks or notes in the margin, at the bottom of the page, or some other part of the book. Letters and figures are often used for marks of reference.

16. **The Diæresis** [..] is placed over the latter of two vowels to show that they form separate syllables ; as,

His ideās of the Creātor were formed in those aërial heights.

PUPILS will be required to give the names and uses of all the *marks of punctuation* in the following

EXERCISES IN PUNCTUATION.

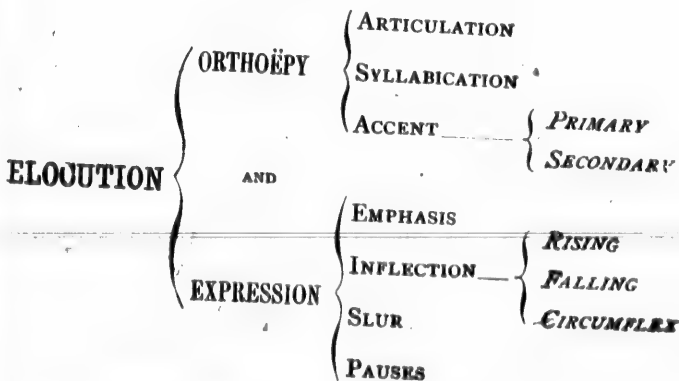
1. The true lover of beauty sees it in the lowliëst flower, meets it in èvery pāth, enjoys it everywhere.
2. Stones grow ; vegetables grow and live ; animals grow, live, and feel.
3. Do not insult a pōor man : his misery entitles him to pity and assistance.
4. I take—eh ! oh !—as much exercise—eh !—as I can, Madam Gout. You know my inactive state.
5. "Honest boys," said I, "be so good as to tell me whether I am in the way to Richmond."
6. "A pure and gentle soul," said he, "often feels that this world is full of beauty, full of innocent gladness."
7. Has Gōd provided for the pōor a cōarser éarth, a rougher sea, thinner áir, a paler sky ?
8. Angry children are like men standing on their heads : they see all things the wrōng wáy. To rule one's anger is well : to prevent it is better.
9. You speak like a boy—like a boy who thinks the old, gnāried oak can be twísted as easily as the young sapling.
10. What do you sáy ? What ? I really do not understand you. Be so good as to explain yourself again.

GENERAL DIAGRAM.

37

11. Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase !)
 Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
 And saw, within the moonlight of his room,
 Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
 An angel writing in a book of gold.
 Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold;
 And to the presence in the room he said,
 "What writëst thou?" The vision raised its head.
 And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
 Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
 "And is mine one?" asked Abou. "Nay, not so,"
 Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
 But cheerly still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
 Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."
 The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
 It came again, with a great wakening light,
 And showed the names whom love of God had blest;
 And, lo ! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

GENERAL DIAGRAM.



PHONETIC KEY.

I. TONICS.

1. ā, or ē; aș, āle, veil: 2. ă; aș, făt: 3. â; aș, ârt:
4. â, or ô; aș, ăll, eörn: 5. â, or ô; aș, eäre, there:
6. â; aș, âsk: 7. ě, or ĭ; aș, wě, pique: 8. ě; aș, ěll:
9. ě, ĭ, or ũ; aș, hěr, sĭr, bŭr: 10. ĭ, aș, ĭçe: 11. ĭ; aș,
ill: 12. ō; aș, ōld: 13. ô, or ą; aș, ôn, what: 14. ą,
ōō, or ȳ; aș, dą, fōōl, rŭle: 15. ũ; aș, mŭle: 16. ũ, or
ô; aș, ũp, sôn: 17. ȳ, ą, or ôō; aș, bull, wŏlf, wōōl:
18. Ou, ou, or ow; aș, Out, lout, owl.

II. SUBTONICS.

1. b; aș, bib: 2. d; aș, did: 3. ġ; aș, ġig: 4. j, or
ġ; aș, jġg, ġem: 5. l; aș, lull: 6. m; aș, mum: 7. n;
aș, nun: 8. ŋ, or ng; aș, link, sing: 9. r; aș, rare:
10. Th, or th; aș, That, thĭth'er: 11. v; aș, valve:
12. w; aș, wig: 13. y; aș, yet: 14. z, or ȳ; aș, zine, iȳ:
15. z, or zh, aș, âzure: x for ġz; aș, ex æt'

III. ATONICS.

1. f; aș, fife: 2. h; aș, hit: 3. k, or e; aș, kink,
eat: 4. p; aș, pop: 5. s, or ȳ; aș, siss, çity: 6. t; aș,
tart: 7. Th, or th; aș, Thin, piŭh: 8. Ch, or ch; aș,
Chin, riçh: 9. Sh, sh, or çh; aș, Shot, ash, çhaige:
10. Wh, or wh; aș, White, whip.—*Italics*, silent; aș,
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READINGS.

1. A WINTER CARNIVAL.

PART FIRST.

MONTREAL was to have a winter carnival. Of course, most of the boys and girls know what a carnival is. It is a jolly good time out-of-doors, in the warm Southern cities, usually of Italy. But as Mōnt'real' has not a particularly warm Southern climate, and as her winter sports are unequaled, jolly old Winter was fitly chosen to preside at a Canadian carnival.

2. As Ralph Rodney's uncle lived in Montreal, naturally he invited Ralph's father and mother to come on a visit during the carnival, and to bring Ralph with them. When his parents accepted the invitation, Ralph was about the happiest boy in Bōston. Having never been so far North before, he had fears about freezing his ears and his nose.

3. "I wish my seal-skin cap was larger and that my ear-tabs were snugger," he confided to his mother; but she assured him that his aunt and his cousins in Canada would show him just how to protect himself from the cold, and that he need not borrow trouble.

4. One crisp¹ January evening, Ralph and his father and mother took the train, on the Boston and Montreal Railroad, for the winter carnival. A ride of fifteen hours brought

¹ Crisp, bright and sharp; brittle.

them in safety to Montreal. They crossed the great Victoria Bridge, over the broad St. Lawrence, white with its winter covering of ice and snow.

5. Ralph enjoyed hugely the ride from the station in the comfortable hack sleigh, almost smothered in buffalo-robos. On the way to his uncle's door, they passed the ice palace, erected for the carnival in Dominion Square, between the Windsor Hotel and the great Catholic Cathedral.¹

6. This ice palace was built of large cakes of ice, two feet thick, having a high central tower, and smaller towers at the four corners. Flags of different nations waved from the top of the towers, and the dull blue structure glittering under the bright morning sun, the result of three weeks' hard work of men and horses, looked like a fairy creation.

7. Ralph's cousins, Herbert and Blanche, were delighted to welcome him. Breakfast was hardly finished before they were teaching him about Canadian dress and sports. Long knit stockings and deer-skin moccasins, they said, are the only proper things to wear in the dry and light Canadian snow. Then a toque, a kind of pointed knit cap, made of green and scarlet yarn, with a large tassel at the end, being close and warm and a perfect protection to the ears, was pronounced the only proper cap.

8. Next, Ralph was presented with a new pair of snow-shoes, and showed how to fasten them upon his moccasined feet by a peculiar knot which will not slip. Herbert gave him some indoor lessons and told him that he must not kick himself with the tails of the snow-shoes in running, or every one would know that he was a "raw recruit;" that he must not make his shoes "growl" by rasping their edges together in walking, and he must be very careful not to

¹ On the 'dral, the chief church in a bishop's district, or diocese,

because in it he has his throne or chair of office.

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try to step with one snow-shoe while standing on it with the other; for, if he did, he would take a "header" into the deep snow.

9. After much practice, and very many awkward and very amusing mistakes and mishaps, Ralph concluded that he had got the peculiar "shack" movement necessary, and so he was anxious for the time to come, when he could prove to his cousins his apt scholarship. But when, under Herbert's direction, he first put his efforts in snow-shoe walking to a practical test, the ludicrous results, as shown in the above picture, were rather disastrous. He soon, however, became really skillful with the snow-shoes.

10. Lastly, Ralph was introduced to the tobog'an, or Indian sled, of which he had often heard. It was made of a thin board, gracefully curved at the forward end, with cross

and side pieces securely bound to it by deer thongs or sinews so as to make a light and strong flat sled. These varied in length from four to eight feet, and were generally covered with a carpet or cushion.

2. A WINTER CARNIVAL.

PART SECOND.

TOBOGGANING slides were quite numerous in Montreal. Several of these slides, on the mountain-sides, were built and kept in order by clubs of young men, who were fond of the sport. The winter is the dull business season there, as the great river is blocked with ice; and many, who are very busy in the summer months, have much spare time during the long winter.

2. But the young people are not idle then: they play about as hard as they work in summer, and chief among their sports is toboggan-sliding. The club dress was a very pretty one indeed, made of white blanketing, one club being distinguished from another by the colors of the blanket-borders, and also by their sashes and their toques.

3. When Ralph's party came in sight of the Mount Royal slide, it was crowded with club members, their friends, and spectators, and presented a very novel and picturesque¹ appearance. Ralph had brought an extra toboggan with him, intending to steer himself down the slide; but when he saw toboggan after toboggan, loaded with two or more sliders, dash down the steep shoot of the starting platform, glide at railway speed along the icy incline, jump several inches into the air over the smooth bumper, and take a final plunge

¹ Picturesque (pikt'yŏr ěsk'), is most agreeable in a picture, natural or artificial.

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down the long slide between the great snow-banks, his self-confidence gave way and he put off his steering until the slide was less steep or less crowded.

4. But Herbert, who looked like a young Polar bear, in his white suit, was not to be put off. Ralph must slide and he would guide him. So the two boys mounted the platform. When they reached the top of the slide, Ralph looked down with fresh misgivings. The pitch was so steep and the toboggan which had just started went so swiftly, that he would gladly have backed out. But his pride and Herbert's "Oh, pshaw, there's nothing to be afraid of!" alike led him to take his place upon the toboggan, which Herbert was holding upon the shoot.

5. "Are you ready?" said Herbert. "Yes," said Ralph, "as ready as I ever shall be."—"Well, then, hang on!" cried his cousin as he jumped on behind Ralph, sitting on sideways with his left foot extended backward to serve as the rudder with which to steer their course.

6. Away they shot down the steep declivity, with the wind rushing and whistling about Ralph's ears. As they approached the bumper hole, he shut his eyes and held on for dear life, for the terrific speed and the bumping motion of the toboggan made him grasp the low side-piece in a fit of desperation.

7. The bumping hole safely passed, he began to enjoy his rapid slide, and he was just wishing it longer, when the toboggan in front of them slewed around and spilled its load off. Before Herbert could steer to one side, they too were upon the wreck, and were themselves "spilled." In an instant another toboggan came dashing among them, and thus three sled-loads were mixed up upon the slide. But no one

Désespérâtion, the act of despair; regard to danger or safety; the state of hopelessness.

was badly hurt, for these sleds are so light and elastic that the chances of injury are very much less than with the heavier steel-shod sleds.

8. In a few moments all were up again, laughing at their mishap and brushing off the dry snow. Ralph was initiated now, and as eager for another slide as his cousin could have wished him to be. He was sorry enough when they were summoned home to dinner. On the way down the road, he tried steering his own toboggan on the steep places, and soon found that it "answered the helm," as the sailors say, very readily.

9. After dinner, all went down to Dominion Square to see the inauguration of the ice palace, and the torchlight procession of the snow-shoe clubs. The electric lights shone through the sides of the palace and made it look like a fairy castle of ground glass. Thousands of people in warm furs crowded about it and listened to the bands of music inside. The snow-shoe clubs with their torches surrounded three sides of the Square with a line of light, and at given signals showers of rockets ascended from the center and Roman candles were let off from the whole line. The ice palace was brightly lighted with colored fires, one tower being red, another green, and another blue. It was like fairy-land, the effect being almost magical.¹

10. Ralph Rodney's first day at the carnival was but the beginning of many days which were filled with delight, and crowded with sights and scenes never to be forgotten. Soon tobogganing occupied nearly all his time, and nothing pleased him more than cousin Herbert's account of how he had once gone tobogganing down the ice-cone of the falls of Montmorenci, near Quebec. He said that the ice-cone rose over

¹ *Mag'ic al*, relating to the hidden wisdom thought to be possessed by the Magi, or holy men of the East; seemingly requiring more than human power; starting in performance.

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a hundred feet high at the foot of the Falls, where it is made larger each day by the spray which freezes upon it, told him of the great cavern in the cone, showed him the beautiful engraving that is printed in this lesson, and spoke of so many

other wonders that Ralph was anxious to add Quebec, also,² to the winter carnival trip.

11. He enjoyed jolly snow-shoe trips over the mountain, went to the fancy-dress skating carnival at the Victoria Rink, watched the curling clubs at their exciting games upon the ice, and considered his visit to Montreal a grand success. His only regret is that Boston can not be moved to Montreal, so that he may have winters cold enough to afford more of sport than of slush, and more of downright winter fun than is possible amid the dampness and chilly east winds of the usual Boston winter.

3. WHAT I LIVE FOR.

I LIVE for those who love me,
Whose hearts are kind and true;
For the Heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too;
For all human ties that bind me,
For the task by God assigned me,
For the hopes not left behind me,
And the good that I can do.

2. I live to learn their story
Who've suffered for my sake;
To emulate¹ their glory,
And follow in their wake;
Bards,² patriots,³ martyrs,⁴ sages,⁵
The noble of all ages.

¹ Emu'late, strive to equal or surpass in actions or qualities; to vie with; to rival.

² Bards, poets.

³ Pa'tri ot, one who loves his

country and earnestly supports and defends it.

⁴ Mar'tyrs, those who suffer death or loss for religion.

⁵ Sages, wise men, usually aged.

¹ Commu
intercourse

² Af flic't

³ Fic'tion

WHAT I LIVE FOR.

41

Whose deeds crown history's pages,
And time's great volume make.

3. I live to hold communion¹
With all that is divine;
To feel there is a union
"Twixt nature's heart and mine;
To profit by affliction,²
Reap truths from fields of fiction,³
Grow wiser from conviction,⁴
And fulfill each grand design.

4. I live to hail that date
By gifted minds foretold,
When men shall live by faith,
And not alone by gold;
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted
As Eden was of old.

5. I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true;
For the Heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit, too;
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

¹ Communion (k'om m'ün'yun),
intercourse; fellowship.

² Af flic'tion, sorrow; pain.

³ Fic'tion, that which is made

up or imagined; a feigned story.

⁴ Con vic'tion, the act of proving
or finding guilty of an offense; the
state of being convinced of error.

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4. THE YOUNG TRADERS.

TWO country lads came, at an early hour, to a market town, and, arranging¹ their little stands, sat down to wait for customers.² One of the boys had a stock³ of fruits and vegetables, nearly the whole of which had been cultivated by himself. The other lad had a supply of fish, which his father, who lived in a fishing village some distance from the town, had caught.

2. The market hours passed on, and the little merchants saw with pleasure⁴ their stores steadily decreasing;⁵ and so they rattled the money which they had received in exchange, with great satisfaction.

3. The last melon lay on Harry's stand, when a gentleman came up, and placing his hand upon it, said, "What a fine large melon! How do you sell this, my lad?"

4. "It is the last one I have, sir; and though it looks very fair, it is unsound," said the boy, turning it over. "So it is," said the gentleman. "But," he added, "is it wise or very business-like to point out the defects⁶ of your stock to customers?"

5. "It is better than being dishonest, sir," said the boy modestly. "You are right, my little man; always remember that principle, and you will find favor with God, and man also. I shall remember your little stand in future."

6. "Are those fish fresh?" he continued, going on a few steps to the other lad's stand. "Yes, sir, they were fresh

¹ *Ar rāng'ing*, setting in order.

² *Ōis'tom er*, one who frequents a place of sale to purchase or order goods; a buyer.

³ *Stöck*, a collection of salable articles or goods.

⁴ *Pleasure* (*plēah'ur*).

⁵ *De orās'ing*, falling off or becoming less by degrees; lessening in amount or size.

⁶ *De flet'*, a fault; the want or absence of something needful to make a thing complete or perfect; failing.

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this morning; I caught them myself," was the ready and confident¹ reply, and a purchase² being made, the gentleman directly³ went away.

7. "Harry, what a fool you were to show the gentleman that mark on the melon. Now you can take it home, or throw it away. How much wiser is he about those fish father caught yesterday? I sold them for the same price I did the fresh ones. He would never have looked at the melon until he got home."

8. "Ben, I would not tell a lie, nor act one either, for twice what I have earned this morning. Besides, I shall be better off in the end, for I have gained a good customer and you have lost one. You have not done unto him as you would wish to be done by, which is a mistake."

9. And so it proved, for the next day the gentleman bought nearly all his fruit and vegetables of Harry, but never spent another penny at the stand of his neighbor. Thus the season passed: the gentleman, finding he could always get a good article from Harry, made regular purchases, and sometimes talked with him a few moments about his future hopes and prospects.

10. To become a merchant was Harry's great ambition,⁴ and when the winter came on, the gentleman, wanting a trustworthy boy in his own warehouse, decided on giving the place to Harry. Steadily and surely he advanced in the confidence of his employer until, having passed through various gradations⁵ in clerkship, he became at length an honored and respected partner in the firm.

¹ *Confi dent*, assuring; giving occasion for trust.

² *Pur chase*, that which is obtained by giving therefor money or some other thing of value; the act of buying.

³ *Di rect ly*, without delay; immediately after.

⁴ *Ambition* (am blish'un), an eager wish for power or an improved condition.

⁵ *Gra da'tions*, ranks; steps.



5. KEEPING HIS WORD.

“MATCHES! Only a penny a box,” he said;
 But the gentleman turned away his head,
 As if he shrank from the squalid¹ sight
 Of the boy who stood in the failing light.

2. “O, sir!” he stammered,² “You can not know”—
 And he brushed from his matches the flakes of snow,

¹ Squalid (skwɒl'ɪd), very dirty
 through neglect; filthy.

² Stäm'mered, spoke with hesi-
 tation; stuttered.

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That the sudden tear might have chance to fall ;
 "Or I think—I think you would take them all.

3. "Hungry and cold at our garret pane,
 Ruby will watch till I come again,
 Bringing the loaf.—The sun has set,
 And he hasn't a crumb of breakfast yet.

4. "One penny, and I can buy the bread."
 The gentleman stopped. "And you?" he said.
 "I?—I can't cope up with the hunger and cold,
 But Ruby is five years old.

5. "I promised my mother before she went—
 She knew I would do it, and died content—
 I promised her, sir, through best, through worst,
 I always would think of Ruby first."

6. The gentleman paused at his open door
 Such tales he had often heard before ;
 But he fumbled his purse in the twilight drear—
 "I have nothing less than a shilling here."

7. "Oh, sir, if you'll only take the pack,
 I'll bring you the change in a moment back ;
 Indeed you may trust me."—"Trust you? No ;
 But here is the shilling ; take it and go."

8. The gentleman lolled in his cozy chair,
 And watched his cigar-wreath melt in the air,
 And smiled on his children, and rose to see
 The baby asleep on its mother's knee.

9. "And now it is nine by the clock," he said,
 "Time that my darlings were all in bed ;
 Kiss me good-night, and each be sure,
 When you're saying your prayers, remember the poor."

10. Just then came a message—"a boy at the door"—
 But ere it was uttered, he stood on the floor,



Half breathless, bewildered, and ragged, and strange :
 "I'm Ruby—Mike's brother—I've brought you the change."

11. "Mike's hurt, sir ; 'twas dark ; the snow made him blind,
 And he didn't take notice the train was behind,
 Till he slipped on the track—and then it whizzed by ;
 And he's home in the garret—I think he will die.
12. "Yet nothing would do him, sir—nothing would do,
 But out through the snow I must hurry to you ;
 Of his hurt he was certain you wouldn't have heard,
 And so you might think he had broken his word."
13. When the garret they hastily entered, they saw
 Two arms, mangled, shapeless, outstretched from the straw.
 "You did it?—dear Ruby—God bless you," he said ;
 And the boy, gladly smiling, sank back—and was dead.

6. HELPING FATHER.

PART FIRST.

"MONEY does not last long nowadays, Clarissa," said Mr. Andrews to his wife one evening. "It is only a week since I received my month's salary, and now I have but little more than half of it left. I bought a cord of pine wood to-day, and to-morrow I must pay for that suit of clothes which Daniel had : that will be fifteen dollars more."

2. "And Daniel will need a pair of new shoes in a day or two ; those he wears now are all ripped, and hardly fit to wear," said Mrs. Andrews. "How fast he wears out shoes ! It seems hardly a fortnight since I bought the last shoes for him," said the father.

3. "Oh, well ! But then he enjoys running about so very much that I can not check his pleasure as long as it is quite harmless. I am sure you would feel sorry to see the little

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shoes last longer from not being used so much," answered the affectionate mother.

4. Daniel, during this conversation,¹ was sitting on the floor in a corner with his kitten, trying to teach her to stand upon her hind legs. He was apparently² occupied³ with his efforts,⁴ but he heard all that his father and mother had said. Pretty soon he arose, and, going to his father, climbed upon his knee and said, "Papa, do I really cost you a good deal of money?"

5. Now, Mr. Andrews was book-keeper for a manufacturing company, and his salary was hardly sufficient for him to live comfortably at the high rate at which every thing was selling. He had nothing to spare for superfluities,⁵ and his chief enjoyment was being at home with his wife and boy, his books and pictures. Daniel's question was a queer one, but his father replied as correctly as he could.

6. "Whatever money you may cost me, my son, I do not regret it, for I know that it adds to your comfort and enjoyment. To be sure, your papa does not have a great deal of money, but he would be poor indeed without his little Daniel."—"How much will my new suit of clothes cost?" asked Daniel. "Fifteen dollars," was the reply. "And how much for my shoes?"—"Two dollars more, perhaps," said his father.

7. "That will make seventeen dollars. I wish I could work and earn some money for you, father," said Daniel. "Oh, well, my son, don't think about that now. If you are a good boy, and study well at school, that will repay me," said Mr. Andrews.

¹ *Con'v'er sā'tion*, interesting and useful talk; familiar discourse; general interchange of views.

² *Apparently* (ap pā'r'ent II), in appearance; seemingly.

³ *Occu'pied*, fully employed.

⁴ *Eff'ort*, use of strength or power; an earnest attempt.

⁵ *Sū'per flū'ī tī*, more than is needed; overmuch.

8. Daniel said no more, but he determined to try at once and see if he could not help to pay for the clothes his father was so kind as to buy him. That very afternoon the load of wood which his father bought came, and was thrown off close to the cellar-door. It was Saturday, and there was no school.

9. "Now I can save father some money," thought Daniel; and he ran into the house to ask his mother if he could put the wood into the cellar. "I am afraid it is too heavy work for you, my son," said his mother.

10. "I think I can do it, mother. The wood lies close to the cellar-door, and all I will have to do is to pitch it right down," replied Daniel. "Very well, you may try it; but if you find it too hard, you must let old Tom put it in," said his mother.

11. Daniel danced away, and went first to the cellar, where he unhooked the trap-door and opened it, and climbed out into the yard where the sticks of wood lay in a great heap. At first it was good fun to send the sticks clattering one on top of the other down into the cellar, but pretty soon it grew tedious, and Daniel began to think that he had rather do something else.

12. Just then George Flyson came into the yard and asked Daniel if he wasn't going to fish for smelts that day. "I guess not. This wood must go in, and then it will be too late to go so far this afternoon," replied Daniel.

13. "Oh, let the wood alone! We have got some round at our house that ought to go in, but I shan't do it. Father may hire a man to do such work. Come, old Tom will be glad of that job," said George. "No, I am going to do this before any thing else," said Daniel, as he picked up a big stick and sent it flying down the cellar-way.

14. "Did your old man make you do it?" asked Flyson. "Who?" queried Daniel, so sharply that the boy saw his

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error, and corrected his form of question. "Did your father make you do this job?"

15. "No: he does not know I am doing it; and, by the way, George Flyson, don't you call my father 'old man.' If you don't know any better than to treat your father disrespectfully, you sha'n't treat mine so," answered Daniel.

16. "Ho! Seems you are getting mighty pious all of a sudden. Guess I'll have to be going. I'm not good enough for you;" and, with a sneering look, George went off.

7. HELPING FATHER.

PART SECOND.

THE wood-pile in the cellar grew larger, until the wood-pile in the yard was all gone; then Daniel shut down the trap-door, ran into the house and brushed his clothes, and started out to find his playmates and have a game of baseball. He felt very happy, for he had earned something for a kind father who was always earning something for him; and the thought of this pleased him much.

2. He felt happier still when his father came home to supper, and said while at the table, "My wood did not come, did it, mother? I told the man to send it up this afternoon, certainly." Mr. Andrews always called his wife "mother."—"Oh, yes, the wood came. I saw the team back into the yard," replied Mrs. Andrews.

3. "Then old Tom must have put it in. I suppose he will charge fifty or seventy-five cents for doing it," said Mr. Andrews. "I think a boy put it in," said his wife. "What boy?"—"Oh, a smart little fellow that plays around here a good deal. He wanted the job, and so I let him do it," said Mrs. Andrews.

4. "Some little boy who wanted some pocket-money, I suppose. Whose boy was it?" asked Mr. Andrews. "'There he is; he will tell you all about it;" and Mrs. Andrews pointed to Daniel, who was enjoying the fun quietly. And now he was pleased indeed to hear how gratified his father was at finding his little boy so industrious and thoughtful. It repaid him amply for not going smelt-fishing.

5. It was not long after this that the bleak winds of November began to blow. The leaves of the trees fell lifeless to the earth, and every thing prepared to put on the ermine¹ garb of winter. One evening when Daniel went to bed, he put aside his curtain, and looked out into the street. He was surprised to find it white with snow. Silently and gently, one by one, the tiny² flakes had fallen, until hillside and valley, street and house-top, were fairly covered with the spotless snow.

6. "I wonder how deep it will be by morning. } Perhaps there will be enough for sleighing. Old Tom will be round to clear off the sidewalk and platforms. I must get ahead of him this winter, and save father some more money;" and Daniel got into bed as quickly as he could, so that he should awake early in the morning.

7. When Mr. Andrews awoke the next day, he heard the scraping of a shovel on the sidewalk, and said to his wife, "Tom has got along early this morning. These snow-storms are profitable to him. Last winter I guess I paid him five or six dollars for shoveling snow."

8. When he got up, however, and looked out of the window, he was not a little astonished to see Daniel shoveling off the sidewalk, his cheeks all aglow with the healthy exercise.

¹ Ermine, an animal related to, or resembling somewhat, the weasel. It inhabits cold climates, and

has white fur in winter; hence, snow is called the *ermine garb*.
² Tiny, little; very small.

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"See that boy, mother," said he to his wife; "he has cleared the walk off nicely. What a good little fellow he is! When Christmas comes, we must reward him for this."

9. And so Daniel went on according to this beginning. He cleared the snow off after every storm. In the spring-time he put the garden and yard all in order, and did a great many things which his father had always paid a man for doing. And he had plenty of time to play besides, and then he enjoyed his play better, for there is always a satisfaction in doing well, which lends a charm to every undertaking.

10. One day, about a year after the day that Daniel had put in the first load of wood, his father said to him, "My son, I have kept an account of the work that you have done for me the past year, and find that, allowing you what I should have paid did Tom, I owe you to-day forty-two dollars."

11. "As much as that, father? Why, I did not know I could earn so much all myself, and I did not work very hard either," said Daniel. "Some of it was pretty hard work for a little boy that likes to play," replied his father; "but you did it well, and now I am ready to pay you."

12. "Pay me? What! the real money right in my hands?"—"Yes, the real money;" and Mr. Andrews placed a roll of "bank notes" in his little son's hands.

13. Daniel looked at it for a few minutes, and then said, "I'll tell you what to do with this money for me, papa."—"What, my son?"—"Buy my clothes with it." And he did so.

TO BE MEMORIZED.

The riches of the commonwealth

Are free, strong minds, and hearts of health;

And more to her than gold or grain,

The cunning¹ hand and cultured brain.—WHITTIER.

¹ Cūn'ning, ingenious; skillful.

8. HAND AND HEART.

IN storm or shine, two friends of mine
 Go forth to work or play;
 And when they visit poor men's homes,
 They bless them by the way.

2. 'Tis willing hand! 'tis cheerful heart!
 The two best friends I know;
 Around the hearth come joy and mirth,
 Where'er their faces glow.
3. Come shine, 'tis bright! come dark, 'tis light!
 • Come cold, 'tis warm ere long!
 So heavily fall the hammer-stroke!
 Merrily sound the song!
4. Who falls may stand, if good right hand
 Is first, not second best:
 Who weeps may sing, if kindly heart
 Has lodging in his breast.
5. The humblest board has dainties poured,
 When they sit down to dine;
 The crust they eat is honey-sweet,
 The water good as wine.
6. They fill the purse with honest gold,
 They lead no creature wrong;
 So heavily fall the hammer-stroke!
 Merrily sound the song!
7. Without these twain, the poor complain
 Of evils hard to bear;
 But with them poverty grows rich,
 And finds a loaf to spare!

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8. Their looks are fire ; their words inspire ;
 Their deeds give courage high ;—
 About their knees the children run,
 Or climb, they know not why.
9. Who sails, or rides, or walks with them,
 Ne'er finds the journey long ;—
 So heavily fall the hammer-stroke !
 Merrily sound the song !

9. USEFUL PEOPLE.

THERE are many ways of being useful. You are useful—you who, from a love of order, and from a wish to see everybody happy, watch carefully that nothing should be out of place, that nothing should be injured, that every thing should shine with cleanliness.

2. You are useful—you whom sickness keeps in chains, and who are patient and resigned, praying for those who are doing work that you would like to do.

3. You are useful—you who are prevented by others from working because they doubt your capacity ; you who get snubbed and have employments given to you that are quite unfitted to your ability, and who yet keep silence, and are humble and good-natured.

4. Which one of you all, dear souls, is the happiest and most useful ? The one that is nearest to God.

5. "Do well to-day the little that Providence asks of you just now," writes wise St. Francis de Sales,¹ "and to-morrow, which will then be our to-day, we shall see what ought to be undertaken."

¹ St. Francis de Sales, born of a noble family near Geneva in 1567 and died in 1622, after a life de-

voted to works of charity. He was canonised in 1665. His religious works are highly esteemed.

6. Let us leave off castle-building, and make beautiful the present minute, which our good God gives us to embellish;¹ after that another, and then another.

7. How swiftly these minutes fly, and how easily they are either lost or made precious in the sight of God! Let us remember then that it is with minutes well spent we are to obtain an entrance into heaven.

10. GENEROUS PEOPLE.

AN alms of which very few think is the alms of happiness. Give a little happiness to those around you: it is a pleasant thing to do. Try to make them happy: it is a charming and easy occupation.

2. Happiness is one of those goods that we can give to others without losing any thing ourselves. Each one has it at the bottom of his heart like a provision³ in reserve.

3. It can never be exhausted, if we were to give forever; and by this alms, given with a good intention, we enrich both ourselves and others.

4. The small change of happiness—coin which the poorest possess, and with which we can give alms at any time—is this: A kindly way of receiving a request, a visit, or a contradiction; a pleasant expression, which, without effort, draws a smile to the lips of others; a favor graciously granted, or, sometimes, simply asked; thanks uttered sincerely and without affectation;⁵ a word of approbation⁴ given in an affectionate tone to one who has worked near us, or with us.

5. It is very little, all this: do not refuse it. God will repay it to you, even in this life.

¹ *Em bēl'lish*, make beautiful.

³ *Provision* (pro vish'un), something laid up in store; especially a stock of food.

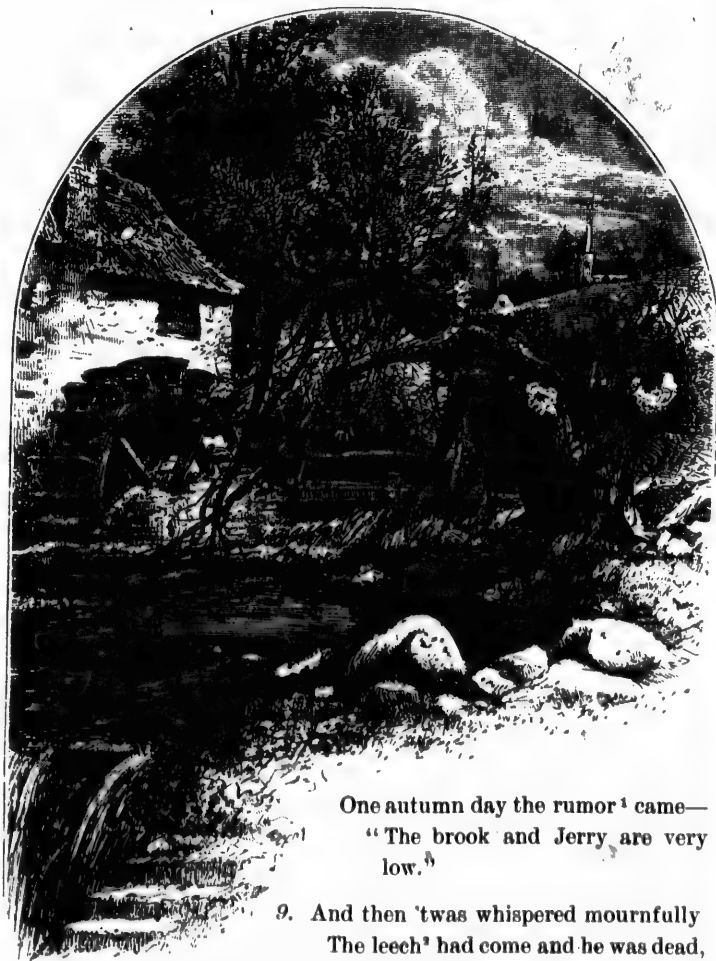
⁵ *Assumption*, an attempt to assume or display what is not natural or real.

⁴ *Approbation*, praise; liking.

11. JERRY, THE MILLER.

BENEATH the hill you may see the mill
 Of wasting wood and crumbling stone ;
 The wheel is dripping and clattering still,
 But Jerry, the miller, is dead and gone.

2. Year after year, early and late,
 Alike in summer and winter weather,
 He pecked the stones and canted the gate,
 And mill and miller grew old together.
3. "Little Jerry!"—'twas all the same—
 They loved him well who called him so ;
 And whether he'd ever another name,
 Nobody ever seemed to know.
4. 'Twas "Little Jerry, come grind my rye ;"
 And "Little Jerry, come grind my wheat,"
 And "Little Jerry" was still the cry,
 From parent kind and children sweet.
5. 'Twas "Little Jerry" on every tongue,
 And thus the simple truth was told ;
 For Jerry was little when he was young,
 And he was little when he was old.
6. But what in size he chanced to lack,
 Jerry made up in being strong ;
 I've seen a sack upon his back,
 As round as the miller and quite as long.
7. Always busy and always merry,
 Always doing his very best,
 A notable wag was little Jerry,
 Who uttered well his standing jest.
8. How Jerry lived is known to fame,
 But how he died there's none may know :



One autumn day the rumor¹ came—

“The brook and Jerry are very low.”

9. And then 'twas whispered mournfully

The leech² had come and he was dead,

And all the neighbors flocked to see—

“Poor little Jerry” was all they said.

¹ **Rumor** (rŏ'mor), flying or popular report; a story passing from person to person, without any

known authority for the truth of it.

² **Leech**, physician; one who practices the art of healing.

¹ **Dŏad'ly**, dishonesty.

² **John G.** humorous poet, Vermont, 181

10. They laid him in his earthly bed—
His miller's coat his only shroud—
"Dust to dust," the words were said,
And all the people wept aloud ;

11. For he had shunned the deadly¹ sin,
And not a grain of over toll
Had ever dropped into his bin,
To weigh upon his parting soul.

12. Beneath the hill there stands the mill
Of wasting wood and crumbling stone ;
The wheel is dripping and clattering still,
But Jerry, the miller, is dead and gone.

SAXE.²

12. THE BAREFOOT BOY.

BLESSINGS, on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheeks of tan !
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes ;
With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill ;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty³ grace :
From my heart I give thee joy ;—
I was once a barefoot boy !

2. Prince thou art—the grown-up man
Only is republican.⁴

¹ Dead'ly, here means the sin of dishonesty.

² John G. Saxe, an American humorous poet, born at Highgate, Vermont, 1816 ; died in 1887.

³ Jaunty (jăn'tl), airy ; showy.

⁴ Re püb'li can, one who favors or prefers a government of, the people exercised for the people by elected representatives.

Let the million-dollared ride—
 Barefoot, trudging at his side,
 Thou hast more than he can buy,
 In the reach of ear and eye :
 Outward sunshine, inward joy—
 Blessings on thee, barefoot boy !

3. Oh for boyhood's painless play ;
 Sleep that wakes in laughing day ;
 Health that mocks the doctor's rules ;
 Knowledge (never learned of schools)
 Of the wild bee's morning chase,
 Of the wild flower time and place,
 Flight of fowl, and habitude¹
 Of the tenants of the wood ;
 How the tōr'toise bears his shell,
 How the woodchuck digs his cell,
 And the ground-mole sinks his well ;
 How the robin feeds her young,
 How the oriole's² nest is hung ;
4. Where the whitest lilies blow,
 Where the freshest berries grow,
 Where the ground-nut trails its vine,
 Where the wood-grape's clusters shine ;
 Of the black wasp's cunning way,
 Mason of his walls of clay,
 And the architectural³ plans
 Of gray hornet artisans !⁴

¹ Hāb'i tūde, usual manner of living, feeling, or acting.

² O'ri ole, a bird of several varieties of the thrush family—some of a golden yellow and black, others orange and black ; sometimes

called *golden-robin* or *hang-bird*.

³ Ar'chi tōct'ūr al, of, or relating to, the art of building.

⁴ Artisan (Ar'ti zan), one trained to hand skill in some mechanical art or trade ; a builder.

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For, eschewing¹ books and tasks,
 Nature answers all he asks;
 Hand in hand with her he walks,
 Face to face with her he talks,
 Part, and parcel of her joy,
 Blessings on the barefoot boy!

5. Oh for boyhood's time of June,
 Crowding years in one brief moon,
 When all things I heard or saw,
 Me, their master, waited for;—
 I was rich in flowers and trees,
 Humming-birds and honey-bees;
 For my sport the squirrel played,
 Plied² the snouted mole his spade;
 For my taste the blackberry-cone
 Purpled over hedge and stone;
 Laughed the brook for my delight,
 Through the day, and through the night,
 Whispering at the garden wall,
 Talked with me from fall to fall!

6. Mine the sand-rimmed picket pond,
 Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
 Mine on bending orchard trees
 Apples of Hesperides!³
 Still as my horizon⁴ grew,
 Larger grew my riches, too;
 All the world I saw or knew

¹ *Eschewing* (es chū'ing), keeping clear of; shunning.

² *Plied*, worked steadily.

³ *Hes pār'1 dās*, four sisters fabled as guardians of golden ap-

ples; hence, *golden apples*.

⁴ *Ho ri'zon*, the circle or line that bounds the part of the earth's surface where the earth and sky appear to meet.

Seemed a complex¹ Chinêse' toy,
Fashioned for a barefoot boy !

7. Oh for festal² dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread—
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the door-stone gray and rude !
O'er me like a regal³ tent,
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wind-swung fold ;
While for music came the play
Of the pied frogs' orchestra ;⁴
And, to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire ;
I was monarch: pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy !

8. Cheerily, then, my little man,
Live and laugh as boyhood can,
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew ;
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat.

9. All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison-cells of pride,
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's for work be shod,

¹ Côm'plex, not simple.

² Fës'tal, belonging to a holiday, or feast ; joyous ; gay.

³ Rê'gal, pertaining to a king ;

kingly ; royal ; as, regal state.

⁴ Orchestra (ôr'kes trâ), a band of musicians performing in a concert-hall, or other public place.

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Made to tread the mills of toil
 Up and down in ceaseless moil!¹
 Happy if their track be found
 Never on forbidden ground—
 Happy if they sink not in
 Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
 Ah! that thou couldst know thy joy
 Ere it passes, BAREFOOT BOY!

WHITTIER.²

13. THE BOY OF HAARLEM.

AT an early period in the history of Holland, a boy, who is the hero³ of the following narrative, was born in Haarlem, a town remarkable for its variety of fortune in war, but happily still more so for its manufactures and inventions in peace.

2. His father was a *sluicer*—that is, one whose employment it was to open and shut the sluices, or large oak gates, which, placed at certain regular distances, close the entrances of the canals, and secure Holland from the danger to which it seems exposed—of finding itself under water, rather than above it.

3. When water is wanted, the *sluicer* raises the sluices more or less, as required, and closes them again *castly* at night; otherwise the water would flow into the canals, overflow them, and inundate⁴ the whole country. Even the little children in Holland are fully aware of the importance of a punctual discharge of the *sluicer's* duties.

¹ Moil, the defilement or soil that comes from hard labor; a spot.

² John Greenleaf Whittier, a popular writer and one of the truest and most worthy of Amer-

ican poets, was born near Haverhill, Mass., in 1808; died in 1893.

³ He'ro, a great warrior; the chief person in a story.

⁴ In ün'däte, cover with water.

4. The boy was about eight years old when, one day, he asked permission to take some cakes to a poor blind man, who lived at the other side of the dike.¹ His father gave him leave, but charged him not to stay too late.

5. The child promised, and set off on his little journey. The blind man thankfully partook of his young friend's cakes, and the boy, mindful of his father's orders, did not wait, as usual, to hear one of the old man's stories, but as soon as he had seen him eat one muffin, took leave of him to return home.

6. As he went along by the canals, then quite full, for it was in October, and the autumn rains had swelled the waters, the boy first stopped to pull the little blue flowers which his mother loved so well, then, in childish gayety, hummed some merry song. The road gradually became more solitary,² and soon neither the joyous shouts of the villager, returning to his cottage home, nor the rough voice of the carter, grumbling at his lazy horses, was any longer to be heard.

7. The little fellow now perceived that the blue of the flowers in his hand was scarcely distinguishable from the green of the surrounding herbage,³ and he looked up in some dismay.⁴ The night was falling; not, however, a dark winter-night, but one of those beautiful, clear, moonlight nights, in which every object is perceptible,⁵ though not as distinctly as by day.

8. The child thought of his father, of his injunction,⁶ and was preparing to quit the ravine⁷ in which he almost

¹ Dike, a mound of earth thrown up to prevent low lands from being overflowed; a ditch.

² Solitary, lonely; retired.

³ Herbage (êrb'a), herbs collectively; pasture; grass.

⁴ Dis may', loss of courage and

hope; fear.

⁵ Per cêp'tiô, that can be seen, felt, or known by the senses.

⁶ Injunction (în jûn'kshun), order or command.

⁷ Ra vine', a deep, narrow hollow, usually worn by water.

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buried, and to regain the beach, when suddenly a slight noise, like the trickling of water upon pebbles, attracted his attention. He was near one of the large sluices, and he now carefully examined it, and he soon discovered a hole in the rotten wood, through which the water was flowing.

9. With the instant¹ perception which every child in Holland would have had, the boy saw that the water must soon enlarge the hole, through which it was now only dropping, and that utter and general ruin would be the consequence of the inundation of the country that must follow.

10. To see, to throw away the flowers, to climb from stone to stone till he reached the hole, and put his finger into it, was the work of a moment, and, to his delight, he found that he had succeeded in stopping the flow of the water. This was all very well for a little while, and the child thought only of the success of his device.² But the night was closing in, and with the night came the cold. The little boy looked around in vain. No one came. He shouted—he called loudly—no one answered.

11. He resolved to stay there all night, but, alas, the cold was becoming every moment more biting, and the poor finger fixed in the hole began to feel benumbed, and the numbness soon extended to the hand, and thence throughout the whole arm. The pain became still greater, still harder to bear, but still the boy moved not.

12. Tears rolled down his cheeks, as he thought of his father, of his mother, of his little bed, where he might now be sleeping so soundly, but still the little fellow stirred not; for he knew that did he remove the small slender finger which he had opposed to the escape of the water, not only

¹ Instant, immediate; quick; without hesitation or delay of any sort.

² De vice, a contrivance; a shift; a motto or short saying; an ornament or mark.



would he himself be drowned, but his father, his brothers, his neighbors—nay, the whole village.

13. We know, not what faltering¹ of purpose, what momentary failure of courage there might have been during that long and terrible night; but certain it is that at day-break he was found in the same painful position by a priest, returning from an attendance on a death-bed, who, as he ad-

¹ Faltering (fal'ter ing), falling short; trembling; hesitation.

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vanced, thought he heard groans, and bending over the dike, discovered a child kneeling on a stone, writhing from pain, and with pale face and tearful eyes.

14. "Why, dear child," he exclaimed, "what are you doing there?"—"I am hindering the water from running out," was the answer, in perfect simplicity, of the child, who, during that whole night, had been evincing¹ such heroic fortitude² and undaunted³ courage.

15. The Muse⁴ of history, too often blind to true glory, has handed down to posterity the name of many a warrior, the destroyer of thousands of his fellow-men—she has left us in ignorance of this real *little hero of Haarlem*.

14. EXCELSIOR.

THE shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed,
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device,
EXCELSIOR!⁵

2. His brow was sad: his eye beneath
Flashed like a falchion⁶ from its sheath;
And like a silver clarion⁷ rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
EXCELSIOR!

¹ Evinc'ing, showing clearly.
² Forti'tude, that strength of mind which enables one to meet danger with coolness and firmness, or to bear pain or disappointment without murmuring.

³ Un daunt'ed, brave; fearless.
⁴ Muse, one of the nine god-

desses of history, poetry, etc.

⁵ Ex cel'si or, more elevated; aiming higher; the motto of the State of New York.

⁶ Falchion (fal'chun), a short, crooked sword.

⁷ Clar'ion, a wind instrument, suited to war.

3. In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;
Above, the spectral glaciers shone;
And from his lips escaped a groan,
EXCELSIOR!

4. "Try not the Pass!" the old man said;
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead;
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"
And loud that clarion voice replied,
EXCELSIOR!

5. "Oh, stay," the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye;
But still he answered with a sigh,
EXCELSIOR!

6. "Beware the pine-tree's withered branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!"³
This was the peasant's last Good-night!
A voice replied, far up the height,
EXCELSIOR!

7. At break of day, as heavenward,
The pious monks of Saint Bernard⁴

¹ *Spectral*, relating to an apparition, or the appearance of a spirit; ghostly.

² *Glaciers*, a moving field of ice and snow, formed in the valleys and slopes of lofty mountains.

³ *Avalanche* (äv'a lāsh'), a snow-slip; a vast body of ice, or earth, sliding down a mountain.

⁴ *Saint Bernard* (sent bër nārd'),

a remarkable mountain pass in the chain of the Alps, between Piedmont and the Valais (va lā'). A strong stone building is situated on the summit of this pass. It is occupied during the whole year by pious monks, who, with their valuable dogs, hold themselves in readiness to aid travelers arrested by the snow and cold.



Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried, through the startled air,
EXCELSIOR !

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8. A traveler, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping, in his hand of ice,
That banner with the strange device,
EXCELSIOR!

9. There, in the twilight, cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful he lay;
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell like a falling star,
EXCELSIOR!

LONGFELLOW.¹

15. BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

IT was a summer evening,
Old Kasper's work was done:
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun;
And by him sported on the green,
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

2. She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
Which he beside the rivulet,
In playing there had found,
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

¹ Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, an American poet, was born in Portland, Maine, February 27, 1807, and died March 24, 1882. The high finish, gracefulness, and vivid beauty of his style, and the

moral purity and earnest humanity portrayed in his verse, excite the sympathy, and reach the heart of the public. His works have passed through many editions both in America and in Europe.



3. Old Kasper took it from the boy,
 Who stood expectant¹ by;
 And then the old man shook his head,
 And with a natural sigh,
 " 'Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,
 " Who fell in the great victory.

¹ Expectant (eks pēkt'ant), appearing to wait or look for something.

4. "I find them in the garden, for
There's many here about,
And often when I go to plow,
The plowshare turns them out;
For many thousand men," said he,
"Were slain in the great victory."
5. "Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
Young Peterkin he cries,
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes;
"Now tell us all about the war,
And what they killed each other for."
6. "It was the English," Kasper cried,
"That put the foe to rout;¹
But what they killed each other for,
I could not well make out;
But everybody said," quoth² he,
"That 'twas a famous victory."
7. "My father lived at Blenheim⁴ then,
Yon little stream hard by;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.
8. "With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,

¹ Rout (rout), the defeat or breaking of an army or band of troops, or the disorder and confusion of troops defeated and put to flight.

² Quoth (kwôth), spoke, said.

³ Fa'mous, noted; well-known.

⁴ Blenheim (blên'im), a village of Bavaria, Germany, twenty-three miles from Augsburg, noted for a great battle fought there in which the English gained the victory, August 2, 1704.

¹ Hăp' / unhappy

² Shôck /

ror or dis / offensive.

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And many a hapless¹ mother then,
 And new-born infant, died ;—
 But things like that, you know, must be
 At every famous victory.

9. "They say it was a shocking² sight,
 After the field was won,
 For many thousand bodies here
 Lay rotting in the sun ;—
 But things like that, you know, must be
 After a famous victory.

10. "Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,
 And our good Prince Eugene."—
 "Why, 'twas a very wicked thing !"
 Said little Wilhelmine.
 "Nay—nay—my little girl," quoth he,
 "It was a famous victory.

11. "And everybody praised the Duke
 Who this great fight did win."
 "But what good came of it at last ?"
 Quoth little Peterkin.
 "Why that I can not tell," said he,
 "But 'twas a famous victory."

ROBERT SOUTHEY.³

¹ Hap'less, without hap or luck ;
 unhappy ; unfortunate.

² Shock'ing, striking with horror or disgust ; very dreadful or offensive.

³ Robert Southey, an English author, was born at Bristol, August 12, 1774. He wrote much and well both in prose and verse.

Some of his best ballads and brief poems are "Lord William," "Mary the Maid of the Inn," "Queen Ovica," "Youth and Age," and "The Holly Tree." His "Life of Nelson" is probably his best and most interesting book. He died at his residence in Keswick, on the 21st of March, 1843.

16. HEROINES OF CHARITY.

PART FIRST.

DURING the late civil war, while one of the generals of the Union army was in command of the department at New Orleans, the Sisters of Charity made frequent applications to him for assistance. They were especially desirous to obtain provisions at what they termed "commissary prices"—that is, at a reduction of one-third the amount which the same provisions would cost at market rates.

2. The principal demands were for ice, flour, beef, and coffee, but mainly ice, a luxury¹ which only the Union forces could enjoy at any thing like a reasonable price. The hospitals were full of the sick and wounded, of both the Federal and the Confederate armies, and the charitable institutions of the city were taxed to the utmost in their efforts to aid the sick and the suffering.

3. Foremost among the volunteers for this duty stood the Sisters of Charity, Sisters of Mercy, and Sisters of the Holy Cross, who were busy day and night, never seeming to know fatigue, and overcoming every obstacle² in the way of doing good—obstacles which would have completely disheartened less resolute women, or those not trained in the school of patience, faith, and charity, and where the first grand lesson learned is self-denial.

4. Of money there was little, and food, fuel, and medicine were scarce and dear; yet they never faltered, going on in the face of all difficulties, through poverty, war, and unfriendly aspersions,³ never turning aside, never complaining,

¹ **Luxury** (lŭk'shŭ rĭ), that which is rare and costly; a dainty.

² **Ob'sta cle**, any thing that opposes or stands in the way.

³ **Asper'sion** (as pĕr'shun), spreading of injurious reports which, like the bespattering of a body, tends to soil one's good name.

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never despairing. No one will ever know the sublime courage of those lowly Sisters during the dark days of the Civil War. Only in that hour when the Judge of all mankind shall summon before Him the living and the dead, will they receive their true reward, the crown everlasting, and the benediction, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

5. It was just a week before the Red River campaign opened, when all was hurry and activity throughout the Department¹ of the Gulf, that the general, a stern, irascible² old officer of the regular army, sat at his desk in his office on Julia Street, curtly³ giving orders to subordinates, dispatching messengers hither and thither to every part of the city where troops were stationed, and stiffly receiving such of his command as had important business to transact.

6. In the midst of this unusual hurry and preparation, the door noiselessly opened, and a humble Sister of Charity entered the room. A young lieutenant of the staff instantly arose, and deferentially⁴ handed her a chair, for those sombre⁵ gray garments were respected even by those who had no reverence for the faith which they represented.

7. The general looked up from his writing, and a frown of annoyance and displeasure gathered darkly on his brow. "Orderly!" The soldier on duty without the door, and who had admitted the Sister, faced about, saluted, and stood mute, awaiting the further command of his chief. "Did I not give orders that no one was to be admitted?"—"Yes, sir, but——"—"When I say no one, I mean no one," thundered the general.

8. The orderly bowed and returned to his post. He was too wise a soldier to enter into explanations with so irritable

¹ *De part'ment*, a military subdivision of a country.

² *Curt'ly*, briefly; in few words.

⁴ *Def'er én'tial ly*, with respect.

⁵ *I rás'ci ble*, easily made angry.

⁵ *Sóm'bro*, dark; gloomy.

a superior. All this time the patient Sister sat calm and still, waiting for the moment when she might speak and state the object of her mission. The general gave her the opportunity in the briefest manner possible.

9. "Well, madame?" She raised her eyes to his face, and the gaze was so pure, so saintly, so full of silent pleading, that the rough old soldier was touched in spite of himself. "We have a household of sick and wounded whom we must care for in some way, and I came to ask you the privilege, which I humbly beg you will not deny us, of obtaining ice and beef at commissary prices."

10. The gentle, earnest pleading fell on deaf ears. "Always something," snarled the general. "Last week it was flour and ice; to-day it is ice and beef; to-morrow it will be coffee and ice, I suppose, and all for a lot of rascally rebels, who ought to be shot out of hand, instead of being nursed back to life and treason."

11. "General!"—the Sister was majestic now—"Federal or Confederate, I do not know. Protestant or Catholic, I do not ask. They are not soldiers when they come to us—they are simply suffering fellow-creatures. Rich or poor, of gentle or of lowly birth, it is not ours to inquire. Ununiformed, unarmed, sick and helpless, we ask not on which side they fought. Our work begins after yours is done. Yours the carnage,¹ ours the binding up of wounds. Yours the battle, ours the duty of caring for the mangled left behind on the field. Ice I want for the sick, the wounded, the dying. I plead for all, I beg for all, I pray for all God's poor, suffering creatures, wherever I may find them."

12. "Yes, you can beg, I'll admit. What do you do with all your beggings? It is always more, more, never enough!" With this, the general resumed his writing, thereby giving the

¹ Car'nage, bloodshed; slaughter.

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Sister to understand that she was dismissed. For a moment her eyes fell, her lips trembled—it was a cruel taunt.¹ Then the tremulous hands slowly lifted and folded tightly across her breast, as if to still some heartache the unkind words had called up. Very low, and sweet, and earnest was her reply.

17. HEROINES OF CHARITY.

PART SECOND.

“**W**HAT do we do with our beggings? That is a hard question to ask of one whose way of life leads ever among the poor, the sorrowing, the unfortunate, the most wretched of mankind. Not on me is it wasted. I stand here in my earthly all. What do we do with it? Ah! some day you may know.” She turned away and left him, sad of face, heavy of heart, and her eyes misty with unshed tears.

2. “Stay!” The general’s request was like a command. He could be stern, nay, almost rude, but he knew truth and worth when he saw it, and he could be just. The Sister paused on the threshold, and for a minute nothing was heard but the rapid scratching of the general’s pen. “There, madame, is your order on the commissary for ice and beef at army terms, good for three months. I do it for the sake of the Union soldiers who are, or may be, in your care. Don’t come bothering me again. Good morning.”

3. In less than three weeks from that day the terrible bloodshed of the Red River campaign was ended, and there neared the city of New Orleans a steamer, flying that ominous² yellow flag which both armies alike respected and allowed to pass unmolested. Another and still another followed in her wake, and all the decks were covered with the wounded and the dying.

¹ Taunt, words of abuse.

² Om’i nous, foreboding evil.

4. Among the desperately wounded was the general in command of the department. He was borne from the steamer to the waiting ambulance,¹ writhing in anguish from the pain of his bleeding limb, which had been torn by a shell; and when they asked where he wished to be taken, he feebly moaned: "Anywhere, it matters not. Where I can die in peace."

5. So they took him to the Hotel Dieu, a noble and beautiful hospital in charge of the Sisters of Charity. The limb was amputated, and there he was nursed for weeks through the agony of the surgical operation, the fever, the wild delirium, and for many days no one could tell whether life or death would be the victor. But who was the faithful nurse, ever at his bedside, ever watchful of his smallest needs? Why, only "one of the Sisters."

6. At last life triumphed, reason returned, and with it much of the old, abrupt manner. The general awoke to find a face not altogether unknown bending over him, and to feel a pair of skillful hands arranging a bandage, wet in ice-cold water, around his throbbing temples, where the mad pain and aching had so long held sway. He was better now, though still very weak; but his mind was clear, and he could think calmly and connectedly of all that had taken place since the fatal battle which had so nearly taken his life, and had left him at best but a mutilated remnant of his former self.

7. Yet he was thankful it was no worse—that he had not been killed outright. In like degree he was grateful to those who had nursed him so tenderly and faithfully, especially the gray-robed woman, who had become almost angelic in his eyes; and at last he expressed his gratitude in

¹ Am'bu lance, a two or four sick or wounded or disabled from wheeled carriage for taking the the field of battle.

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his own peculiar way. Looking intently at the Sister, he said : " Did you get the ice and beef ? "

8. The Sister started. The question was so direct and unexpected. Surely her patient must be on the high road to recovered health. " Yes," she replied simply, but with a kind glance of her soft eyes that spoke eloquently her thanks. " And your name is— " " Sister Frances."

9. " Well, then, Sister Frances, I am glad you got the things—glad I gave you the order. I think I know now what you do with your beggings—I comprehend something of your work, your charity, your religion, and I hope to be better for the knowledge. I owe you a debt I can never repay, but you will try to believe that I am deeply grateful for all your great goodness and ceaseless care."

10. " Nay, you owe me nothing ; but to Him whose cross I bear, and in whose lowly footsteps I try to follow, you owe a debt of gratitude unbounded. To His infinite mercy I commend you. It matters not for the body ; it is that sacred mystery, the immortal soul, that I would save. My work here is done. I leave you to the care of others. Farewell." The door softly opened and closed, and Sister Frances was gone.

11. Two months afterward she received a letter, sent to the care of the Mother Superior, enclosing a check for one thousand dollars. At the same time the general took occasion to remark that he wished he were able to double the amount, knowing by experience " what they did with the beggings."

TO BE MEMORIZED.

*For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead, lead me aright,
Though strength should falter, and though heart should bleed,
through peace to light.*

Joy is like restless day ; but peace divine like quiet night :

Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine, through peace to light.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

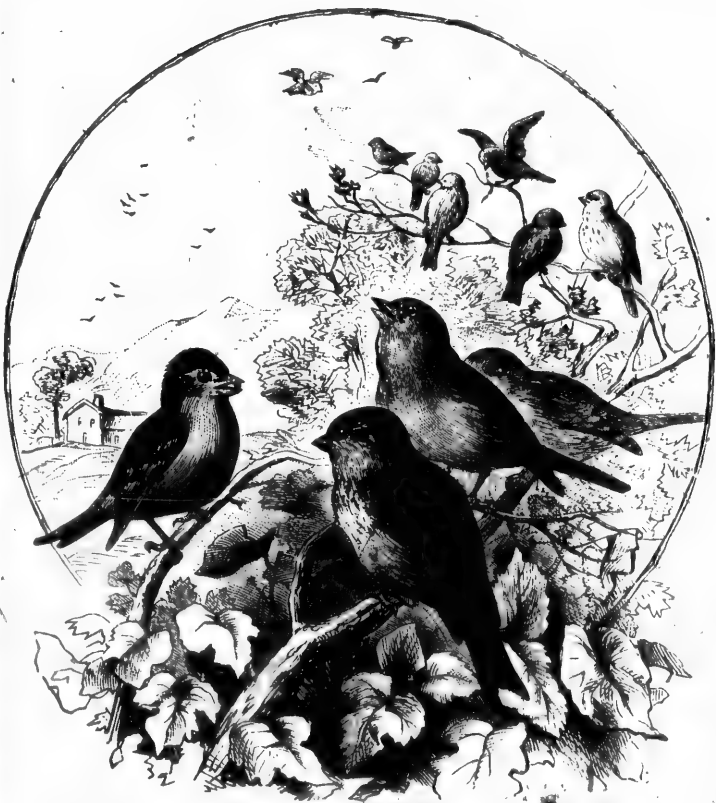
18. BIRDS IN SUMMER.

HOW pleasant the life of a bird must be,
 Flitting about in each leafy tree :
 In the leafy trees so broad and tall,
 Like a green and beautiful palace hall,
 With its airy chambers, light and boon,
 That open to sun and stars and moon,
 That open unto the bright blue sky,
 And the frolicsome winds as they wander by !

2. They have left their nests in the forest bough,
 Those homes of delight they need not now ;
 And the young and the old they wander out,
 And traverse their green world round about ;
 And hark ! at the top of this leafy hall,
 How one to the other they lovingly call :
 " Come up, come up ! " they seem to say,
 " Where the topmost twigs in the breezes sway ! "
3. " Come up, come up ! for the world is fair,
 Where the merry leaves dance in the summer air."
 And the birds below give back the cry,
 " We come, we come to the branches high ! "
 How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
 Flitting about in a leafy tree ;
 And away through the air what joy to go,
 And to look on the green bright earth below !
4. How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
 Skimming about on the breezy sea,
 Cresting the billows like silvery foam,
 And then wheeling away to its cliff-built home !
 What joy it must be, to sail, upborne
 By a strong free wing, through the rosy morn,
 To meet the young sun face to face,
 And pierce like a shaft the boundless space !



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5. How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Wherever it listeth, there to flee ;
To go when a joyful fancy calls,
Dashing adown 'mong the waterfalls,
Then wheeling about with its mates in play,
Above and below, and among the spray,
Hither and thither, with screams as wild
As the laughing mirth of a rosy child !

6. What a joy it must be, like a living breeze,
 To flutter about 'mong the flowering trees ;
 Lightly to soar, and to see beneath
 The wastes of the blossoming purple heath,
 And the yellow furze, like fields of gold,
 That gladden some fairy region old !
 On mountain tops, on the billowy sea,
 On the leafy stems of the forest tree,
 How pleasant the life of a bird must be !

Howitt.¹

19. THE SERMON OF ST. FRANCIS.

1. I soared the lark into the air,
 A shaft of song, a winged prayer,
 As if a soul, released from pain,
 Were flying back to heaven again.
2. St. Francis heard ; it was to him
 An emblem of the Seraphim ;²
 The upward motion of the fire,
 The light, the heat, the heart's desire.
3. Around Assisi's convent gate
 The birds, God's poor who can not wait,
 From moor³ and mere⁴ and darksome wood
 Come flocking for their dole⁵ of food.
4. "O brother birds," St. Francis said,
 "Ye come to me and ask for bread,
 But not with bread alone to-day
 Shall ye be fed and sent away.

¹ **Mary Howitt**, an English authoress, was born in 1804. She is an admirable prose writer, and she ranks deservedly high among the fair poets of her country, having but few equals.

² **Sér'a phim**, angels of the highest order.

³ **Moor**, waste land, covered with heath or with rocks.

⁴ **Mere**, a pool or lake.

⁵ **Dôle**, a share ; a portion.

5. "Ye shall be fed, ye happy birds
With manna of celestial¹ words.
Not mine, though mine they seem to be
Not mine, though they be spoke by me
6. "Oh doubly are ye bound to praise
The great Creator in your lays :
He givèth you your plumes of down,
Your crimson hoods, your cloaks of brown.
7. "He givèth you your wings to fly
And breathe a purer air on high,
And carèth for you everywhere,
Who for yourselves so little-care!"
8. With flutter of swift wings and songs,
Together rose the feathered throngs,
And singing, scattered far apart :
Deep peace was in St. Francis' heart.
9. He knew not if the brotherhood
His homily² had understood ;
He only knew that to one ear
The meaning of his words was clear.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

20. WHY THE ROBIN'S BREAST IS RED.

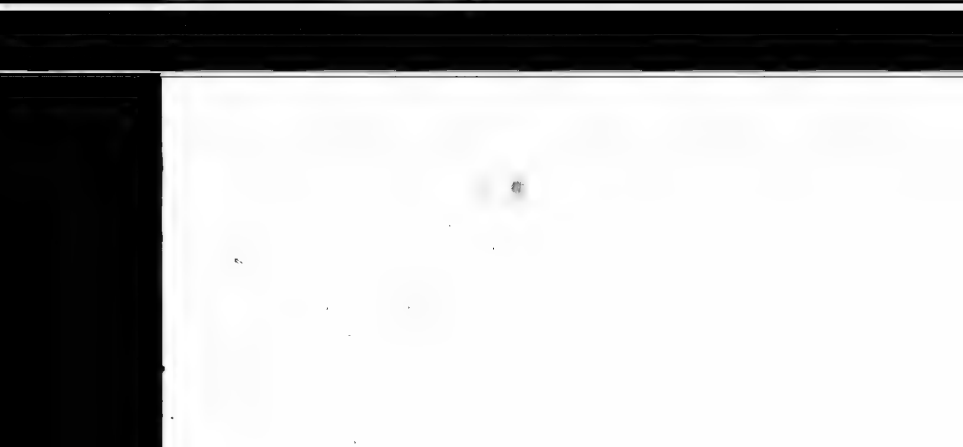
THE Saviour, bowed beneath the Cross,
Ascended Calvary's hill,
While from the cruel, thorny wreath
Flowed many a crimson rill.
The brawny³ soldiers thrust Him on
With unrelenting hand,
Till, staggering slowly 'mid the crowd,
He fell upon the sand.

¹ Ce les'tial, heavenly.

³ Brawn'y, having large, strong

² Hom'ily, an address; a sermon. muscles.





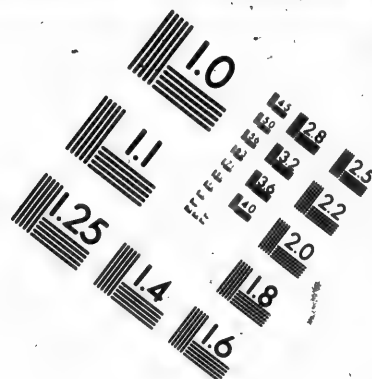
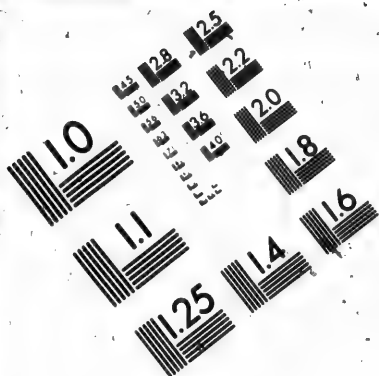
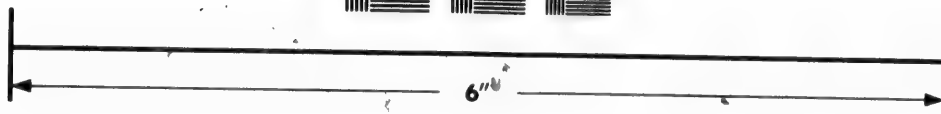
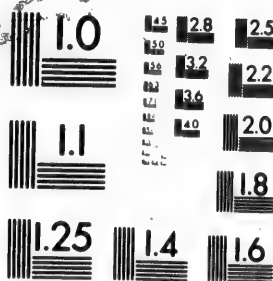


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2. A little bird that warbled near,
 That ever blessed day,
 Flitted around, and strove to wrench
 One single thorn away.
 The cruel spear impaled¹ his breast,
 And thus, 'tis sweetly said,
 The robin has his silver vest
 Incarnadined² with red.
3. O Jesus ! Jesus ! God made man !
 My dolours³ and my sighs,
 Sore need the lesson taught by this
 Wing'd wanderer of the skies.
 I, in the palace of delight,
 Or caverns of despair,
 Have plucked no thorns from Thy dear brow,
But planted thousands there.

21. SIGN OF THE CROSS.

IT is the token, the memorial of the pains and humiliations which our dear Lord bore for us ; and each time we make it we ought to mean thereby that we take up His Cross, accept it willingly, clasp it to our heart, and unite all we do to His saving Passion. With this intention, let the Sign of the Cross be your first waking act ; dedicating your day to Him as a soldier of the Cross ; let your last conscious act before sleep be that precious sign, which will banish evil spirits from your bedside and rest upon you as a safeguard till the day returns.

2. Begin your prayers, your work, with the Sign of the Cross, in token that they are dedicated to Him. Let it sanc-

¹ Im paled', pierced ; fixed on a sharp instrument.

² In cār'na dined, dyed red.

³ Dō'lor, pain ; distress.

tify, or make holy, your going out and your coming in. Let it hallow your conversation and intercourse with others, whether social or in the order of business.

3. Who could be grasping, over-reaching, false; who could give way to unkind words, judgments, uncharitable gossip, unholy talk, who had but just stamped the Cross of Christ upon their lips in token that they are pledged to use the gift of speech, like all else, in the service of their God?

4. Let it consecrate your food, so that eating and drinking, instead of the mere indulgence of earthly cravings, may be "to the glory of God." Let the Sign of the Cross soothe and stay you in sorrow, when, above all, you are brought near Him who lays it on you, but who also bore it for you. Let it sober and steady your hour of joy or pleasure. Let it calm your impulse of impatience, of petulance, of intolerance of others, of eager self-assertion or self-defense. Let it check the angry expression ready to break forth, the unkind word, the unloving sarcasm, or cutting jest.

5. Let it purify the light, or careless, or irreverent utterance, the conventional falsehood, the boastful word of self-seeking. And be sure that if the Sign of the Cross is thus your companion and safeguard through the day, if in all places and seasons you accustom yourself to "softly make the sign to angels known," it will be as a tower of strength to you, and the power of evil over you will become feebler and feebler.

TO BE MEMORIZED.

The saint that wears heaven's brightest crown

In deepest adoration bends:

The weight of glory bows him down

Then most, when most his soul ascends:

Nearst the throne itself must be

The footstool of humility.—MONTGOMERY.

22. THE CROSS OF CONSTANTINE.

IN the year 311 of the Christian era, the Emperor of the West, Con'stantine, yet a pagan, was on his march to Rome to attack the tyrant Maxen'tiūs, who, with the emperors Max'imīn and Licin'iūs, had formed a very powerful league¹ against him.

2. The forces of Constantine were far inferior to those of his adversaries,² whose armies were composed of veteran troops long inured³ to war and flushed⁴ with victory. In this painful crisis,⁵ Constantine remembered that the emperors who, in his time, had most zeal for idolatry, had perished miserably; while his father, Constantius Chlorus (klō'rus), who, though himself a pagan, had favored the Christians, had received sensible marks of the Divine protection. Therefore he resolved to address his prayers for help to Him whom the Christians worshiped, the one only God of heaven and earth.

3. While marching in the midst of his troops, and revolving⁷ these things in his mind with all earnestness, a cross of light, brighter than the blazing noon-day sun, appeared in the cloudless heavens, shining in glory resplendent, and above it, in Greek characters, the words, "*By this conquer.*"

4. The whole army beheld, and were filled with amazement.⁸ Constantine, troubled and anxious, passed a sleepless

¹ League, a combination of princes or states for mutual assistance or protection.

² Ad'ver sa ry, an opponent.

³ Inured (in yord'), accustomed; hardened.

⁴ Flushed, animated; excited.

⁵ Cri'sis, the point of time when

any affair must end, or take a new course; the turning-point.

⁶ Sen'si ble, capable of being perceived by the senses.

⁷ Re volve' ing, reflecting on; thinking over.

⁸ A māze'ment, great surprise at what is not understood.

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night. As he lay on his couch, pondering¹ on this prodigy,² the Lord Jesus Himself appeared to him, and bade him take the miraculous sign he had seen in the heavens as his standard, for under that sign he should triumph over all his enemies.

5. This standard is the famous *Lāb'arum*. It is described by the historian Eusebius, who saw it himself, and who also had from the lips of Constantine, confirmed³ by oath, an exact account of the miraculous events which led him to adopt the Cross as his standard.

6. It consisted of a spear of extraordinary length, overlaid with gold, athwart which was laid a piece in fashion of a Cross. Upon its top was fixed a crown composed of gold and precious stones, and inserted⁴ in the crown was the monogram⁵ or symbol of the Saving Name, viz.: two Greek letters expressive of the figure of the Cross, and being also the initial⁶ letters of the name of Christ.

7. From the cross-piece hung a banner of purple tissue, in length exactly equal to its breadth. On its upper portion were embroidered in gold and in colors the portrait of the emperor, and those also of his children. The banner was thickly studded with precious stones and interwoven with much gold, presenting a spectacle⁷ of inexpressible beauty.

8. This standard was intrusted to the keeping of fifty of the bravest and noblest of the imperial⁸ guards, whose duty it

¹ *Pōn'der ing*, applying the mind to a subject with long and careful attention.

² *Prōd'i gy*, a miracle; a wonder; a thing fitted to astonish.

³ *Con firmed'*, strengthened; rendered certain.

⁴ *In sert'ed*, set within something.

⁵ *Mōn'o gram*, two or more letters blended into one.

⁶ *Initial* (in *ish'al*), relating to or marking the commencement; the first letter of a word.

⁷ *Spēc'ta cle*, a remarkable sight or noteworthy fact.

⁸ *Im pē'ri al*, belonging to an empire or an emperor.

was to surround and defend it on the field of battle; and this post was regarded as the highest possible in honor and dignity. Constantine also caused the sacred monogram to be emblazoned¹ on his own helmet, and on the bucklers, helmets, and arms of his legions.

9. On the morning of the great battle, when the first rays of the October sun gleamed from the mysterious emblem, the soldiers of the Labarum felt themselves animated with an irresistible ardor. Wherever the sacred sign appeared, the enemy gave way before the numerically² inferior soldiers of the Cross.

10. Therefore Constantine ordered the saving trophy³ to be carried wherever he saw his troops exposed to the greatest danger, and thus victory was secured. The result was most decisive; for those of the enemy who escaped on the field of battle were drowned in the Tiber.

11. Máxentius had thrown across that river a bridge of boats, so contrived as to be pulled to pieces by means of machinery, managed by engineers stationed for the purpose on the opposite shore. The tyrant thought thus to take his rival in a snare. But he fell into the trap he had laid for another; for, as he was retreating with his guards over the bridge so cunningly devised, the boats separated from each other, and himself and all who were with him perished in the turbid⁴ waters.

12. Constantine, in his manifesto⁵ to the people of the East, alludes to the miracle of the Cross as a well-known fact. Addressing himself to our Lord, he says: "By Thy

¹ *Em blá'zon*, to adorn; to set off with ornament.

² *Nu mǎr'i cal ly*, with respect to numbers.

³ *Trǎ'phy*, something that is

evidence of victory.

⁴ *Tǎr'bid*, disturbed; muddy.

⁵ *Man i fǎ's'to*, a public declaration, usually of a prince or ruler, showing his intentions.

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¹ *Spǎr*, a
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guidance and assistance, I have undertaken and accomplished salutary things. Everywhere carrying before me Thy sign, I have led my army to victory."

13. The wonderful events here related are beyond doubt. They led to the conversion of Constantine, who was baptized soon afterward, and is known as the first Christian emperor.

23. MOUNTAIN OF THE HOLY CROSS.

ON a spur¹ of the Rocky Mountains which divides the Colorado district into nearly equal parts, and about one hundred miles west of Denver city, rises a peak to the height of thirteen thousand three hundred feet above the level of the sea. In the midst of the immense grandeurs of this mountain range stands this one peak, high above all that surround it, in the majesty of the everlasting hills.

2. The glory of the morning and of the evening, the splendors of sunrise and sunset, the awful gloom of coming tempests, the horror of the forked lightning, the crash of the rolling thunder, and the sun-burst of the clearing shower, with its rainbow of peace, give such varied aspects to this lofty summit, that it charms the eye of the traveler from whatever point it is seen.

3. But if his way lead along the torrent at the foot of the mountain, a new wonder claims his attention and holds his gaze, until he breaks forth into exclamations of delight, controlled only by a deep feeling of awe. At a distance of from fifty to one hundred miles, this marvel becomes visible; though so indistinctly that the traveler might imagine himself deceived by the subtile² air of these high regions. But no! hour after hour as he rides, the vision, for such it at

¹ Spur, a mountain that shoots from the side of another mountain.

² Subtile, not dense or gross; rare; thin.

first seems, becomes clearer and clearer, and changes at last into an impressive reality.

4. Thousands of feet above the road over which his mule is slowly toiling, impressed on the almost vertical¹ face of the mountain, stretches a cross! A cross of such gigantic proportions that the hand of the Creator alone could have traced its outline, and so deeply cut into the rugged rock that one of those convulsions of nature by which He claims the universe as His own, must have torn open the mighty fissures² that portray³ it to the world.

5. This cross is defined in glittering whiteness on the dark and rugged summit, by a vertical fissure fifteen hundred feet in length, crossed by another of no less than nine hundred feet. The heavy snows of the Colorado region, though sliding off the steep plain⁴ of the surrounding rock, have accumulated⁵ in these mighty chasms, and are so protected by their immense depth, and the rare atmosphere of those lofty heights, that the heats of summer have no power to melt them.

6. With a feeling as profound as that with which Constantine beheld in the heavens the sign of the Son of Man, must the Christian traveler contemplate⁶ this mark of God set on the forehead of this country; a country which is thus, as it were, signed and sealed like the mystical⁷ elect named by St. John in the Apocalypse.⁸

7. May it not indicate⁹ that America is to stand forth as

¹ Ver'ti cal, directly over head ; plumb ; upright.

² Fissures (fish'yôrs), open and wide cracks.

³ Pôr trây', paint or draw the likeness of ; draw forth.

⁴ Plâin, a flat, even surface.

⁵ Ac cū'mū lât ed, heaped up in a mass.

⁶ Qôn'tem plâte, to look at in all bearings, or on all sides ; to meditate on or study.

⁷ Mÿs'tic al, far from man's understanding.

⁸ A pŏc'a lÿpse, revelation ; the name given to the last book in the New Testament.

⁹ In'di cāte, point out ; show.

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the champion¹ elected by Christ for the defense of His cause? Oh! if this were the glorious destiny of this land, the honors of dominion and wealth that now fill the secular heart, would pale and fade as before a vision of heaven.

8. Throughout the whole extent of our continent, islands, bays, rivers show forth by their names the faith of their Catholic discoverers and Catholic settlers. But here the sign and source of that Holy Faith, whence alone flows all the joy of heaven or earth, is exalted² by the hand of Nature itself, and gives its name of consolation to this grand watch-tower of the New World, *The Mountain of the Holy Cross*.

24. VOICE OF THE GRASS.

HERE I come creeping, creeping every-where;

By the dusty roadside,
On the sunny hill-side,
Close by the noisy brook,
In every shady nook,
I come creeping, creeping every-where.

2. Here I come creeping, smiling every-where;

All round the open door,
Where sit the aged poor;
Here where the children play,
In the bright and merry May,
I come creeping, creeping every-where.

3. Here I come creeping, creeping every-where;

In the noisy city street
My pleasant face you'll meet,

¹ Chām'pi on, one who contends
in behalf of a principle or person.

² Exalted (эгз ал'ted), raised on
high; elevated.

Cheering the sick at heart
Toiling his busy part—
Silently creeping, creeping every-where.

4. Here I come creeping, creeping every-where ;
You can not see me coming,
Nor hear my low sweet humming ;
For in the starry night,
And the glad morning light,
I come quietly creeping every-where.

5. Here I come creeping, creeping every-where ;
More welcome than the flowers
In Summer's pleasant hours ;
The gentle cow is glad,
And the merry bird not sad,
To see me creeping, creeping every-where.

6. Here I come creeping, creeping every-where ;
When you're numbered with the dead,
In your still and narrow bed,
In the happy Spring I'll come
And deck your silent home—
Creeping, silently creeping every-where.

7. Here I come creeping, creeping every-where ;
My humble song of praise
Most joyfully I raise
To Him at whose command
I beautify the land,
Creeping, silently creeping every-where.

SARAH ROBERTS.

TO BE MEMORIZED.

*We often praise the evening clouds, and tints so gay and bold,
But seldom think upon our God who tinged the clouds with gold.* SCOTT.



25. LITTLE STREAMS.

LITTLE streams are light and shadow,
 Flowing through the pasture meadow,
 Flowing by the green way-side,
 Through the forest dim and wide,
 Through the hamlet still and small—
 By the cottage, by the hall,
 By the ruin'd abbey still—
 Turning here and there a mill,

Bearing tribute to the river—
Little streams, I love you ever.

2. Summer music is there flowing—
Flowering plants in them are growing;
Happy life is in them all,
Creatures innocent and small;
Little birds come down to drink,
Fearless of their leafy brink;¹
Noble trees beside them grow,
Gloom²ing them with branches low;
And between, the sunshine, glancing,
In their little waves, is dancing.

3. Little streams have flowers a many,
Beautiful and fair as any;
Typha strong, and green bur-reed;
Willow-herb, with cotton-seed;
Arrow-head, with eye of jet;
And the water-violet.
There the flowering-rush you meet,
And the plumy³ meadow-sweet;
And, in places deep and still,
Marble-like, the water-lily.

4. Little streams, their voices cheery,
Sound forth welcomes to the weary;
Flowing on from day to day,
Without stint and without stay:
Here, upon their flowery bank,
In the old-time pilgrims drank—

¹ **Brink**, the margin, border, or edge of a deep place; the bank of a stream or pit.

² **Gloom'ing**, making obscure or

dark; darkening; as, "A black yew *gloomed* the stagnant air."

³ **Plum'y**, adorned or covered with plumes; feathery.

Here have seen, as now, pass by,
 King-fisher, and dragon-fly,
 Those bright things that have their dwelling
 Where the little streams are welling.

5. Down in valleys green and lowly,
 Murmuring not and gliding slowly;
 Up in mountain-hollows wild;
 Fretting like a peevish child;
 Through the hamlet,¹ where all day
 In their waves the children play;
 Running west, or running east,
 Doing good to man and beast—
 Always giving, weary never,
 Little streams, I love you ever.

MARY HOWITT.

26. THE OAK-TREE.

SING for the oak-tree, the monarch² of the wood!
 Sing for the oak-tree, that groweth green and good!
 That groweth broad and branching within the forest shade;
 That groweth now, and still shall grow when we are lowly laid!

2. The oak-tree was an acorn once, and fell upon the earth;
 And sun and shower nourished it, and gave the oak-tree birth:
 The little sprouting oak-tree! two leaves it had at first,
 Till sun and shower nourished it, then out the branches burst.
3. The winds came and the rain fell; the gusty tempest blew;
 All, all were friends to the oak-tree, and stronger yet it grew.
 The boy that saw the acorn fall, he feeble grew and gray;
 But the oak was still a thriving tree, and strengthened every day.

¹ Hām'let, a small village; a little cluster of houses in the country.

² Mōn'arch, a sole ruler; one superior to all others of the same kind; as, a lion is called the *monarch* of wild beasts.

4. Four centuries grows the oak-tree, nor does its verdure fail ;
 Its heart is like the iron-wood, its bark like plaited mail.
 Now cut us down the oak-tree, the monarch of the wood ;
 And of its timber stout and strong we'll build a vessel good.
5. The oak-tree of the forest both east and west shall fly ;
 And the blessings of a thousand lands upon our ship shall lie.
 She shall not be a man-of-war, nor a pirate shall she be ;
 But a ship to bear the name of Christ to lands beyond the sea.

27. LEGEND OF THE INFANT JESUS.

IN a small chapel rich with carving quaint,¹
 Of mystic symbols and devices bold,
 Where glowed the face of many a pictured saint,
 From windows high in gorgeous drapery's fold ;
 And one large mellowed painting o'er the shrine
 Showed in the arms of Mary—Mother mild—
 Down looking, with a tenderness divine
 In His clear, shining eyes, the Holy Child.

2. Two little brothers, orphans young and fair,
 Who came in sacred lessons to be taught,
 Waited, as every day they waited there,
 Till Father Bernard came, his pupils sought,
 And fed his Master's lambs. Most innocent
 Of evil or of any worldly lure,
 Those children were ; from e'en the slightest taint
 Had Jesus' blood their guileless souls kept pure !

3. A pious man that good Dominican,
 Whose life with gentle charities was crowned ;
 His duties in the church as sacristan,²
 For hours in daily routine kept him bound,

¹ Quaint, ingenious ; very nice ; curious and old. church who has the care of the sacred utensils or the movables :

² Sacristan, an officer of the a sexton.



While that young pair awaited his release,
 Seated upon the altar-steps, or spread
 Thereon their morning meal, and ate in peace
 And simple thankfulness their fruit and bread.

4. And often did their lifted glances meet
 The Infant Jesus' eyes ; and oft He smiled—
 So thought the children ; sympathy so sweet
 Brought blessing to them from the Blessèd Child—
 Until one day, when Father Bernard came,
 The little ones ran forth ; with clasping hold
 Each seized his hand, and each with wild acclaim,¹
 In eager words the tale of wonder told :

¹ *Ac claim*, a shout of applause or welcome.

5. "O father, father!" both the children cried,
 "The dear Child Jesus! He has heard our prayer!
 We prayed Him to come down and sit beside
 Us as we ate, and of our feast take share;
 And He came down and tasted of our bread,
 And sat and smiled upon us, father dear!"—
 Pallid¹ with strange amaze, Bernardo said,
 "Grace, beyond marvel! Hath the Lord been here?"
6. "The heaven of heavens His dwelling—doth he deign²
 To visit little children? Favored ye
 Beyond all those on earthly thrones who reign,
 In having seen this strangest mystery!³
 O lambs of His dear flock! to-morrow, pray
 Jesus to come again to grace your board
 And sup with you; and if He come, then say,
 'Bid us to Thine own table, blessed Lord!'"
7. "'Our master, too!' do not forget to plead
 For me, dear children! In humility
 I will entreat Him your meek prayer to heed,
 That so His mercy may extend to me!"
 Then, a hand laying on each lovely head,
 Devoutly the old man the children blessed.
 "Come early on the morrow morn," he said,
 "To meet—if such His will, your heavenly guest!"
8. To meet their father by the next noon ran
 The youthful pair, their eyes with rapture⁴ bright.
 "He came!" their happy, lisping tongues began;
 "He says we all shall sup with Him to-night!
 Thou, too, dear father; for we could not come
 Alone, without our faithful friend—we said.

¹ Pallid, very pale.² Deign (dān), condescend.³ Myster, something beyond

human understanding until explained; a deep secret.

⁴ Rapt'ure, the greatest delight

Oh ! be thou sure our pleadings were not dumb,
Till Jesus smiled consent, and bowed His head."

9. Kneeling in thankful joy, Bernardo fell,
And through the hours he lay entranced¹ in prayer;
Until the solemn sound of vesper bell
Aroused him, breaking on the silent air.
Then rose he, calm, and when the psalms were o'er,
And in the aisle the chant² had died away,
With soul still bowed his Master to adore,
Alone he watched the fast departing day.

10. Two silvery voices, calling through the gloom
With seraph sweetness, reached his listening ear;
And swiftly passing 'neath the lofty dome,
Soon, side by side, he and his children dear
Entered the ancient chapel, consecrate³
By grace mysterious. Kneeling at the shrine,⁴
Before which, robed in sacerdotal⁵ state,
That morning he had blessed the bread and wine,

11. Bernardo prayed. And then the chosen three
Received the sacred Hosts the priest had blessed,
Viaticum⁶ for those so soon to be
Borne to the country of eternal rest;
Bidden that night to sup with Christ ! in faith
Waiting for Him, their Lord beloved, to come
And lead them upward from this land of death,
To live forever in His Father's home !

¹ Entranced (en trānst'), so absorbed in thought as to be almost or quite unconscious.

² Chant, a melody ; song words sung without musical measure.

³ Cōn'se crāte, here used in the sense of consecrated ; hallowed ; dedicated : sacred.

⁴ Shrine, a case or box in which sacred relics are kept ; hence, an altar ; a place of worship.

⁵ Sāc'er dō'tal, belonging to the priesthood.

⁶ Vi āt'i cum, provisions for a journey ; the communion given to persons in their last moments.

12. In that same chapel, kneeling in their place,
 All were found dead, their hands still clasped in prayer;
 Their eyes uplifted to the Saviour's face,
 The hallowed peace of heaven abiding there!
 While thousands came that wondrous scene to view,
 And hear the story of the chosen three;
 Thence gathering the lesson deep and true—
 It is the crown of life with Christ to be.

28. SAINT CHRISTOPHER.

PART FIRST.

THE story of St. Christopher, the man so strong and so simple-hearted, has never lost its charm. He was a giant of Canaan, and was called Offero, or Bearer; that is, one who carries great burdens. So proud was he of his wonderful strength that he determined to set forth from the land of Canaan in search of the most powerful monarch in the world, whom alone he would condescend to serve.

2. Offero traveled far and wide and served various masters, but left each as soon as he found there was one more powerful. He served a mighty king, but the king was afraid of the devil. Then he served the devil, but found he was afraid of Jesus Christ. "I can never rest," said he, "nor can I taste bread in peace, until I have entered the service of Jesus Christ, who is more powerful than any king on earth, or than Satan himself."

3. No sooner did he say these words than he saw at the opening of a cave a hermit¹ weaving his baskets, with his prayer-beads of small stones and his cross at his side. "Canst thou tell me how I can serve that Jesus Christ who is more

¹ Hermit, a solitary, whose life is devoted to prayer and labor.

powerful than any king, and even than Satan, the Prince of Evil?"

4. The hermit replied gently, "This King, whose service thou art seeking to enter, will require thee to obey His will instead of thy own, to fast often and to pray much."—"Fast I will not, for then I should lose my strength; and to pray I have never learned—yet I wish with my whole heart and strength to serve thy Christ."

5. The hermit was touched by these earnest words, and pointing to the turbulent¹ river, whose hoarse murmurs filled the air, he said: "Though thou canst neither fast nor pray, our Lord Jesus Christ will not refuse thy service. Take thy stand on the bank of that deep and rapid stream, and carry over the travelers who call on thee for help; for there be many that seek my solitude,² and many that pass through this desert to the regions beyond."

6. Offero heard the words of the hermit with joy, and with a glad countenance took up his abode³ on the banks of the stormy river. Many a one did he carry on his broad shoulders across its seething⁴ waters, ever rejoicing in this his service of Jesus Christ. Meanwhile the hermit taught him many things concerning his great Master.

7. One night the giant heard a childish voice calling aloud to him: "Good Offero, come and carry me over the swift river." Prompt to his trust he came at the call, and on the river-bank stood a small, beautiful child, who held out his hands to the faithful servitor.⁵ Offero took up the tiny figure as if he were a feather. But no sooner had he stepped into the stream than the child on his shoulder

¹ Tŕ'bu lent, disturbed; un- dwells or lives; a dwelling.
quiet; restless.

⁴ Sŕeth'ing, boiling; bubbling.

² Sŕl'i tude, a lonely place.

⁵ Sŕ'vi tor, one who professes

³ A bŕde', the place where one dwells or obedience.

grew heavier than any burden his mighty strength had ever before endured.

8. For a moment his limbs seemed to fail him, but he be-
thought himself to say, "My Jesus, all for Thee!" and in-
stantly his feet touched the further¹ shore. Setting the
child down on the green bank while he wiped the great
drops of sweat from his brow, he said, "Child, I think the
whole world would not have set so weightily on my shoulders
as thou."

9. But the child answered: "Wonder not, good Offero;
for know that this night thou hast carried, not the world, but
Him who made the world. Henceforth thou shalt no longer
be called Offero, but Christofero. Plant now thy dry staff in
the ground, and to-morrow thou shalt find it covered with
leaves and flowers in token² that I am He." And when
Christofero saw in the morning that it was indeed so, he
bowed himself to the dust and said, "Truly He whom I serve
is the Greatest and the Best of Masters."

29. SAINT CHRISTOPHER.

PART SECOND.

SOON after this the word of our Lord came unto Chris-
topher, that he should arise and go into another country,
for there also service was required of him.

2. After many days and nights Christopher reached a large
city, and entering in, he found the streets filled with people,
and every-where were idols and their temples. Then he knew
that here he was to tarry;³ but he understood not the
language of the people, therefore, kneeling down, he prayed

¹ Far'ther, here means the more
remote or distant.

² In tō'ken, as a sign.

³ Tār'ry, to remain; to wait.

to Jesus Christ that this strange tongue¹ might become as familiar to him as his native language.

3. Rising from his knees, Christopher found that his Master had heard his prayer. Immediately he was able to comprehend² whither the crowds about him were going, and for what purpose. The Christians of Samos, hunted like wolves by their pagan rulers, according to the edict of the Emperor Decius,³ were on that day to be given to the wild beasts in the circus.

4. Christopher moved on with the throng, and sought a place as near as possible to these confessors of the faith. As they entered the arena⁴ he called aloud, "Be of good cheer, my brothers, and persevere unto the end for Christ Jesus!" This fearless exhortation⁵ creating a tumult among the spectators, the president of the games ordered the offender to be immediately expelled.⁶

5. As the officers approached and saw his gigantic figure they hesitated, and Christopher said, "Such puny⁷ creatures as ye are I could crush with my fingers, but fear not! Ye serve your master, and I serve One far mightier, as I will show." Going out, he planted his huge staff firmly in the ground, praying to God that it might again put forth leaves and fruit in order to convert these people.

6. And again God hearkened to the prayer of His servant, for immediately the dry staff stood before all the city a palm-tree in full leaf, and bearing most delicious dates. At this sight many were instantly converted to Christ. But the king,

¹ Tongue (tūng), speech; language; discourse.

² Cōm pre hōnd', to understand.

³ Dē'ci us, a Roman general who became emperor in 249. He originated the seventh general persecution.

⁴ A rē'na, the central space of a circus or amphitheatre.

⁵ Exhortation (eks'hōr tē'shun), the act of moving to good deeds; words intended to encourage.

⁶ Ex pōlled', driven out.

⁷ Pū'ny, small and feeble.

Dagnus, hearing of these wonders and filled with hatred, ordered that Christopher should be brought before him.

7. He, meanwhile, remained without the city receiving and instructing those who resorted to him. The soldiers found him alone and absorbed in prayer, his face and figure so sublime in attitude and expression that they paused in fear before him. When Christopher had finished his devotions, he said to them, "Whom do you seek?"

8. They answered, "The king has sent us for thee." Christopher replied, "Unless I go willingly, ye can do naught because of my great strength. But because I desire above all things to behold my Master, lead me to the king."—"What dost thou command us to do?" they exclaimed. "Seeing thy great fidelity, we too will serve thy Christ!" And they entreated¹ him that he should save himself.

9. But Christopher insisted² on being brought before the king, who interrogated him as to his name and profession. "Before I was baptized, they called me Offero, but now I am called Christofero."—"Thou hast given thyself a silly name in taking that of Christ who was crucified, and who can do nothing for Himself or for thee."

10. "With good reason," retorted Christopher, "hast thou been called Dagnus; thou who art the death of the world and the companion of the devil." Then the king, filled with rage, pronounced his sentence: "Bind this Christopher to a pillar, and let four hundred of the most skillful archers pierce him with their arrows."

11. The archers indeed were skillful, but not a weapon reached its mark. One arrow turned in its flight, as if driven by an invisible hand, and entered the king's eye. Roaring with pain and rage, he cried out to the axemen, "Behead that evil one!"

¹ En treat'ed, begged; persuaded.

² In sist', to be determined.

12. Then Christopher called out in a loud voice, "Behold, O Dagnus! my end is at hand, but take the earth that is wet with my blood, and lay it on thy wounded eye, and thou shalt recover thy sight. At the same moment the head of Christopher rolled on the earth.

13. The king commanded them to lay the earth, soaked in the martyr's blood, on his eye, and lo! the pain ceased, the sight was restored, and Dagnus, like another Paul, with the recovery of his bodily sight, received the gift of perfect faith.

30. THE BUCKET.

HOW dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild wood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew;
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill which stood by it,
The bridge and the rock where the cataract fell;
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well:
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, which hung in the well.

2. That moss-covered vessel I hail as a treasure,
For often, at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing:
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell;
Then soon, with the emblem¹ of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well:
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

¹ Emblem, a thing thought to represent it. Water is called the emblem of truth because of its clearness and purity.



3. How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
 As poised on the curb it inclined to my lips !
 Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
 Though filled with the nectar¹ that Jupiter sips.
 And now, far removed from the loved situation,
 The tear of regret will intrusively² swell,

¹ Nectar, the drink of the heathen gods, of whom Jupiter was the chief; honey; any sweet or

very delicious drink.

² Intrusively (in trop's sense), without wish or invitation.

¹ Samuel
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² John E

As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well :
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hangs in the well.

WOODWORTH.¹

31. HOME, SWEET HOME.

M ID pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Still, be it ever so humble, there's no place like home :
A charm from the skies seems to hallow it there,
Which, go through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
Home, home, sweet home !
There's no place like home—there's no place like home!

2. An exile from home, pleasure dazzles in vain,
Ah ! give me my lowly thatched cottage again ;
The birds singing sweetly, that came to my call—
Give me them, and that peace of mind dearer than all.
Home, home, sweet home !
There's no place like home—there's no place like home !

PAYNE.³

32. LOVE OF COUNTRY.

B REATHES there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land ?
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand ?

¹ Samuel Woodworth, an American journalist and poet, died December, 1842, in the fifty-seventh year of his age. Some of his writings have much merit, of which "The Bucket" is most popular.

³ John Howard Payne, an Amer-

ican poet, dramatist and actor, was born in New York, June 9, 1792. His song of "Home, Sweet Home," is one of the most popular ever written. He became a Catholic at Tunis, where he was Consul for the United States, and died in 1852.

If such there breathe, go mark him well;
 For him no minstrel raptures swell!
 High though his title, proud his name,
 Boundless his wealth as wish can claim:
 Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
 The wretch, concentered all in self,
 Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
 And doubly dying, shall go down
 To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
 Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

SCOTT.¹

33. HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE.

HOW sleep the brave who sink to rest,
 By all their country's wishes blest!
 When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
 Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
 She there shall dress a sweeter sod
 Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

2. By fairy hands their knell is rung;
 By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
 There Honor comes a pauper gray,
 To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
 And Freedom shall a while repair,
 To dwell a weeping hermit there.

COLLINS.²

¹ Sir Walter Scott, a Scottish poet and novelist, was a remarkable and laborious writer, though unjust to Catholics. He was born in Edinburgh, August 15, 1771, and died at Abbotsford, Sept. 21, 1832.

² William Collins, one of the most interesting and exquisite of

English poets, was born on Christmas-day, 1720, and died in 1756. His style is clear, correct and fascinating. His "Odes" are unsurpassed in the English language and that to the "Passions" is a masterpiece of varied emotions and poetic description.

34. THY COUNTRY AND THY HOME.

THERE is a land, of every land the pride,
 Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside ;
 Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
 And milder moons emparadise ¹ the night :
 A land of beauty, virtue, valor, truth,
 Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth :
 The wandering mariner whose eye explores
 The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
 Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
 Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air ;
 In every clime, the magnet of his soul,
 Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole ;
 For in this land of Heaven's peculiar grace,
 The heritage of Nature's noblest race,
 There is a spot of earth supremely blest—
 A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
 Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
 His sword and scepter, pageantry ² and pride,
 While in his softened looks benignly ³ blend
 The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend ;
 Here woman reigns ; the mother, daughter, wife,
 Strew with fresh flowers the narrow way of life ;
 In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
 An angel-guard of loves and graces lie ;
 Around her knees domestic duties meet,
 And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.
 "Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found ?"
 Art thou a man ?—a patriot ?—look around ;
 O, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
 That land *thy* Country, and that spot *thy* Home.

MONTGOMERY.⁴

¹ *Em pâr'a disc*, to make perfectly happy.

² *Pâg'eant rý*, a grand display.

³ *Be nign'ly*, favorably ; kindly.

⁴ James Montgomery, a British poet, was born in 1771, and died in 1854. A complete edition of his poetical works appeared in 1855.

35. THE HEAVENLY COUNTRY.

FOR thee, O dear, dear country,
 Mine eyes their vigils keep ;
 For very joy, beholding
 Thy happy name, they weep.
 The mention of thy glory
 Is unction ¹ to the breast,
 And medicine in sickness,
 And love, and life, and rest.

2. O one, O only mansion,
 O paradise of joy,
 Where tears are ever banished,
 And smiles have no alloy ;
 Beside thy living waters
 All plants are, great and small,
 The cedar of the forest,
 The hyssop ² of the wall.

3. With jaspers glow thy bulwarks ;
 Thy streets with emeralds blaze ;
 The sardius and the topáz
 Unite in thee their rays.
 Thine ageless walls are bonded
 With amethyst unpriced ;
 Thy saints build up the fabric,
 * And the corner-stone is Christ.

BERNARD OF CLUNY.

¹ **Uction** (úngk'shun), that used for anointing or soothing ; that which awakens strong religious feeling and tenderness.

² **Hyssop** (his'síp), a plant having a sweet smell, and a warm, pricking taste ; the hyssop of Scripture, a species of caper.

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36. GOD'S ACRE.

"DO you know, Arthur, why a burying-ground was called by the Anglo-Saxons 'God's Acre?'"—"We should say, George, if we wanted to express the same idea, God's Field, or the place where God sows His seed for the harvest."—"Still, Arthur, the meaning is not quite plain."

2. "In the first place, George, those old Saxons, when they became Christians, were very much in earnest. Some truth of faith, or thought of God, was united to every name they bestowed on the objects around them. They believed with their whole heart and soul in the resurrection of the body; and therefore, when their friends died, and they laid them away in the ground, instead of mourning without hope, as they did in pagan times, they said: 'In these fields our good God sows the seed of our mortal bodies which are to spring up, in the day of the resurrection, fresh and beautiful like new grain.'

3. "Do you see, now, how beautiful and appropriate is the title of 'God's Acre' when thus applied? As the grain of wheat which we plant bears no likeness to the green and slender stalk which it brings forth, so our mortal bodies, planted in God's Acre, and guarded by the blessing of God's Church, will rise again in glory, unlike our old selves, and yet, in reality the very same."

4. "I think I understand you, Arthur. You mean that God will sow our lifeless bodies in His fields, which are the consecrated burying-grounds and cemeteries; and these lifeless bodies of good men and women and children, will spring up new and vigorous at the last day, like the strong fresh wheat stalks we see in summer."

5. "Yes, George, you have the idea. And this belief of

Christians in the resurrection of the body, gives the body, even after death, a sacred worth in their eyes."

6. "How cheering, Arthur! Our bodies are not laid away, like worn-out garments, to moulder into dust, and burn up with the world. They are planted carefully and gently in the earth, like the precious seed of wheat and other grains, waiting for the day when Jesus Christ will raise them to life like His own glorious body."

7. "Yes, George, and we should walk carefully, and with respect, among these graves, from which will rise such noble and beautiful bodies. In these *Acres* or *Fields of God*, He has planted precious seed—so precious that He never loses sight of them, though they may have been in the earth for thousands of years."

37. ST. PHILOMENA.

PART FIRST.

"**H**ER name must be Lumēna," said the happy mother, "for did not our child come to us with the light of faith?"—"This is true," said the prince, her father. "Publius has been more than a courtier; he has been to us a friend and brother."

2. "Through him we have learned the doctrines of the true faith, and received strength to practice them. Now, as he promised, our little daughter comes as a reward of this faith, which gives us so much happiness every day." And with such gentle words was Lumena, the first and only child of her royal parents, welcomed into life.

3. When the time came for her to be baptized, they said: "Is not our daughter the *child of light*? Therefore we must call her, not only Lumena, but Filumena," and by this name she was baptized. The little Filumena lived in perfect

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peace with her good Christian parents and the learned Publius for her teacher, in her beautiful home beneath the blue sky of Greece, until she was thirteen years of age.

4. At this time, public affairs, as also the command of the Emperor Diocletian, called the prince, her father, to Rome. Very seldom indeed had he been absent from his small kingdom, and now he could not think of leaving his wife and his young daughter behind him.

5. "You also shall go to Rome," he said, "and see the great city, the mistress of the world. Together we will visit the tombs of the apostles Saint Peter and Saint Paul, and seek the blessing of the successor of St. Peter, Marcellinus, the holy Bishop of Rome."

6. When he was allowed an interview with the emperor, the princess, his wife, and Filumena were with him. As the prince went on with his story, he noticed that the emperor paid very little attention to what he was saying, but looked continually at his daughter.

7. The prince did not much wonder at this, for Filumena was very beautiful. At length the emperor interrupted him, saying, "Give yourself no further anxiety about this matter; all the force of my empire shall be at your disposal, and in return I will ask of you but one thing—the hand of your daughter."

8. The prince could scarcely believe his own ears. What! the daughter of a petty prince in one corner of Greece, chosen to be the Empress of Rome! All this did not make him forget that it would cost him much to give up his daughter, nor that Diocletian was a pagan and a persecutor of Christians.

9. But what could he do? Who ever heard of refusing an Emperor of Rome any request which he might make? Therefore, without appearing to hesitate for a moment, he

agreed to give his daughter to Diocletian. No sooner was Filumena alone with her parents than she said, "O my father! how could you promise me to the Roman Emperor, when I have vowed to consecrate myself to the service of my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ?"

10. "You were too young, my child, to make that vow."—"But having made it, how can I break it?" For the first time in her life Filumena's father looked at her in anger, saying, "Do not dare to disobey me!"—for he knew the fearful consequences of thwarting the emperor's will.

38. ST. PHILOMENA.

PART SECOND.

WHEN the order arrived for Filumena to be brought into the presence of the emperor, she again reminded her parents that she was unable to fulfill the promise given by her father. It was in vain that they told her of the death that surely awaited her if she refused—of the destruction of her whole family.

2. Their words fell upon deaf ears; and even when both these beloved parents in terror knelt before her, saying, with tears in their eyes, "Take pity, Filumena, on your father, your mother, your country, your subjects," she exclaimed, "Have you not yourselves taught me these words of our Divine Lord? 'He that loveth father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me?'"

3. She was carried to the palace and brought before the emperor, but it was only to refuse all the honors which he offered to her. Repelled thus, his anger knew no bounds, and calling his guards, "Shut up this child," he exclaimed, "in a gloomy prison, load her with chains, and give her nothing but bread and water."

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4. This horrible captivity had lasted thirty-seven days, when, in the midst of a heavenly light, Filumena saw the Virgin Mother of God before her, holding her Divine Son in her arms. "My daughter," said the Blessed Virgin, "three days more of prison, and then, after a great combat and terrible torture, thou shalt quit this state of pain." Then the celestial vision disappeared, leaving the heart of Filumena filled with divine courage, and the foul prison perfumed with a heavenly odor.

5. Diocletian at last despaired of bending the resolution of his captive, and determined to punish her. "Since she is not ashamed to prefer to an emperor like Diocletian," he said, "one who was condemned by His own nation to be crucified, she deserves to be scourged as He was."

6. His cruel order was carried out, until her body was one bloody wound and she appeared to be dying. She was then dragged to her prison to die alone. But our Lord, to whom she was so faithful, sent two angels all in shining white, to dress her wounds with healing balm.

7. The emperor was quickly informed of this prodigy. Brought before him, he beheld her with astonishment. "It is plain," said he, "Jupiter wishes you to be Empress of Rome." "Do not speak of Jupiter to me, who am a Christian maiden," answered Filumena. "Tie an anchor round her neck, and throw her into the Tiber!" shouted Diocletian in a terrible rage and fury.

8. No sooner was this order executed, than the two shining angels again appeared, parted the rope that bound the anchor to her neck, and while it sank to the bottom of the Tiber, Filumena, in the presence of an immense multitude, was borne gently to the shore. This miracle converted hundreds to the faith; but the emperor ordered her to be shot with arrows and again thrown into prison.

9. Next morning she was brought before him perfectly healed, and the command of the preceding day was repeated. The arrows aimed at her remained suspended in the air. They were then collected and made red-hot, but left the bows only to turn in their flight and pierce the archers, six of whom were instantly killed. Terrified, but still cruel, Diocletian commanded her to be beheaded, which was done on the 10th of August, in the year 303, after Christ.

39. SIR RODOLPH OF HAPSBURG.

PART FIRST.

THE sunlight falls on the Alpine heights,
 And jewels of every hue
 Flash out from the snow-wreaths sparkling bright,
 'Neath a heaven of cloudless blue.
 And the deer through the rocks on the mountain side
 Spring forward with eager bound,
 While a thousand echoes ring far and wide
 To the hunter's bugle sound.

2. Oh, well may the wild deer bound away
 Through those mountain-forests grand,
 For Sir Rodolph of Hapsburg rides to-day
 At the head of a hunter band.
 The highest places in field and hall
 Dóth brave Sir Rodolph claim,
 Stainless and bright is the sword he wears,
 And high is his knightly fame.
3. Glad as a boy in the mountain chase,
 And gay as a child is he,
 Yet he yieldeth to none of his noble race
 In Christian chivalry.¹

¹ **Chivalry** (shív'al rí), a body or order of cavaliers or knights serving on horseback; cavalry; the usages, manners, qualifications, or character of knights, as courage, skill in arms, politeness.





And his sword that never gave heedless wound,
 Or struck at a fallen foe,
 To fight for the weak from its sheath would bound,
 Or to lay the tyrant low.

4. His laugh rings out at the sportive jest,
 There is mirth in his dark blue eye,
 His steed and his arm are fleetest and best
 When the deer and the hounds sweep by !
 But his voice in council is deep and grave
 As the oldest and sternest there ;
 And the hunter gay, and the soldier brave,
 Is meek as a child at prayer.

5. And now Sir Rodolph, in boyish glee,
 Rides swift as the mountain wind

Till all his band, save a youthful page,
 Are left in the hills behind.
 But he raises his bugle with joyous shout,
 And he winds a merry blast,
 Ha! ha! good Hubert! they little thought
 We should ride so far and fast.

6. They answer below ;—but a softer sound
 Comes borne on the breeze's swell,
 Now, why doth the count in such haste dismount
 At the sound of that tinkling bell?
 And why is his cap doffed reverently?
 And why doth he bend the knee?
 There are none, save the page, or the peasant nigh,
 And the mountain's lord is he!
7. The lord of the mountain doffed cap and plume,
 A nobler than he to greet,
 And the chieftain of Hapsburg bendeth low
 His Monarch and Lord to meet.
 An aged priest to the plains below
 Toils over the rocky road,
 His hands are clasped, and his head is bowed,
 For he beareth the hidden God.

40. SIR RODOLPH OF HAPSBURG.

PART SECOND.

THE priest hath paused beside the count,
 Sir Rodolph whispers low,
 "For His dear sake who died for me
 A boon thou shalt bestow!
 I crave a boon for my dear Lord's sake!
 And thou shalt not me deny,
 My gallant steed in His service take,
 We will follow, my page and I."

2. "Nay, nay, sir knight, it must not be,
A hunter chieftain thou—
Thine eager train e'en now I see,
Far in the plain below."—
"My train to-day must ride alone—
Most foul disgrace 't would be,
If thou on foot shouldst bear the Lord
Who bore the Cross for me.
3. "And God forefend¹ that Christian, e'er,
Begirt with knighthood's sword,
Should leave a mountain serf to be
Sole follower of his Lord."
The good priest mounts the noble steed,
Sir Rodolph holds the rein,
With careful step and reverend mien,
Thus wend they to the plain.
4. The dying man his God receives—
They mount the hill once more,
And in the pass the grateful priest
Would fain the steed restore.
"Nay, father, nay," Sir Rodolph said,
And loosed the hunter's rein,
"The charger that hath borne my Lord,
I may not mount again.
5. "A faithful servant he hath been,
And well beloved by me,
God grant my noble steed may prove
As true a friend to thee.
Farewell! thy homeward path is short
Down yonder wooded knoll,
Forget not in the Holy Mass
To pray for my poor soul."

¹ *Fore hind'*, forbid; prevent.

6. A moment on his upturned face
 The priest in silence gazed,
 Then solemnly his aged hands
 O'er Rodolph's head he raised.
 "Sir hunter, when nine circling years
 Have passed upon their way,
 Thy loving Master will reward
 Thy service of to-day."
7. They passed—fair Hapsburg's youthful chief
 A stalwart¹ knight had grown,
 And now they need a king to fill
 His native land's proud throne!
 Nor hath his manhood's fame belied
 The hope of early years,
 For he is first in rank and name
 Among his gallant peers.
8. Now serfs and nobles bend the knee,
 To own with one accord,
 As monarch of their German land,
 Fair Hapsburg's noble lord,
 And well the count remembered then,
 The hoary² father's word;
 "Thy loyal service of to-day,
 Thy Lord will well reward."

41. WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

IT was the schooner Hesperus
 That sailed the wintry sea;
 And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
 To bear him company.

¹ Stalwart (stól' wart), brave;
 strong; violent.

² Hoar'y, white or gray with
 age; as, hoary hairs.

¹ Haw'th



2. Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax,
 Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
 And her forehead white as the hawthorn¹ buds,
 That ope in the month of May.

¹ Haw'thorn, a shrub having rose-like flowers, and fruit called *haw*.

3. The skipper¹ he stood beside the helm;²
 His pipe was in his mouth;
 And he watched how the veering flaw³ did blow
 The smoke, now west, now south.

4. Then up and spake an old sailor,
 Who'd sailed the Spanish main:
 "I pray thee, put into yonder port,
 For I fear a hurricane."⁴

5. "Last night the moon had a golden ring,
 And to-night no moon we see!"
 The skipper he blew a whiff from his pipe,
 And a scornful laugh laughed he.

6. Colder and louder blew the wind,
 A gale from the northeast;
 The snow fell hissing in the brine,
 And the billows frothed like yeast.

7. Down came the storm, and smote amain⁵
 The vessel in its strength;
 She shuddered and paused like a frightened steed,
 Then leaped her cable's length.

8. "Come hither! come hither! my little daughter,
 And do not tremble so;
 For I can weather the roughest gale
 That ever wind did blow."

9. He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat
 Against the stinging blast;

¹ Skip'per, the master of a small trading or merchant vessel.

² Helm, the instrument by which a ship is steered.

³ Flaw, a sudden burst of wind.

⁴ Hür' ri cāno, a fierce storm, marked by the great fury of the wind and its sudden changes.

⁵ A mǎin', with sudden force; suddenly, or at once.

¹ Stärk, s
² Rœef, a
 or near the

He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

10. "O father ! I hear the church-bells ring ;
O say, what may it be ?"
" 'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast !"
And he steered for the open sea.

11. "O father ! I hear the sound of guns ;
O say, what may it be ?"
"Some ship in distress, that can not live
In such an angry sea !"

12. "O father ! I see a gleaming light ;
O say, what may it be ?"
But the father answered never a word—
A frozen corpse was he.

13. Lashed to the helm all stiff and stark,¹
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

14. Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
That saved she might be ;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave
On the Lake of Galilee.

15. And fast through the midnight dark and drear
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Toward the reef² of Norman's Woe.

16. And ever, the fitful³ gusts between,
A sound came from the land ;

¹ *Stark*, strong ; rugged.

² *Reef*, a chain of rocks lying at
or near the surface of the water.

³ *Fit'ful*, often and suddenly ;
changeable ; irregularly variable ;
impulsive and unstable.

It was the sound of the trampling surf¹
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

17. The breakers were right beneath her bows ;
She drifted a dreary wreck ;
And a whooping² billow swept the crew,
Like icicles, from her deck.

18. She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool ;
But the cruel rocks they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

19. Her rattling shrouds,³ all sheathed in ice,
With the mast went by the board ;
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank—
Ho ! ho ! the breakers roared !

20. At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,⁴
To see the form of a maiden fair
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

21. The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes ;
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,
On the billows fall and rise.

22. Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow ;
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe ! LONGFELLOW.

¹ Surf (sêrf), the swell of the sea which breaks upon the shore, or upon sand-banks or rocks.

² Whooping (hqp'ing), crying out with eagerness or enjoyment.

³ Shrouds, a set of ropes, reaching from the mast-heads to the sides of a vessel, to stay the masts.

⁴ Aghast (a gîst'), struck with sudden horror or fear.

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42. HYGIENIC CLOTHING.

CLOTHING is important in cold climates, not because it can originate or create warmth, but because it so utilizes the heat produced as to keep the air that is circulating about our bodies warm enough to make us comfortable. In speaking of the skin, we associate with it the clothing. For many its only meaning seems to be that which has to do with decency, beauty, and taste. Important as these are, the most important view to be taken of it is that which relates to the health.

2. Clothing is the additional skin which, because of changes of temperature and of conditions, often necessarily artificial, we are called upon to provide. Its design is to obstruct or regulate the abstraction of heat which goes on from every warm or moist body placed in a cooler atmosphere. The heat that is radiated from us is kept longer about us by our clothing; and even the thinnest clothing, such as a veil over the face, will lessen radiation,¹ and so help to keep us warm. As about fifty per cent. of air-heat is lost by radiation, we need to know how far clothing can interrupt this, and what kinds do it most effectually.

3. When we are surrounded by other bodies, or things equally as warm as ourselves, as in artificially heated rooms, or in a crowd with persons as warm as ourselves, our radiation is exactly counterbalanced by that which is received from our surroundings, and our loss is chiefly by conduction² and convection.³ This is mainly accomplished by the cur-

¹ **Radiation** (rǎ'dī ā'shūn), the shooting forth of anything from a point or surface, as rays of light or heat.

² **Conduction** (kǒn dūk'shūn), the passing through of heat from one body to another, when they

touch, or from particle to particle of the same body.

³ **Convection** (kǒn vĕk'shūn), the act or way of transfer or passage, as heat, by means of currents—as when heat is applied to liquids from below.

rents of air moving about us. Fortunately there is this constant movement of air, which is seldom less than one and one-half feet per second, and not perceptible as a draught until it amounts to about three feet per second.

4. Under usual conditions, the losses by radiation and conduction are the chief losses of bodily heat. When, however, these are insufficient, we fortunately have such a supply of sweat-glands and tubing in the skin, and such relations of the capillary circulation thereto, that the skin increases its insensible perspiration to sensible, and thus evaporation reduces the temperature and keeps it from becoming excessive. When the skin pours forth water, as in profuse perspiration, the evaporation equalizes differences resulting from varying production of heat or from embarrassment of the other two methods.

5. Between these three methods there is opportunity for delicate adjustment of heat. But even this, in changing climates and circumstances, depends much, in variation and efficiency, upon the proper adaption of clothing. Consequently, clothing has been very carefully studied. A common idea is that clothing is designed to shut out the air from our bodies; but as conduction and evaporation, and to some degree radiation, depend upon air, the complete shutting out of air would not conduce to healthy regulation of temperature.

6. The design of clothing is rather to catch between its fibers the circulating air, and so to regulate the temperature of the air between the outside and the skin as shall secure comfortable warmth. Heat radiates from, and is conducted from or evaporated through, different forms and kinds of clothing at quite different rates. Color has an influence in relation to radiant heat received. In this regard, in direct sunlight, the order of preference is, white, gray, yellow, pink, green, blue, and black. In the shade the differences nearly

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disappear. The power of absorbing odors is greatest in the following order: black, blue, red, green, yellow, white.

7. Clothing merely means to put materials between our skin and the outside air, which shall retard the outgoing of heat, and, meeting air, shall warm it before it reaches the skin. One of the first facts which experiment has shown and experience confirmed is that it is not the substance and the weight, but the texture and the volume that cause the chief difference. A loose substance, as in a new bed-quilt, greatly loses its power to help us retain warmth when it becomes compressed or packed. Hence, an article like feathers, which can not be thus packed by use into a hard flat surface, is very valuable as a covering. The same is true of furs, and especially of the light hair near the skin. So three or four layers of the same article will keep us warmer than the same amount in weight closely compacted. This is illustrated by the coldness of a very tight boot or glove in cold weather, as compared with one looser and of the same weight and material.

8. Any garment for warmth must, therefore, admit of air next to the skin, and in its crevices or meshes. So garments made of very fine fiber are warmer in proportion to weight and thickness than those of coarser fiber. Persons who have tried the use of buckskin, or leather, or india-rubber, as a clothing, have found themselves suffering greatly when exposed to severe cold. These have their uses, but only as shutting out water, or cold winds, so far as is consistent with the free passage of air through garments beneath them.

9. Another important consideration in the choice of clothing for health is that relating to its property of condensing water from the atmosphere, generally known as the hygroscopic property of different materials. This also, in part, determines the ability of various kinds of material to dispose of the perspiration of the body. Interesting and reliable

experiments give results as follows: wool has a greater hygroscopic power than linen, that of flannel, being from 175 to 75, and that of linen from 111 to 41. Linen is quickly wetted and soaked, wool more slowly and takes up the greater quantity. Evaporation is much quicker with linen. Drying proceeds much more evenly in wool. Linen, cotton, and silk become very quickly air-tight by wetting, but wool only after a long soaking.

10. The elasticity of fiber, on which the porosity of all fabrics chiefly depends, is very different in different materials. Here, again, wool stands apart; its fibers do not lose much elasticity when wet, while wet linen and silk lose it rapidly. The greater facility of catching cold in wet linen or silk than in wet wool is in exact proportion to the greater facility with which water expels the air contained in their fibers. The more the air in any material is displaced by water the less it keeps us warm; hence, the frequent injury resulting from wet clothes, and the discomfort produced by a damp, cold air.

11. Cotton has many advantages over linen, but is not so universally applicable as wool. It conducts heat more rapidly than wool, and less rapidly than linen. It is very non-absorbant of water, and so can not compare with wool in hygroscopic properties. Wool, for instance, has double the power of cotton or linen to absorb sweat. The fiber of cotton becomes hard or packed in wearing, and so diminishes in porosity. It has an advantage over wool in that it does not shrink in washing. Smallness of thread, smoothness of texture, and equality of spinning have much to do, not only with the quality, but with its hygienic value as clothing.

12. When cotton of well-woven, smooth texture is mixed with wool in the proportion of about 50 per cent. woven in the same thread, it makes a valuable garment, and, without unduly diminishing the thermal and hygroscopic value of

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wool, prevents the shrinkage by which the wool fiber itself, in time, would become harder and less absorbent. All these articles for clothing may differ somewhat in their regulative power as to heat and moisture by difference in quality as well as in material or fineness of thread or texture. Thus, if the garments are made of old or worked-up wool or cloth, known as shoddy, the fiber will have been compressed, and be quite different from that of fresh wool or cotton. Smoothness, softness, and closeness of texture, with weight large in proportion to bulk, are the general requirements for hygienic clothing.

HUNT.¹

43. THE MASTER'S TOUCH.

IN the still air, the music lies unheard ;
 In the rough marble, beauty hides unseen :
 To make the music and the beauty, needs
 The master's touch, the sculptor's chisel keen.

2. Great Master, touch us with thy skillful hand ;
 Let not the music that is in us die !
 Great Sculptor, hew and polish us ; nor let,
 Hidden and lost, thy form within us lie !
3. Spare not the stroke ! do with us as thou wilt !
 Let there be naught unfinished, broken, marred ;
 Complete thy purpose, that we may become
 Thy perfect image, thou our God and Lord !

¹ **Esra M. Hunt, M. D., LL.D.**, an American educator, sanitarian, and author, was born at Metuchen, N. J., in 1830. As medical practitioner, college professor, hospital director, and practical philanthropist, he has achieved success, owing not less to his ability than to extraordinary industry, readiness,

and enthusiasm. He was delegate to the International Med. Cong. in 1876, 1881, 1884, and 1887. He has been President of the Am. Pub. Health Association, and of the N. J. State Med. Soc. The preceding selection is from his "Principles of Hygiene," a text-book of rare excellence, published in 1886.

44. MAXIMUS.

MANY, if God should make them kings,
 Might not disgrace the throne He gave;
 How few who could as well fulfill
 The holier office of a slave!

2. I hold him great who, for Love's sake,
 Can give, with generous, earnest will—
 Yet he who takes for Love's sweet sake,
 I think I hold more generous still.
3. I prize the instinct¹ that can turn
 From vain pretense² with proud disdain;³
 Yet more I prize a simple heart
 Paying credulity⁴ with pain.
4. I bow before the noble mind
 That freely some great wrong forgives;
 Yet nobler is the one forgiven,
 Who bears that burden well, and lives.
5. It may be hard to gain, and still
 To keep a lowly steadfast heart;
 Yet he who loses has to fill
 A harder and a truer part.
6. Glorious it is to wear the crown
 Of a deserved and pure success:
 He who knows how to fail has won
 A crown whose luster is not less.
7. Great may he be who can command
 And rule with just and tender sway;

¹ *In'stinct*, inward impulse; un-
 reasoning prompting to action;
 specially, the natural impulse
 which moves an animal to perform
 an action.

² *Pre tēse'*, false show.

³ *Dis dāin'*, the regarding of
 any thing as beneath one; pride.

⁴ *Credū'li ty*, easiness of belief;
 a disposition to believe too readily.

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Yet is diviner wisdom taught
Better by him who can obey.

8. Blessed are those who die for God,
And earn the Martyr's crown of light;
Yet he who lives for God may be
A greater Conqueror in His sight.

PROCTER.¹

45. THE FIRST OF VIRTUES.

MOTHER Marie-Aimee de Blonay, an intimate friend of St. Jane Frances de Chantal,² and one of the first sisters in the Order of the Visitation, experienced from her infancy the happy effects of devotion to the Blessed Virgin.

2. She was yet in her cradle, when her mother, dying, placed her under the protection of the Mother of God and of St. Anne. Having attained to years of discretion, she endeavored to show herself a true child of Mary by often retiring into a little oratory³ to invoke her.

3. Mary, on her part, deigned to become the Mother and Mistress of this devout child, and herself instructed her in the practice of the virtues she afterward displayed so eminently.

4. On one occasion, being then fifteen, Marie-Aimee went to church for Vespers, and felt rather annoyed at having to

¹ **Adelaide Anne Procter**, the daughter of the poet, B. W. Procter, was the author of two volumes of deservedly popular poems. Her poetry, without imitation, has much of the paternal grace, finish, and manner. She became a Catholic in 1851, and died in 1864.

² **St. Jane Frances Fremiot**, Baroness de Chantal, born at Dijon,

France, on the 23d of January, 1573, and died at Moulins, Dec. 13, 1641. Together with St. Francis de Sales, she founded the Order of the Visitation. She was canonized in 1769, and her feast is celebrated on the 21st of August.

³ **Oratory** (ὄρα to ῥή), a place of prayer; a small room or chapel set apart for private devotions.

give place to a lady owning an estate which had once belonged to her own ancestors. Not choosing to walk behind this lady on her departure from the church, she remained on her knees, and chanced to fall asleep.

5. In a dream she then perceived our Blessed Lady, escorted by a noble company of virgins, going up to the Temple. Immediately she rose to join the heavenly company; but it seemed to her that the Blessed Virgin rebuked her, and said, in a tone of severity: "You are not humble enough to serve me, who chose to be as one rejected in the House of God."

6. Having said this, Mary turned and ascended the steps leading to the Temple, leaving on each of her footsteps, in large letters of gold, the name of a virtue, the first of which was Humility, and the last, Charity.

7. Having gained the highest step, she disappeared, leaving Marie-Aimée heartily ashamed of her vanity, and fully determined to apply herself to the attainment of humility, which she now understood to be the foundation of all perfection.

46. TO OUR LADY.

O VIRGIN MOTHER, Lady of Good Counsel,
Sweetest picture artist ever drew,
In all doubts I fly to thee for guidance,
Mother! tell me, what am I to do?

2. By the light within thy dear eyes dwelling,
Sheltered safely in thy mantle blue,
By His little arms around thee twining,
Mother, tell me, what am I to do?

3. By the light within thy dear eyes dwelling,
By the tears that dim their luster too;

By the story that these tears are telling,
 Mother, tell me, what am I to do ?

4. Life, alas, is often dark and dreary,
 Cheating shadows hide the truth from view,
 When my soul is most perplexed and weary,
 Mother, tell me, what am I to do ?

5. See my hopes in fragile vessel tossing,
 Be the pilot of that trembling crew,
 Guide me safely o'er the dangerous crossing,
 Mother, tell me, what am I to do ?

6. Should I ever willfully forgetting,
 Fail to pay my God his homage due,
 Should I sin and live without regretting,
 Mother, tell me, what am I to do ?

7. Stir my heart, while gazing on thy features,
 With the old, old story, ever new—
 How our God has loved his sinful creatures,
 Then, dear Mother, show me what to do.

8. Plead my cause, for what can He refuse thee ?
 Get me back his saving grace anew.
 Ah ! I know, thou dost not wish to lose me,
 Mother, tell me, what am I to do ?

9. Thus alike when needful sorrows chasten,
 As amid joy's visits fair and few,
 To thy shrine with loving trust I hasten,
 Mother, tell me, what am I to do ?

10. Be of all my friends the best and dearest,
 O my counselor, sincere and true !
 Let thy voice sound always first and clearest,
 Mother, tell me, what am I to do ?

11. In thy guidance tranquilly reposing,
 Now I face my toils and cares anew ;
 All through life and at its awful closing,
 Mother, tell me, what am I to do ?

47. THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

PART FIRST.

AND Jesus seeing the multitudes, went up into a mountain, and when he was set down, his disciples came unto him, and opening his mouth he taught them, saying :

2. Blessed are the poor in spirit : for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are the meek : for they shall possess the land. Blessed are they that mourn : for they shall be comforted. Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after justice : for they shall have their fill. Blessed are the merciful : for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the clean of heart : for they shall see God. Blessed are the peacemakers : for they shall be called the children of God. Blessed are they that suffer persecution for justice sake : for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are ye when they shall revile you, and persecute you, and speak all that is evil against you, untruly, for my sake : be glad and rejoice, for your reward is very great in heaven ; for so they persecuted the prophets that were before you.

3. You are the salt of the earth ; but if the salt lose its savor, wherewith shall it be salted ? It is good for nothing any more but to be cast out, and to be trodden on by men. You are the light of the world. A city seated on a mountain can not be hid ; neither do men light a candle and put it under a bushel, but upon a candlestick, that it may shine to all that are in the house. So let your light shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father, who is in heaven.

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4. Do not think that I am come to destroy the law, or the prophets: I am not come to destroy but to fulfill. For amen I say unto you, till heaven and earth pass, one jot, or one tittle shall not pass of the law, till all be fulfilled. He therefore that shall break one of these least commandments, and shall so teach men, shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven: but he that shall do and teach, he shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven. For I tell you, that unless your justice abound more than that of the scribes and pharisees, you shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.

5. You have heard that it was said to them of old: Thou shalt not kill: and whosoever shall kill, shall be in danger of the judgment.¹ But I say to you: that whosoever is angry with his brother, shall be in danger of the judgment.—If therefore thou offer thy gift at the altar, and there thou remember that thy brother hath anything against thee: leave there thy offering before the altar, and go first to be reconciled to thy brother; and then coming thou shalt offer thy gift.—

6. Again you have heard that it was said to them of old: Thou shalt not forswear thyself: but thou shalt perform thy oaths to the Lord. But I say to you not to swear at all,² neither by heaven, for it is the throne of God: nor by the earth, for it is his foot-stool: nor by Jerusalem, for it is the city of the great king: neither shalt thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black. But

¹ In danger of the judgment, that is, shall be liable to be brought before the lower court, amongst the Jews, which tried such crimes, whereas the council or *sanhedrim* was a higher court, and had greater authority.

² Not to swear at all. It is not forbidden to swear in truth, justice and judgment, to the honor of God, or our own or neighbor's just defense; but only not to swear rashly or profanely, in common discourse and without necessity.

let your speech be yea, yea : no, no : and that which is over and above these, is of evil.

7. You have heard that it hath been said : An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth. But I say to you not to resist evil : but if one strike thee on thy right cheek, turn to him also the other : and if a man will contend with thee in judgment, and take away thy coat, let go thy cloak also unto him ; and whosoever will force thee one mile, go with him other two. Give to him that asketh of thee : and from him that would borrow of thee turn not away.

8. You have heard that it hath been said : Thou shalt love thy neighbour, and hate thy enemy. But I say to you : Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you : and pray for them that persecute and calumniate¹ you : that you may be the children of your Father who is in heaven : who maketh his sun to rise upon the good and bad : and raineth upon the just and the unjust. For if you love them, that love you, what reward shall you have ? do not even the publicans this ? And if you salute your brethren only, what do you more ? Do not also the heathens this ? Be you therefore perfect as also your heavenly Father is perfect.

48. THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

PART SECOND.

TAKE heed that you do not your justice before men, to be seen by them : otherwise you shall not have a reward of your Father who is in heaven. Therefore when thou dost an alms-deed, sound not a trumpet before thee, as the hypocrites do in the synagogues and in the streets, that they may

¹ *Ca lūm'ni āte*, to spread abroad other ; to make knowingly false evil reports to the injury of another ; to make knowingly false charges of crime or offense.

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be honoured by men : Amen I say to you, they have received their reward. But when thou dost alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doth : that thy alms may be in secret, and thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee.

2. And when ye pray, you shall not be as the hypocrites, that love to stand and pray in the synagogues and corners of the streets, that they may be seen by men : Amen I say to you, they have received their reward. But thou when thou shalt pray, enter into thy chamber, and having shut the door, pray to thy Father in secret : and thy Father who seeth in secret will repay thee. And when you are praying, speak not much, as the heathens ; for they think that in their much speaking they may be heard. Be not you therefore like to them ; for your Father knoweth what is needful for you, before you ask him.

3. Thus therefore shall you pray : Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our super-substantial bread. And forgive us our debts, as we also forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation. But deliver us from evil. Amen. For if you will forgive men their offences : your heavenly Father will forgive you also your offences. But if you will not forgive men : neither will your Father forgive you your offences.

4. And when you fast, be not as the hypocrites, sad ; for they disfigure their faces, that they may appear unto men to fast. Amen I say to you, they have received their reward. But thou, when thou fastest anoint thy head, and wash thy face, that thou appear not to men to fast, but to thy Father who is in secret : and thy Father who seeth in secret, will repay thee.

5. Lay not up to yourselves treasures on earth : where the

rust and moth consume, and where thieves break through and steal. But lay up to yourselves treasures in heaven : where neither the rust nor moth doth consume, and where thieves do not break through, nor steal. For where thy treasure is, there is thy heart also. The light of thy body is thy eye. If thy eye be single : thy whole body shall be light-some. But if thy eye be evil : thy whole body shall be dark-some. If then the light that is in thee, be darkness : the darkness it self how great shall it be ? No man can serve two masters : for either he will hate the one, and love the other : or he will sustain the one, and despise the other. You can not serve God and mammon.—

6. Ask, and it shall be given you : seek, and you shall find : knock, and it shall be opened to you. For every one that asketh, receiveth : and he that seeketh, findeth : and to him that knocketh, it shall be opened. Or what man is there among you, of whom if his son shall ask bread, will he reach him a stone ? Or if he shall ask him a fish, will he reach him a serpent ? If you then being evil, know how to give good gifts to your children : how much more will your Father who is in heaven, give good things to them that ask him ?—

7. Not every one, that saith to me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven : but he that doth the will of my Father who is in heaven, he shall enter into the kingdom of heaven. Many will say to me in that day : Lord, Lord, have not we prophesied in thy name, and cast out devils in thy name, and done many miracles in thy name ? And then will I profess unto them : I never knew you : depart from me, you that work iniquity.

8. Every one therefore that heareth these my words, and doth them, shall be likened to a wise man, that built his house upon a rock. and the rain fell, and the floods came, and the winds blew and they beat upon that house, and it

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fell not, for it was founded on a rock. And every one that heareth these my words, and doth them not, shall be like a foolish man, that built his house upon the sand, and the rain fell, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and they beat upon that house, and it fell, and great was the fall thereof.

49. THE IDEA OF A SAINT.

WORLDLY-MINDED men, however rich, if they are Catholics, can not, till they utterly lose their faith, be the same as those who are external to the Church; they have an instinctive veneration for those who have the traces of heaven upon them, and they praise what they do not imitate.

2. Such men have an idea before them which a Protestant nation has not; they have the idea of a Saint; they believe they realize the existence of those rare servants of God, who rise up from time to time in the Catholic Church like Angels in disguise, and shed around them a light as they walk on their way heavenward. They may not in practice do what is right and good, but they know what is true; they know what to think and how to judge. They have a standard for their principles of conduct, and it is the image, the pattern of Saints which forms it for them.

3. Very various are the Saints, their very variety is a token of God's workmanship; but however various, and whatever was their special line of duty, they have been heroes in it; they have attained such noble self-command, they have so crucified the flesh, they have so renounced the world; they are so meek, so gentle, so tender-hearted, so merciful, so sweet, so cheerful, so full of prayer, so diligent, so forgetful of injuries; they have sustained such great and continued pains, they have persevered in such vast labors, they have

made such valiant confessions, they have wrought such abundant miracles, they have been blessed with such strange successes, that they have set up a standard before us of truth, of magnanimity,¹ of holiness, of love.

4. They are not always our examples: we are not always bound to follow them; not more than we are bound to obey literally some of our Lord's precepts, such as turning the cheek or giving away the coat; not more than we can follow the course of the sun, moon, or stars in the heavens; but, though not always our examples, they are always our standard of right and good; they are raised up to be monuments and lessons, they remind us of God, they introduce us into the unseen world, they teach us what Christ loves, they track out for us the way which leads heavenward. They are to us who see them, what wealth, notoriety, rank, and name are to the multitude of men who live in darkness—objects of our veneration and of our homage.

NEWMAN.²

50. A LEGEND.³

THE Monk was preaching: strong his earnest word,
 From the abundance of his heart he spoke,
 And the flame spread—in every soul that heard
 Sorrow and love and good resolve awoke:
 The poor lay Brother, ignorant and old,
 Thanked God that he had heard such words of gold.

¹ *Māg'na nīm'i tŷ*, greatness of mind and soul which makes one despise and avoid meanness and injustice.

² John Henry Newman, Cardinal, was born in England in 1801 and died in 1890. He was educated at Oxford; became a convert to the Catholic faith in 1847; was the first rector of the Catholic

University of Ireland, which office he held for several years. His poetry is excellent, and his English prose is unsurpassed.

³ *Lē'gend*, a story, appointed to be read, respecting Saints, especially one of a marvelous kind; hence, any remarkable story handed down from early times; or, less exactly, any story.

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2. "Still let the glory, Lord, be thine alone"—
 So prayed the Monk, his heart absorbed in praise :
 "Thine be the glory : if my hands have sown
 The harvest ripened in Thy mercy's rays,
 It was Thy blessing, Lord, that made my word
 Bring light and love to every soul that heard.
3. "O Lord, I thank Thee that my feeble strength
 Has been so blessed ; that sinful hearts and cold
 Were melted at my pleading—knew at length
 How sweet thy service and how safe thy fold :
 While souls that loved Thee saw before them rise
 Still holier heights of loving sacrifice."
4. So prayed the Monk : when suddenly he heard
 An angel speaking thus : " Know, O my son,
 Thy words had all been vain, but hearts were stirred
 And saints were edified, and sinners won,
 By his, the poor lay Brother's humble aid,
 Who sat upon the pulpit stair and prayed."

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

51. THE PRIEST.

THE moral power exercised by a good priest in his parish is incalculable. The priest is always a mysterious being in the eyes of the world. Like his Divine Master, he "is set for the fall and the resurrection of many in Israel, and for a sign which shall be contradicted."

2. Various opinions are formed of him. Some say of him as was said of our Saviour : "He is a good man." And others say : "No, but he seduceth the people." He is loved most by those who know him best. Hated or despised he may be by many that are strangers to him and to his sacred character ; but he has been too prominent a factor in the

civilization of mankind and the advancement of morality ever to be ignored.

3. The life of a missionary priest is never written, nor can it be. He has no Boswell.¹ His biographer may record the priest's public and official acts. He may recount the churches he erected, the schools he founded, the works of religion and charity he inaugurated and fostered, the sermons he preached, the children he catechised, the converts he received into the fold, and this is already a great deal.

4. But it only touches upon the surface of that devoted life. There is no memoir² of his private daily life of usefulness, and of his sacred and confidential relations with his flock. All this is hidden with Christ in God, and is registered only by His recording angel.

5. "The civilizing and moralizing influence of the clergyman in his parish," says Mr. Lecky,³ "the simple unostentatious, unselfish zeal with which he educates the ignorant, guides the erring, comforts the sorrowing, braves the horrors of pestilence, and sheds a hallowing influence over the dying hour, the countless ways in which, in his little sphere, he allays evil passions and softens manners, and elevates and purifies those around him; all these things, though very evident to the detailed observer, do not stand out in the same vivid prominence in historical records, and are continually forgotten by historians."

6. The priest is Christ's unarmed officer of the law. He is more potent in repressing vice than a band of constables. His only weapon is his voice; his only badge of authority his

¹ James Boswell, the friend and biographer of Dr. Johnson, born 1740, and died 1795.

² Memoir (mēm'wor), an account of things done in which the writer

bore a part; an account written from memory.

³ William Edward Hartpole Lecky (lĕk'1), a British author born in 1838.

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sacred office. Like the fabled Neptune putting Eolus to flight and calming the troubled waves, the priest quiets many a domestic storm, subduing the winds of passion, reconciling the jarring elements of strife, healing dissensions, preventing divorce, and arresting bloodshed.

7. He is the daily depository of his parishioners' cares and trials, anxieties and fears, afflictions and temptations, and even of their sins. They come to him for counsel in doubt, for spiritual and even temporal aid; and if he can not suppress, he has at least the consolation of mitigating the moral evil around him.

GIBBONS.¹

52. WHAT MONKS HAVE DONE.

IT was a monk—Roger Bacon—who first discovered and explained those principles which, a little later, led another monk—Schwartz of Colôgne—to invent gunpowder; and which, more fully developed some centuries afterward by the great Catholic philosopher, Galilè'o, enabled him to invent the mi'roscope and the telescope.

2. It was a monk—Salvino of Pisa—who, in the twelfth century, invented spectacles for the old and the short-sighted. To the monks—Pacifco of Verona, the great Gerbert, and William, abbot of Hirschau—we owe the invention of clocks, between the tenth and the twelfth centuries.

3. It was the monks who, in the middle ages, taught the people agriculture, and who, by their skillful industry, reclaimed whole tracts of waste land. It was the monks who

¹ James Cardinal Gibbons, was born in Baltimore in 1824. After occupying several important and commanding positions in the Church, he was raised to the College of Cardinals by Pope Leo XIII. He is the author of "The Faith of our Fathers," "Christian Heritage," and a contributor to the "American Catholic Quarterly Review."

first cultivated botany, and made known the hidden medicinal properties of plants.

4. It is to the monks that we are in all probability indebted for the paper on which we write. It was the monk Gerbert who first introduced into Europe the arithmetical numbers of the Arabs (A.D. 991), and who thus laid the foundation of arithmetical and mathematical studies.

5. It was an Italian priest—Galvani—who first discovered the laws of the subtile fluid called after him. It was a Spanish Benedictine monk—Pedro da Ponce—who (A.D. 1570) first taught Europe the art of instructing the deaf and dumb. It was a French Catholic priest—the Abbé Haüy—who, in a work published toward the close of the last century, first unfolded the principles of the modern science of mineralogy.

6. It was a Catholic priest—Nicholas Copernicus—who, in the beginning of the sixteenth century, promulgated the theory of a system of the world, called after him—the Copernican—which is now generally received, and which led to the brilliant discoveries of Kepler and Galileo, and formed the basis of the splendid mathematical demonstrations of Newton and La Place. Finally, it is to the missionary zeal of Catholic priests that we are indebted for most of our earliest maritime and geographical knowledge.

7. The Catholic priest always accompanied voyages of discovery and expeditions of conquest; often stimulating the former by his zeal for the salvation of souls, and softening down the rigors of the latter by the exercise of his heroic charity. Catholic priests were at all times the pioneers of civilization.

ARCHBISHOP SPALDING.¹

¹ Martin John Spalding, Archbishop of Baltimore, born in Marion County, Ky., May 23, 1810; died in Baltimore, Feb. 7, 1872. He was a voluminous and elegant writer,

his best-known work being a "Review of D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation." Several volumes of his essays and reviews have been published since his death.

53. MACARIUS THE MONK.

IN days of old, while yet the Church was young,
 And men believed that praise of God was sung,
 In curbing self as well as singing psalms,
 There lived a monk, Maca'rius by name,
 A holy man, to whom the faithful came
 With hungry hearts to hear the wondrous Word.
 In sight of gushing springs and sheltering palms,
 He lived upon the desert : from the marsh
 He drank the brackish water, and his food
 Was dates and roots—and all his rule was harsh,
 For pampered flesh in those days warred with good.

2. From those who came in scores, a few there were
 Who feared the devil more than fast and prayer,
 And these remained and took the hermit's vow.
 A dozen saints there grew to be ; and now
 Macarius, happy, lived in larger care.
 He taught his brethren all the lore he knew,
 And as they learned, his pious rigors grew.
 His whole intent was on the spirit's goal :
 He taught them silence—words disturb the soul ;
 He warred on joys, and bade them pray for sorrow,
 And be prepared to-day for death to-morrow.
3. To know that human life alone was given,
 To test the souls of those who merit heaven,
 He bade the twelve in all things be as brothers,
 And die to self, to live and work for others.
 "For so," he said, "we save our love and labors,
 And each one gives his own and takes his neighbor's."
 Thus long he taught, and while they silent heard,
 He prayed for fruitful soil to hold the word.
4. One day, beside the marsh they labored long—
 For worldly work makes sweeter sacred song—

And when the cruel sun made hot the sand,
 And Afric's gnats the sweltering face and hand
 Tormenting stung, a passing traveler stood
 And watched the workers by the reeking flood.

5. Macarius, nigh, with heat and toil was faint ;
 The traveler saw, and to the suffering saint
 A bunch of luscious grapes in pity threw.
 Most sweet and fresh and fair they were to view,
 A generous cluster, bursting-rich with wine.
 Macarius longed to taste. "The fruit is mine,"
 He said, and sighed ; "but I, who daily teach,
 Feel now the bond to practice as I preach."
 He gave the cluster to the nearest one,
 And with his heavy toil went patient on,

6. And he who took, unknown to any other,
 The sweet refreshment handed to a brother.
 And so, from each to each, till round was made
 The circuit wholly ; when the grapes at last,
 Untouched and tempting, to Macarius passed.
 "Now God be thanked !" he cried, and ceased to toil :
 "The seed was good, but better was the soil.
 My brothers, join with me to bless the day."
 But, ere they knelt, he threw the grapes away.

J. B. O'REILLY.¹

54. RELIGIOUS ORDERS IN HEAVEN.

WE may reasonably suppose that God has prepared for the different religious orders of the holy Church, and for those who had the happiness of belonging to them on earth, a peculiar reward, and a distinguishing glory in Heaven. The connection between the Church Militant and

¹ John Boyle O'Reilly, an Irish-American journalist and poet, a popular writer, was born in 1844 and died in 1890.

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the Church Triumphant is so intimate, that this peculiar species of vocation can not fail to have a corresponding distinction in the realms of bliss.

2. St. Teresa seems to have reference to this, when she mentioned a peculiar glory in Heaven for the members of the Society of Jesus. We may justly infer from this, that all the other religious orders of the holy Church are similarly distinguished in the glory of Heaven. Each one of these Orders has its own mission to fulfill in the Kingdom of God on earth, and contributes, in its own way, to the greater advancement and glory of all. Does not this seem to foreshadow, that each of those noble brotherhoods and sisterhoods shall be also distinguished, one from the other, in Heaven; each glorified in a way peculiar to itself?

3. What a consoling and edifying sight it is, to see a great number of religious, robed in the habits of their several orders, assembled together for the celebration of Divine service! How much grander would their display appear, could we see them headed by their respective founders, St. Benedict, St. Bernard, St. Francis, St. Dominic, St. Ignatius, or St. Alphonsus! How our hearts would swell with joyful emotion, could we see, at one view, all those that ever belonged to each one of these orders; all the illustrious men and women, whose holy lives, salutary teachings, and Christian heroism edified the Church, during their mortal career, and who are still her noblest ornaments.

4. These religious orders are the legions of honor in the holy Church, and not a few of them have merited and obtained for their members the lofty title of the thundering legions against the powers of darkness. When we behold a body of troops, arrayed in the same uniform, returning as victors from the battle-field, is it not a cheerful and a charming sight? So we may contemplate in Heaven, the glorified

members of these several orders, as so many conquering troops of the Church, once militant, now triumphant.

5. What a glorious sight it is to behold them eternally united in their mutual and unchangeable beatitude, sheltered for ever from the storms of life, in the secure haven of ever-enduring rest and safety. We might also compare these orders, in their heavenly glory, to the Himalayas, or other chains of lofty mountains, which rise from the surface of our globe. Among them may be seen one point or peak, overtopping all the rest, surrounded by others of almost equal height, and these again by others, which gradually decrease in elevation, till they sink to the level of some valley of cool and verdant freshness, or a smiling plain of gay and exquisite beauty.

6. In Heaven, we see St. Benedict surrounded by his hundreds of thousands, nay, millions of brothers and sisters, who have been saved during the fourteen hundred years of his order's existence. Ascending near to the summit of his virtue and glories, rise the blessed spirits of St. Maurus, St. Gregory, St. Boniface, St. Gertrude, St. Mechtilda, with a countless number of holy Popes, Bishops, Abbots, Doctors, and many Martyrs, all belonging to this first-born order of the Western Church.

7. There we see St. Francis of Assisium, in the very height of his elevation. Next to him, in glory, we behold a St. Bonaventure, a St. Anthony of Padua, a St. Capistran, a St. Clare, a St. Elizabeth, and all the multitude of the other Saints and Blessed of his order, crowned according to the different degrees of their merits. St. Dominic is there, towering amongst the blessed brethren and sisters of his Order; and, at an almost equal height of glory, are seen St. Thomas Aquinas, St. Vincent Ferrer, St. Catherine of Sienna, St. Rose of Lima, and all the other lights of that illustrious order.

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8. There we see, in the loftiest regions of heavenly bliss, St. Ignatius, surrounded by his glorious brethren of the Society of Jesus; chief amongst whom are St. Francis Xavier, St. Francis Borgia, St. Francis Regis, St. Francis Hieronymo, St. Aloysius Gonzaga, St. Stanislaus Kostka, and all the thousands of Martyrs, and other great servants of God, who sanctified their souls, and who won the palm of victory under the banner of that noble champion of the Church of Christ. And so are brightly shining all the other founders and members of the different orders and congregations. WENINGER.¹

TO BE MEMORIZED.

*Ye golden lamps of heaven, farewell, with all your feeble light!
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon, pale empress of the night!
And thou, refulgent orb of day, in brighter flames arrayed;
My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere, no more demands thy aid.
Ye stars are but the shining dust of my divine abode;
The pavement of those heavenly courts where I shall see my God.
There all the millions of his saints shall in one song unite;
And each the bliss of all shall view, with infinite delight.*

55. THE HUN'S DEFEAT.²

IT was the glad midsummer time;
The sun shone bright and clear,
The birds were singing in the boughs,
The air was full of cheer,

¹ Rev. F. H. Weninger, S. J., an eminent missionary and author of our day, born in Germany, but he has labored many years in America.

² Attila, King of the Huns, approaching the city of Troyes. SAINT LUPUS, who was then bishop of the place, went forth to meet him, saying: "Who are you, who waste and ruin the earth?" ATTILA an-

swered, "I am the Scourge of God." Whereon the holy bishop replied: "The Scourge of God is welcome;" and opened the gates of the city to him. But, as his soldiers entered, GOD, in reward of the humble submission, blinded them, so that they passed through without doing the least injury to the place or the citizens.

And overhead the blue sky spread,
Without a fleck or flaw,
When messengers of evil brought
The fearful news to Troyes.

2. "With fire and sword, a savage horde¹
Is wasting all the land ;
No force may stem² their wild onslaught,³
No pity stay their hand ;
And hither now their course is bent :
Before the set of sun,
Will close him round your walls of strength,
The fierce and fiery Hun !"

3. Ah, me ! the woful sights and sounds
That filled the city then,
The terror wild of wife and child,
The still despair of men ;
In the council and the arsenal⁴
Were tumult and affright—
One palsy of white terror bound
The burgher and the knight.

4. "Yet," said their princely bishop,
"Is not God as strong to save,
As when He led His chosen race
Across the parted way?
Oh ! seek Him, still, against whose will
No danger can befall,
Although the leaguered⁵ hosts of hell
Were thundering at your wall."

5. Then a calm fell on the people,
And a chant of piteous prayer,

¹ *Hörde*, a wandering clan, tribe,
troop, or gang.

² *Stäm*, to oppose.

³ *On'slaught*, attack ; assault.

⁴ *Ar'se nal*, a magazine of arms
and military stores.

⁵ *Leaguered* (*låg'ärd*), confeder-
ated or united.





Rose in solemn diapason¹ on
 The hushed and trembling air ;
 And, amid their doleful litanies,
 The bishop passed in state
 To where the foe, with heavy blow,
 Struck at the outer gate.

6. From the arched and olden doorway,
 Asked he of their captain strong :
 " Now, who are you would menace thus
 Our peaceful homes with wrong ? "

¹ *Di'a pā'son*, harmony.

But Attila¹ answered scornfully,
 He spake in bitter mirth :
 " 'Tis the Scourge of God, to whom 'tis given
 To slay and waste the earth ! "

7. The pastor bowed obedience low,
 Laid cope and staff aside,
 Then once again addressed him to
 That man of blood and pride ;
 But now such accents clothed his words,
 Such tender tones and moving,
 That all who heard were inly stirred
 At a faith so leal² and loving :
8. " And God forbid our gates should close
 Against the Master dear ;
 In whatsoever guise He comes,
 He's surely welcome here.
 We gladly bid Him to our halls—
 We pray Him there abide "—
 And with his own old hands he flung
 The clanging portals wide.
9. Have you seen the stream that swept, like chaff,
 Its curbing banks away,
 Silver-footed tread the meadows,
 Nor displace a branch or spray ?
 So, through the gates of Troyes unbarred,
 Slow welled the fiery Hun ;
 But he reft no burgher's treasures,
 And his hand was raised 'gainst none.
10. Oh ! the wonders of God's mercy !
 He was blind to all things nigh—
 Only saw he clouds of angels,
 Threat'ning from the upper sky ;

¹ Attila (A't'il ā), the Scourge of God : king of the Huns, died in 453. ² Leal, loyal ; faithful ; true. Land of the Leal, "heaven.

¹ Scāth, des-
 injury ; harm.
² St. Martin

And a terror wilder than it brought
 Urged on the affrighted horde—
 Her prölate's faith saved Troyes from scath,¹
 And the fierce barbarian sword.

56. ST. MARTIN'S SUMMER.

THOUGH flowers have perished at the touch
 Of Fröst, the early comer,
 I hail the season loved so much,
 The good St. Martin's² Summer.

2. O gracious morn, with rose-red dawn,
 And thin moon curving o'er it !
 The old year's darling, latest born,
 More loved than all before it !
3. How flamed the sunrise through the pines !
 How stretched the birchen shadows,
 Braiding in long, wind-wavered lines
 The westward sloping meadows !
4. The sweet day, opening as a flower
 Unfolds its pëtals tender,
 Renews for us at noontide's hour
 The summer's tempered splendor.
5. The birds are hushed ; alone the wind,
 That through the woodland searches,
 The red-oak's lingering leaves can find,
 And yellow plumes of larches.
6. But still the balsam-breathing pine
 Invites no thought of sorrow,
 No hint of loss from air like wine
 The earth's content can borrow.

¹ Scäth, destruction ; damage ; from *Martinmas*, the feast of St. Martin, held on the eleventh of

² St. Martin's Summer, so called November.

7. The summer and the winter here
Midway a truce are holding,
A soft consenting atmosphere
Their tents of peace enfolding.
8. The silent woods, the lonely hills,
Rise solemn in their gladness ;
The quiet that the valley fills
Is scarcely joy or sadness.
9. How strange ! The autumn yesterday
In winter's grasp seemed dying ;
On whirling winds from skies of gray
The early snow was flying.
10. And now, while over Nature's mood
There steals a soft relenting,
I will not mar the present good,
Forecasting or lamenting.
11. My autumn tune and Nature's hold
A dreamy tryst¹ together,
And, both grown old, about us fold
The golden-tissued weather.
12. I lean my heart against the day
To feel its bland caressing ;
I will not let it pass away
Before it leaves its blessing.
13. God's Angels come not as of old
The Syrian shepherds knew them ;
In reddening dawns, in sunset gold,
And warm noon lights I view them.
14. Nor need there is, in times like this
When heaven to earth draws nearer,
Of wing or song as witnesses
To make their presence clearer.

¹ *Tryst*, an appointment to meet ; an appointed place of meeting





15. O stream of life, whose swifter flow
Is of the end forewarning,
Methinks thy sundown afterglow
Seems less of night than morning !

16. Old cares grow light ; aside I lay
The doubts and fears that troubled ;
The quiet of the happy day
Within my soul is doubled.

17. That clouds must veil this fair sunshine
 Not less a joy I find it ;
 Nor less your warm horizon line
 That winter lurks behind it.
18. The mystery of the untried days
 I close my eyes from reading ;
 His will be done whose darkest ways
 To light and life are leading !
19. Less drear the winter night shall be,
 If memory cheer and hearten
 Its heavy hours with thoughts of thee,
 Sweet summer of St. Martin !

WHITTIER.

57. RING OUT, WILD BELLS.

- RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
 The flying cloud, the frosty light ;
 The year is dying in the night :
 Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.
2. Ring out the old, ring in the new,
 Ring, happy bells, across the snow :
 The year is going—let him go ;
 Ring out the false, ring in the true.
3. Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
 For those that here we see no more ;
 Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
 Ring in redress to all mankind.
4. Ring out a slowly dying cause,
 And ancient forms of party strife,
 Ring in the nobler modes of life,
 With sweeter manners, purer laws.
5. Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
 The faithless coldness of the times ;
 Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
 But ring the fuller minstrel in.

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6. Ring out false pride in place and blood,
 The civic¹ slander and the spite;
 Ring in the love of truth and right,
 Ring in the common love of good.

7. Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
 Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
 Ring out the thousand wars of old,
 Ring in the thousand years of peace.

TENNYSON.²

58. JACQUES CARTIER.

PART FIRST.

AMONGST those who distinguished themselves in the discovery of the New World, there is none, after Columbus, who has more right to our admiration than Jacques Cartier.³ The account of his voyages shows him not only possessed of a profound knowledge of the art of navigation, but of an observing mind, and a courageous, persevering character. It displays, moreover, a hero whose mind is imbued⁴ with Christian sentiments, and who is ready to make great sacrifices in order to secure the benefits of faith and Christian civilization to the peoples of the New World. He, therefore, deserves a conspicuous⁵ place in our early history.

2. Jacques Cartier was a native of Saint Malo, one of the ports of Bretagne⁶. His maritime knowledge and fine qualities won for him the confidence of the French king, Francis I.,

¹ Civic, relating to, or derived from, a city or citizen.

² Alfred Tennyson, poet-laureate of England, was born in Lincolnshire in 1810. His first volume was published in 1830. His style is correct, refined, and exquisite. He easily ranks as first among the ablest English poets of to-day. His poems have passed through

many editions both in England and America. He died in 1892.

³ Jacques Cartier (zhäk kártyä'), a French navigator and explorer, an important Canadian discoverer, born 1494, died 1555.

⁴ Imbued, deeply tinged or colored; impressed or penetrated.

⁵ Conspicuous, easy to be seen; noted; distinguished.

who was desirous of founding colonies in America. He, therefore, received a commission to go in search of new countries, still unclaimed by European powers.

3. On the 20th of April, 1534, Cartier left the port of Saint Malo, and set sail for America, with three small vessels and a crew of sixty-one men. A favorable wind soon brought him to Cape Bonavista, in Newfoundland. He ascended northward, following the shores of that island, and entered the Bay *des Chateaux*, or Strait of Bellisle, which he crossed. He then made his way into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and, describing in his daring course through that still unexplored gulf an immense semicircle, which permitted him to study the western coasts of Newfoundland, he discovered several islands, and arrived, on the third of July, at the entrance of a large bay, which he called the Bay *des Chaleurs*.

4. It was somewhere in that vicinity that he planted a cross, thirty feet high, and bearing the inscription: *Vive le Roi de France!* [Long live the King of France!] Thus, the first monument raised in the name of France on the soil of America, was a religious symbol, the sign of our redemption.

5. Leaving the Bay *des Chaleurs*, Cartier entered the River St. Lawrence, which he ascended for some sixty leagues. As the season was advanced, he dared not venture further. He had reached Canada, and it only remained to penetrate further into the country. He retraced his course to France, and returned to Canada in the following year.

6. The happy result of Cartier's first voyage, gave rise to the fairest hopes. France wished to have the discoveries already made, completed as soon as possible. He gave the Breton captain a more considerable fleet and more extensive powers. Several gentlemen sought the honor of taking part in this second expedition; and two Benedictine religious were charged with the spiritual care of the mariners.

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7. On the 19th of May, 1535, the little fleet commanded by Cartier left the port of Saint Malo, and steered for America. Violent tempests dispersed the vessels, which only succeeded in coming together again at the end of July, at Blanc Sablon, on the Strait of Bellisle. It was from there that he set out to continue the discoveries of the previous year. By the 1st of September, he was at the mouth of the Saguenay, one of the most considerable tributaries of the River St. Lawrence.

8. Fifteen days later, he reached the heart of wild Canada, in front of a lofty cape, projecting boldly and abruptly into the river, crowned with tall trees, and displaying on its left side an Indian village named Stadacona. This superb promontory, afterwards called Cape Diamond, was to become, under the name of Quebec, a center of civilization, and the bulwark of the French power in the New World.

9. Cartier had, therefore, acquired for France immense countries, watered by the finest tributary of the Atlantic, and the first river of the world for navigation. He had already followed the course of that great river for 750 miles. It was the longest voyage yet attempted by any vessel on the rivers of America. And yet, he was to go still further. But he would first stop at Stadacona, a village governed by a chief of the name of Donacona, who, from his dignity, was called *Aghahanna*, or, *lord*. This petty barbarian king, nowise alarmed by the arrival of the Europeans, gave them his confidence, and, in token of his joy, a solemn reception.

10. Donacona stood at the head of his people, on the shore of the little river St. Croix, now St. Charles, at the place where Cartier's vessels were anchored. According to barbarian etiquette, songs and dances were the prelude to the graver ceremonies about to take place.

11. The Aghahanna afterwards ranged his people in good order; then, tracing a circle on the sand, he inclosed Cartier

and his companions within it. He then delivered an oration, after which he came to offer three young children to the French captain. These gifts were accompanied by approving cries, or howls, from all his people. Cartier caused two swords and two large plates of brass to be brought, and made a present of them to the Agohanna. The savages concluded this Homeric scene by songs and dances.

59. JACQUES CARTIER.

PART SECOND.

SEPTEMBER 19th, leaving a portion of his people at Stadacona, Cartier set sail, with a single vessel, to continue the ascent of the river. He had with him the gentlemen and his choicest mariners. Every-where, the spectacle of Nature in her most enchanting aspect, met his wondering eyes, and he saw before him, as he took pleasure in repeating, the finest country that could be seen.

2. The course of the river, although confined, was still broad and deep; its low-lying shores formed but a protuberant border, rich with verdure, and so studded with small trees and wild vines that one might have thought them planted by the hand of man. Behind this screen of wild grapevines, stretched away far as the eye could reach gracefully undulating plains, where grew in abundance the oak, the elm, and the walnut-tree. Forth from the deep forests that served to shelter them, came the natives to meet the Frenchmen, greeting them with as much confidence and good-will as though they had been wont to live together.

3. At Hochelaga, more than a thousand persons crowded to meet them, bringing them presents which consisted of fish and bread (made of coarse millet). Divided into three groups, according to the difference of age and sex, men, women, and

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Cartier, "retired to on the shore night had night long resound w

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children executed dances to express the satisfaction caused by the presence of their new guests. "Never did father," says Cartier, "give a better welcome to his children." The French retired to their vessels at night-fall. The savages remained on the shore, continuing their joyful demonstrations. When night had closed in, they kindled great fires, and danced all night long by the light of those blazing piles, making the air resound with their songs and shouts of joy.

4. The following day, Cartier went ashore with all the gentlemen to visit the village. It was situated nearly at the center of a superb island, in the midst of rich fields, where maize, or Indian corn, was gathered in abundance. A circular palisade, formed of a triple row of stakes, formed the inclosure of this Indian town, and sufficed for its defense, protecting it against any surprise from the enemy. Cartier entered with a crowd of the inhabitants who had gone out to meet him. He was conducted to the center of the village, where there was a public place of considerable size. There the solemn reception was to take place. Mats were brought, and the Frenchmen seated upon them; and around them thronged the inhabitants of the town.

5. The Agohanna of the country, carried on a deerskin, very soon arrived, and was placed upon a mat. He had, for clothing, some tattered skins of wild beasts. The only insignia that distinguished him from his subjects was a red strip around his head. He was quite helpless and unable to walk. After testifying by signs the joy which Cartier's arrival gave him, the Agohanna showed him his limbs paralyzed by pain, and begged him to touch them. All the sick, the blind, the lame, of the village were then brought to the feet of the Breton captain, that he might cure them by his touch. It seemed as though the Divinity had come down from heaven to deliver them from their miseries.

6. Cartier, for want of an interpreter, could not make himself understood, could only pray fervently for them to Him from whom all good doth flow. He read aloud the beginning of the Gospel of St. John and the Passion of our Lord. Silent and recollected, the savages listened to the holy word which they did not understand. They raised their eyes to Heaven, and imitated all the external signs of piety which the Frenchmen made. This touching scene ended with presents distributed amongst them, of knives, hatchets, etc.

7. Cartier afterward, at his request, was conducted to the mountain adjoining the village. He wished to examine and measure with his eye the extent of his new discovery. The view of the favored region, of which he speaks so often, presented itself then to his eyes in all its ravishing beauty. He gave to the mountain the name of *Mont Royal*. This name, modified into that of *Montreal*, extended to the whole island; and it is also the name of the rich and populous city which has replaced the ancient village of Hochelaga.

8. The Breton captain did not seek to go further up the river. He returned to the river St. Croix to rejoin the companions he had left there. There it was resolved to pass the winter. How admirable was the courage of this handful of Frenchmen, who feared not to brave the rigor of a long winter, two hundred leagues from their own country, in regions unknown, amongst a savage people, restless, suspicious, and having, like all barbarians, the most ferocious instincts!

9. It was autumn. Soon, the river was covered with ice, and the ground with thick snow. The cold became excessive. To the anxieties of a situation so new for the French, was added the terror of an epidemic, which was afterwards known by the name of "malarial fever." Twenty-five persons died of it, and nearly all the rest of the crew were attacked by it. Cartier, who saw no human means of getting

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rid of such a scourge, ordered an image of the Blessed Virgin to be fastened to a tree, near the little fort which he had erected; and, on the following Sunday, all repaired to the image, singing psalms and the Litany of Loretto. Then, Mass was sung in the open air for the first time, amid the snows of Canada, and there was a procession in honor of Mary.

10. Cartier later learned from the Indians of a remedy for the disease, and when used by his sick companions they speedily recovered. Spring returned, and with it the hope of again seeing their native land. May 16th, 1536, they left Stadacona, and sailed for Europe, where they safely arrived.

11. In 1541, a French gentleman, de Roberval, having become viceroy of New France, deputed Cartier to conduct a small colony to the banks of the St. Lawrence. The Breton captain settled the colonists on the north shore of the river, some miles above Stadacona, or Quebec; and there he constructed a small fort, which he named Charlesbourg Royal. Several causes contributed to render this undertaking abortive. The French monarchy, embarrassed by wars and internal troubles, could give no thought to the colonizing of America. So Cartier had to die in Brittany without the consolation of foreseeing the splendid results of his great discoveries.

60. JACQUES CARTIER.

IN the seaport of St. Malo, 'twas a smiling morn in May,
When the Commodore Jacques Cartier to the westward sailed
away;

In the crowded old cathedral all the town were on their knees
For the safe return of kinsmen from the undiscovered seas;
And every autumn blast that swept o'er pinnacle and pier,
Filled manly hearts with sorrow, and gentle hearts with fear.

2. A year passed o'er St. Malo—again came round the day
When the Commodore Jacques Cartier to the westward sailed away;

But no tidings from the absent had come the way they went,
And tearful were the vigils that many a maiden spent ;
And manly hearts were filled with gloom, and gentle hearts with fear,
When no tidings came from Cartier at the closing of the year.

3. But the Earth is as the Future, it hath its hidden side ;
And the captain of St. Malo was rejoicing, in his pride,
In the forests of the North, while his townsmen mourned his loss,
He was rearing on Mount Royal the *fleur-de-lis* and cross ;
And when two months were over, and added to the year,
St. Malo hailed him home again, cheer answering to cheer.

4. He told them of a region, hard, iron-bound, and cold,
Nor seas of pearl abounded, nor mines of shining gold ;
Where the wind from Thule freezes the word upon the lip,
And the ice in spring comes sailing athwart the early ship ;
He told them of the frozen scene until they thrilled with fear,
And piled fresh fuel on the hearth to make him better cheer.

5. But when he changed the strain, he told how soon are cast
In early spring the fetters that hold the waters fast ;
How the winter causeway, broken, is drifted out to sea,
And the rills and rivers sing with pride the anthem of the free ;
How the magic wand of summer clad the landscape to his eyes,
Like the dry bones of the just, when they wake in Paradise.

6. He told them of the Algonquin braves—the hunters of the wild,
Of how the Indian mother in the forest rocks her child ;
Of how, poor souls ! they fancy, in every living thing
A spirit good or evil, that claims their worshipping ;
Of how they brought their sick and maimed for him to breathe upon,
And of the wonders wrō't for them through the Gospel of St. John.

7. He told them of the river whose mighty current gave
Its freshness for a hundred leagues to Ocean's briny wave ;
He told them of the glorious scene presented to his sight,
What time he reared the cross and crown on Hochelaga's height,
And of the fortress cliff that keeps of Canada the key,
And they welcomed back Jacques Cartier from his perils o'er the sea.

THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE.

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61. FIRST BISHOP OF ONTARIO.

FEW lives are more interesting, whether taken in their private details or in relation to the country at large, than that of the Rt. Rev. Alexander Macdonell, first Bishop of Kingston. Some one has remarked, that as the life of Washington was the history of his country, so the life of Bishop Macdonell was the history of the early Church in Upper Canada. His life was an eventful one even before his coming to Canada, in so far, at least, that he was the witness of stirring events.

2. Born on the borders of Loch Ness, Glen-Urquhart, Inverness-shire, Scotland, he was early sent to the Scottish College in Paris, to begin his studies for the priesthood. He was removed soon after to the Scottish College at Valladolid, in Spain, where his stay was peaceful—perhaps the most peaceful portion of a chequered life. Having been ordained, he left the Spanish Seminary to be a missionary priest in the Braes of Lochaber.

3. Father Macdonell became at once the benefactor of his people, no less in a material than in a spiritual sense. As great distress prevailed in the Highlands, he made arrangements with large manufactories at Glasgow to receive a certain number of Highlanders into their employ. He accompanied them himself as chaplain, notwithstanding the warnings received that as a Catholic priest he was still amenable to the penal laws. While in Glasgow, contrary to the custom of his predecessors, he said mass with open doors, and was never molested. But misfortune followed his poor people to the metropolis, many of the factories closed on account of the hard times, and the Highlanders, for want of other employment, enlisted in various regiments. Out of

this grew a serious evil, which Father Macdonell, with characteristic promptitude, proposed to remedy.

4. Catholics in the British service were obliged to attend Protestant worship. Father Macdonell formed his men into a Catholic regiment, the first since the Reformation, having obtained permission from the king. It was called the First Glengarry Fencibles, and was under command of young Macdonell of Glengarry. Contrary to existing law, Father Macdonell was named chaplain, and under his careful supervision, his men soon became distinguished for good conduct, bravery, and fidelity to duty. They were assigned to various difficult posts throughout the British Dominions, and always gave full satisfaction to their superiors.

5. At a time when many soldiers were a terror to the country by reason of their depredations, the Highland regiment was honorably distinguished by its freedom from all such excesses. While the regiment was on duty in Ireland, Father Macdonell excited the lively gratitude of the poor persecuted people of the remoter districts, by preventing their chapels from being burned or turned into stables, and celebrating Divine service there. In 1802, the regiment was disbanded, and Father Macdonell began to think of emigrating to America with the disbanded soldiers and Catholics from the Highlands. Many Highlanders, notably of the Macdonald clan, had gone thither, some to the United States, others to Prince Edward Island.

6. During the American Revolutionary War, the Scotchmen in the United States had chiefly made their way to Canada, where they were rewarded by grants of lands for fidelity to the British Government. Father Macdonell now asked the English Government for further grants in Upper Canada, and after considerable delay and various objections, his request was granted. He still had to encounter fierce

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opposition from the Highland proprietors, who brought into force against the projected enterprise all the restrictions of the Emigration Act. Father Macdonnell had literally to smuggle away his people in fishing boats.

7. For the next twenty-five years, this golden-hearted Scottish priest labored at the new settlement of Glengarry, labored rather in the whole Province of Ontario. His ministry extended over a district of 700 miles. When he arrived in Upper Canada, there were but three Catholic Churches for the Province, two or three priests, and in the whole of British North America, but one Catholic Bishop, that of Quebec. There was a mighty task stretching out before one mind: churches to be built, schools provided, a clergy gathered together. In fact, every thing was to be done, and Father Macdonnell set about doing it with characteristic energy.

8. He never faltered, he never allowed himself to become discouraged; difficulties seemed but to increase his ardor. Through a country without roads or bridges, he made his way up to the region of the Great Lakes, often carrying his vestments on his back and going on foot. Or, again, on horseback, or in a bark canoe, sleeping by night as best he could, enduring cold and hunger and privation of every kind. Wherever there were settlers, Irish or Scotch, and there were many of both, he found them out, and preached the gospel of peace to willing ears. It would be impossible to estimate the nature, extent, and variety of the work which he accomplished. "A ripe scholar, a polished gentleman, a learned divine," wrote a Protestant contemporary journal, soon after his death, "he moved among all classes and creeds, with a mind unbiased by religious prejudices, taking an interest in all that tended to develop the resources or aided the general prosperity. He endeared himself to his people, through his unbounded benevolence and greatness of soul."

9. Mgr. Plessis, one of the greatest of the French bishops of early Canada, asked from the Holy See two coadjutors, one of them being Father Macdonell of Glengarry. However, there were certain difficulties, arising out of opposition on the part of the English Government, and it was not until January, 1819, that he was nominated Bishop of Resina, and Vicar Apostolic of Upper Canada. Through the new Bishop's own influence with the British Government, the opposition to the appointment of titular bishops was withdrawn, and he was consecrated Bishop of Regiopolis, or Kingston, in January, 1826.

10. At the time of the second American War, Father Macdonell induced his people to form a regiment, named as of old, the Glengarry Fencibles, for purposes of national defense. Again, during the rebellion of 1837-38, his influence was all-powerful in restraining his flock from taking part in the agitation. He held that such risings could only produce unnecessary bloodshed, and that all grievances could be remedied by constitutional means. One of the bishop's last services to Upper Canada, was a projected Catholic college, mainly for the higher education of the clergy. For this purpose he collected funds in England, and the corner-stone of the new edifice was laid June 11th, 1838.

11. On the 16th of January, 1837, this patriarchal old man celebrated the golden jubilee of his ordination to the priesthood, which had taken place, in the dimness of another century, in the ancient Spanish town of Valladolid. The anniversary of that memorable day was held, by the bishop's special desire, in his former Parish church at Glengarry—held in what had lately been the wilds of a new country, remote from all the splendors that had marked the Ordination day. The canticle of praise sung, was the story of the trials, hardships and privations, the superhuman labors and

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the weary struggles, the indomitable energy and the singleness of purpose of that one man, who stood old and gray before them now, but none the less, the "Victor in a noble strife." The scene was most touching; when the venerable prelate spoke to his flock in their native Gaelic, the language of the heart, to him as to them. He spoke to recall those Scottish shores from which they had sailed together, looking back with straining eyes and yearning hearts toward all that they were leaving forever, those common sacrifices and difficulties overcome, prayers whispered at the same altar, and the hymn of the exile sung with united hearts and voices.

12. He reminded them that it was probably the last time he should address them, and solemnly, as one who stood upon the shore of that mightiest sea, rolling between life and death, he asked their pardon for whatever might have scandalized them in his words or in his deeds, for any bad example which he might have given, or any dereliction in his duty toward them. The voice of the aged pastor was choked by emotion, and answering tears sprang from the people, who with one accord hailed him as their veritable father in Israel. How close indeed must have been the bond between that pastor and his flock; how the aged must have recalled him, strong with the vigor of early manhood, fighting their battles against king and government. How the young must have revered him, old, as they beheld him, but with his face still boldly turned toward the foe.

13. The end had come, and the final farewells. Shortly afterward the venerable bishop went away on board the steamer "Dolphin" for England. His own parishioners and the people at large united in paying to him their last tribute of respect and affection. The bell tolled out from St. Joseph's Church, the old bell, that had a quaint history

of its own, and had been amongst the people from the beginning. "Wait, till I come back," cried the bishop to one who bemoaned his departure; but he never came back, and the years went swiftly upon their way without him. The old bell tolled in sorrow or in joy, the people thronged the churches on the quiet Sabbath morning, as of old, but before another summer, the pioneer bishop of Upper Canada was laid in a distant grave.

14. During his stay in Great Britain, Bishop Macdonell visited Ireland, where he was hospitably entertained by his brethren of the Episcopate, by the President of Carlow College, and by the Jesuits at Clongowes. While there he was attacked with inflammation of the lungs, and though he seemed to rally, he never entirely recovered. He paid a brief visit to the Earl of Gosford, formerly Governor of Canada, at his residence in Armagh, and proceeded thence to Scotland, on his way to England. He was going thither on business with the Government concerning his Canadian flock. He stopped at Dumfries, in Scotland, to visit an old college companion, Father Reid, who was then pastor there. He arrived on the 11th of January, 1840, apparently in good health, and said mass the next morning. On the evening of the 13th, he conversed with his host until bed time, and seemed well and in good spirits.

15. During the night, he called up his old servant, and asked him to make a fire and procure him more covering. The servant inquired if he were unwell, and receiving no answer, ran down for Father Reid. The latter had scarcely time to administer his dying friend, when the soul of the great-hearted bishop took its flight. He was buried at Dumfries; later his remains were removed to St. Margaret's Convent, Edinburgh, and brought to Canada about 1861. The sad news of his death was communicated to his people, and

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his coadjutor, Bishop Gaulin, took formal possession of the See, on Passion Sunday of that year. But the name of Bishop Macdonell has remained ever since in honor among the people. Without respect to class or creed, they recall his virtues, his prudence, his judgment, his zeal, his influence with the Government, the mighty work he accomplished, his large-hearted charity, and his indefatigable labors for Canada and for Canadians—labors which were directed no little toward its material prosperity, while they advanced proportionally the needs and the growth of religion.

62. FIRST CANADIAN CARDINAL.

ELZEAR ALEXANDRE TASCHEREAU was born February 17th, 1820, at the old manor house of Sainte Marie de la Beauce, one of the seigniorial possessions of his family. Many generations of the family had lived and died there, since that gentleman of Touraine, Thomas Jacques Taschereau, had left the sunny shores of France for the more inhospitable one of Canada, where, however, he received a seignior, and married a descendant of Joliet, joint discoverer with Father Marquette, of the Mississippi River. The father of Cardinal Taschereau was Judge Jean Thomas, who died of the cholera in 1832. His mother, Marie Panet, was daughter of the Hon. J. A. Panet, first President of the Canadian Legislative Assembly. It would be tedious to enumerate the various claims of the Taschereau family to the highest distinction in the Province of Québec, and in Canada. Let it suffice to say that it gave to the Sacred College an illustrious member, whose career will be found of special interest.

2. The first recorded event in his life is necessarily that of his baptism, which ceremony was performed by a venerable priest of Touraine, who had fled from revolutionary storms

in France to a peaceful haven, near a quiet Canadian river, and whose lot it thus became to baptize the first Canadian Cardinal. At eight years of age, young Taschereau entered college, finished his course when scarcely sixteen, and gave abundant promise of those very qualities which, in after life, were so conspicuous. His prudence, zeal for religion and all holy things, devotedness to the Holy See, with the virtues which are the foundation of a Christian character, exemplary truthfulness, love of justice, and at the same time a certain gayety, a gentleness and self-restraint, gained him the love, no less than the esteem of his college companions.

3. On leaving school, he went to Rome in company with the celebrated Abbé Holmes, that most eminent scholar and man of letters, then Professor of the Seminary of Quebec. In Rome, M. Taschereau received the tonsure at the hands of Mgr. Piatti, in the historic Church of St. John Lateran. He returned to Quebec in the autumn of the same year, 1837, and continued his theological studies. He was ordained at Ste. Marie de la Beauce, in September, 1842, and was at once offered the Chair of Philosophy in the Seminary of Quebec. For twelve years he filled that important post, his wisdom and learning exciting universal admiration. He was successively Prefect of studies, a member of the Council of Directors, and Director of the Petit Séminaire.

4. It was during those years, that the Ship-Fever, popularly so called, made such havoc in the cities of Lower Canada. Emigrants from the infected ships were landed at Grosse Isle, and there the Abbé Taschereau, with other priests of Quebec, devoted himself to the care of these hapless ones who had left Ireland, prostrate from the ravages of famine, and come to Canada to find misery, and often death. Abbé Taschereau was himself stricken down by the dread disease, and hovered for some time between life and death.

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It was typhus fever of the most malignant kind, and it was only after a long and tedious illness, that the devoted Professor was once more enabled to resume his many and onerous occupations at the Seminary.

5. In 1854, he made the first of his several voyages to Rome, in the interests of Laval University: He remained upon that occasion two years, during which he studied Canon Law under some of the foremost canonists of that day. He passed a brilliant examination; the degree of Doctor of Canon Law was conferred upon him. He returned to Quebec, and afterwards was appointed Director of the Grand Seminary. M. Casault, Superior of the Seminary, having reached the prescribed term of office, there was question of appointing his successor, and the choice fell upon Abbé Taschereau. The latter had gone to Rome a second time on affairs connected with Laval University, and while there was recalled to Quebec by the sudden death of M. Casault. He at once entered upon the duties of his new office, being also ex-officio Rector of Laval. In 1862, he was named Vicar-General of the Diocese of Quebec. All this time he taught theology at the Seminary of Quebec, becoming, after his office as Superior had expired, again its Director.

6. In July, 1869, he was re-elected Superior of the Seminary, and accompanied Mgr. Baillargeon, then Archbishop of Quebec, to the Vatican Council as his theologian. Shortly after their return, Mgr. Baillargeon died, and the Abbé Taschereau for some time administered the affairs of the diocese conjointly with M. Cazeau. Early in 1871, the Bulls arrived from Rome appointing the Abbé Taschereau to the Archbishopric of Quebec. On the 19th of March, the Feast of St. Joseph, special Patron of Canada, Mgr. Taschereau was consecrated at the ancient Basilica of Quebec, the witness of so much that is glorious in the Catholic history of Canada.

But the new dignity brought with it responsibilities the gravest, and duties the most onerous. Mgr. Taschereau has made twenty pastoral visitations, and the round of his diocese five times. He has canonically erected no less than forty new parishes, and taken a keen interest in colonization and the new settlements everywhere being made.

7. There were pastorals to be written, of which Mgr. Taschereau issued 194 on important matters, and 600 letters on various subjects are registered in the archives of Quebec. There was ~~an~~ confirmation to be administered; and he confirmed in the course of his pastoral visits 160,000 souls. Besides he visited his numerous institutions, attended to the general affairs of the diocese, and responded to the other innumerable demands upon his time and patience, which it is the lot of the Archbishop of a great diocese to meet, as best he can.

8. Mgr. Taschereau has given careful and conscientious attention to all, never sparing himself, but laboring always with a vigor and activity unwavering, even now that the years are closing in around him, and the voices from another life are growing louder in his ears than the clamor of this earthly one. He has been instrumental in bringing to Québec the Redemptorists, Brothers of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, Clerks of St. Viateur, and the Brothers of St. Vincent de Paul. He has been the steadfast benefactor of many a struggling institution, and has brought many of them from the very dawn of trial and poverty to the meridian of flourishing prosperity. His zeal for the University of Laval has become historic. He might justly be called its foster-father.

9. It may be said of his episcopal administration that not one detail of business has been neglected, not one abuse permitted to raise its head unrebuked, not one scandal among his flock left unproved. With the zeal of a St. Ambrose and the wisdom of an Augustine, he has driven away the

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wolves that seek to find entrance to the fold. He has been in a very special sense the guardian of his people. During his college life he was the author of some treatises on Astronomy and Architecture, as also of a yet unpublished history of the Seminary of Quebec.

10. In June, 1886, the crowning honor was bestowed upon the venerable Archbishop. Rome, to which past, present, and future are, in her mighty universality, as an open book, beheld how in the past, Catholic Canada had written its name gloriously upon the annals of the Church; how in the present, her people in the Province of Quebec were found to be truly Catholic. Looking forward to the future, there appeared a glory to which Canada was destined to attain, her sons playing well their part in the drama of the centuries, and her mighty resources, agricultural and commercial, developed to the utmost and constituting the foundations of a new and vigorous empire. So the fullness of time had come, and the occupant of the primatial See of Quebec was called to a place at the Council Board of the Sovereign Pontiff, to represent his country among the Princes of the Church.

11. It would be impossible to describe the rejoicings consequent upon this event, how the bishops of North America, one and all, wrote congratulations, and the religious orders throughout Canada, vied with secular and civic associations in resolutions of joy and respect. How the city with one accord, from the highest statesmen in the land to the humblest of school-children, gave each his mite toward this festival of good will. The Protestant or non-sectarian journals were united in their appreciation of the honor which Leo XIII. had conferred upon their common country. They were unstinted in their meed of praise to its recipient, and enthusiastic in their expressions of gratitude and kindly feeling toward the See of Rome.

12. The Anglican Bishops of Montreal, Quebec, and Niagara, with delicate and generous good feeling, fully appreciated by Catholics in the Dominion and commended by those of their own faith, offered their sincere congratulations to His Eminence. There were echoes in the air, though it was June, and not December, of that old Christmas anthem, which came straight from heaven: "Peace on earth to men of good will." The illumination of cities, the displaying of flags, the sounding of drums, and the cheers of an assembled multitude, all of which greeted the arrival of Monsignor O'Bryan and Count Gazzoli, with the Papal Letters, were merely the externals.

13. But the common sentiment of satisfaction, of gratified national pride at this public attestation of the prosperity of their country, and this from so high a quarter, ran through all men, and was seen in those reflections of the public mind, the daily and weekly press. The story has been told of how Mgr. Taschereau became a Cardinal and the lights of the illuminated cities have died out over the tranquil waters of the St. Lawrence, and the mightier stream of human existence has returned to its wonted channels. But though this notable era in the history of the country has come and gone, it is destined never to be forgotten. Just as the many virtues of the ecclesiastic, who wears, with dignity so becoming, the Roman purple, will leave their ineffaceable traces in the archdiocese he governs, so that momentous hour shall remain engraven upon the minds of the people, when Rome first gave Canada her just place among the nations.

TO BE MEMORIZED.

*Tho' hearts brood o'er the past, our eyes with smiling features glisten!
For lo! our day bursts up the skies: lean out your souls and listen!
The world rolls Freedom's radiant way and ripens with her sorrow.
Keep heart! who bear the cross to-day shall wear the crown to-morrow.*

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63. THE SOLDIER-PEASANT'S VISION.¹

ALL by the broad St. Lawrence, a hundred years ago,
 The Angelus² was ringing from the bells of Ile-au-Beaux;
 The reaper leaned upon his scythe, the wild-bee ceased its hum,
 The consecrated river hushed its waters and was dumb;
 The oxen, as at Bethlehem, knelt of their own accord,
 While the incense of the midday prayer was wafted to their Lord!

2. "O good Saint Ann, I swear to thee, thou guardian of my race,"

Cries the bare-headed reaper, while tears bedew his face,
 "For sovereign, for seignior, for those in high command,
 France, with her vines and olives, is in sooth a pleasant land;
 But fairer than lily on her shield is this New World colony,
 Where the weary serf may stand erect, unawed by tyranny!

3. "Do thou ask the Blessed Virgin to bless our sire, the King,
 To overthrow his enemies, bless him in everything;
 To speed his royal banners, crown them with victory,
 As when we fought the Painim³ on the plains of Hungary!

4. "But, O mother of all Bretons, by thy love for Mary's Son,
 By His agony and dolors, by His wounds on Calvary won,
 Guard thou New France from tyrants, oh spare her virgin soil
 From the heel of the oppressor, from tumult and turmoil!"

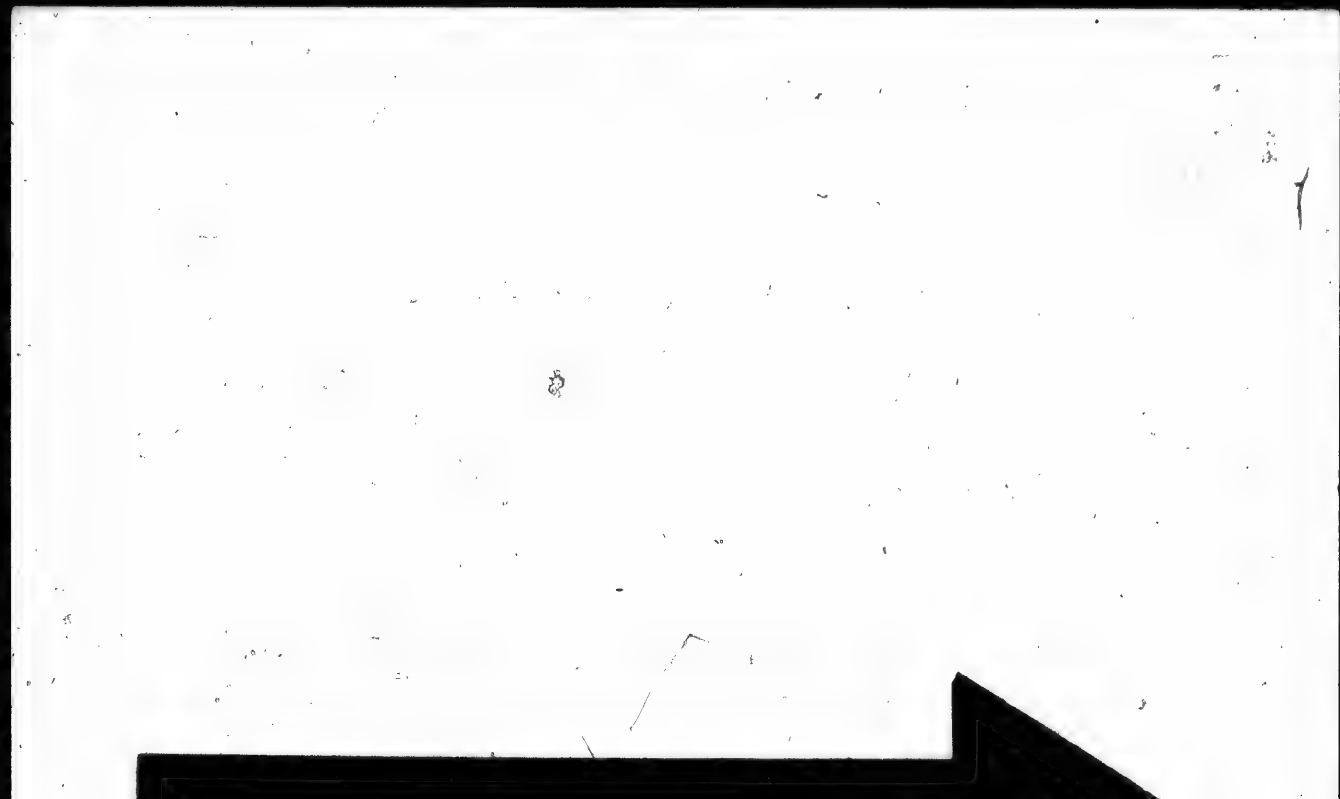
5. Saint Ann had heard the veteran's prayer, and stood upon
 the tide,
 An aureole⁴ about her brow, and angels by her side.

¹ This legend relates the appearance of St. Ann to one of the Cargignan soldiers, many of whom, after fighting the Turks in Hungary, took up land in the Isle of Orleans and other islands, below Quebec. The original, here closely translated, was written before the English conquest.

² An' ge lûs, a short form of prayer, recited by Catholics at sunrise, noon, and sunset.

³ Pâl'nim, a pagan; an infidel.

⁴ Aureole (a're ôl), the circle of rays, or halo of light, with which painters surround the head of our Lord, the Blessed Virgin, and the Saints.





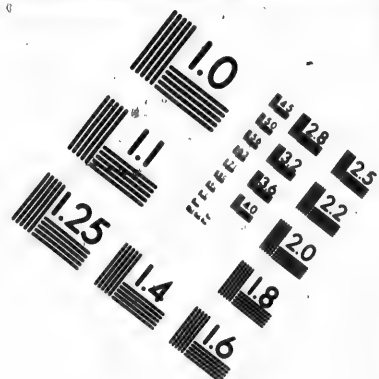
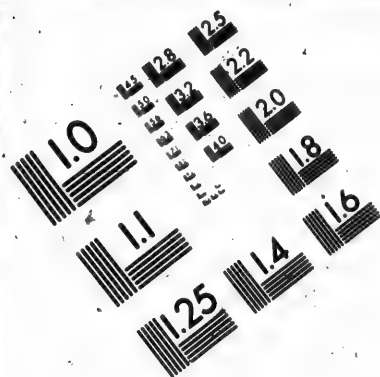
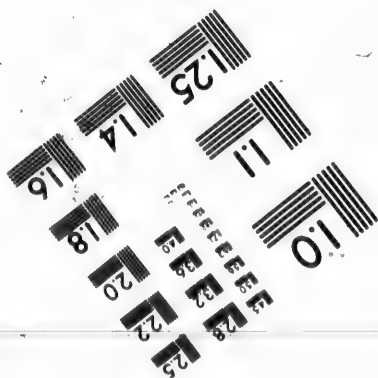
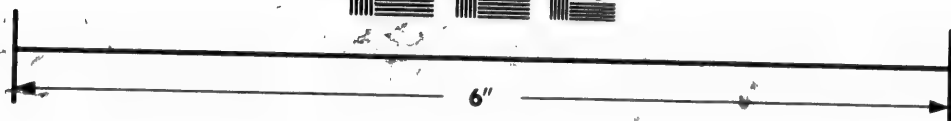
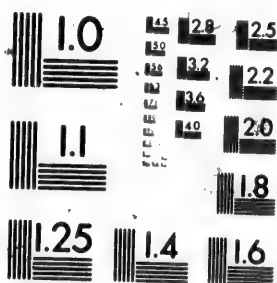


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"Fear not, my son," she sweetly said; "be New France true to me,
And she shall ever be the home of rugged liberty!"
The vision passed, and the reaper bent to the cutting of the grain:
The covenant is kept—he did not pray in vain!

TO BE MEMORIZED.

*"What is the real good?" I asked, in musing mood.
"Order," said the law court; "Knowledge," said the school;
"Truth," said the wise man; "Pleasure," said the fool;
"Love," said the maiden; "Beauty," said the page;
"Freedom," said the dreamer; "Home," said the sage;
"Fame," said the soldier; "Equity," the seer:
Spake my heart full sadly, "The answer is not here."
Then within my bosom softly this I heard,
"Each heart holds the secret, Kindness is the word."—J. B. O'REILLY*

64. THE CATARACT OF LODORE.

"**H**OW does the water come down at Lodore?"¹
My little boy asked me, thus, once on a time;
And, moreover, he tasked me to tell him in rhyme.
Anon at the word,
There first came one daughter, and then came another,
To second and third the request of their brother,
And to hear how the water
Comes down at Lodore, with its rush and its roar,
As many a time they had seen it before.
So I told them in rhyme, for of rhymes I had store;
And 'twas my vocation
For their recreation that so I should sing;
Because I was Laureate² to them and the king.

¹ Lo dôre', a cataract on the Derwent river, in Cumberland, Eng.

² Lau're ate, one decked or invested with laurel; here, poet laureate, an officer of the king's

household, whose business is to compose an ode annually for the king's birthday, and other suitable occasions. Alfred Tennyson was late English poet laureate.

2. From its sources, which well in the tarn on the fell ;
From its fountains in the mountains, its rills and its gills ;
Through moss and through brake,
It runs and it creeps for a while, till it sleeps
In its own little lake.
And thence, at departing, awakening and starting,
It runs through the reeds, and away it proceeds,
Through meadow and glade, in sun and in shade,
And through the wood-shelter, among crags in its flurry,
Helter-skelter, hurry-skurry.
3. Here it comes sparkling, and there it lies darkling ;
Now smoking and frothing in tumult and wrath in,
Till, in this rapid race on which it is bent,
It reaches the place of its steep descent.
4. The cataract strong then plunges along,
Striking and raging, as if a war waging
Its caverns and rocks among ;
Rising and leaping, sinking and creeping,
Swelling and sweeping, showering and springing,
Flying and flinging, writhing and ringing,
Eddying and whisking, spouting and frisking,
Turning and twisting,
Around and around with endless rebound ;
Smiting and fighting, a sight to delight in ;
Confounding, astounding,
Dizzying, and deafening the ear with its sound.
5. Collecting, projecting, receding and speeding,
And shocking and rocking, and darting and parting,
And threading and spreading, and whizzing and hissing,
And dripping and skipping, and hitting and splitting,
And shining and twining, and rattling and battling,
And shaking and quaking, and pouring and roaring,
And waving and raving, and tossing and crossing,
6. And flowing and going, and running and stunning,
And foaming and roaming, and dinning and spinning,

And dropping and hopping, and working and jerking,
 And guggling and struggling, and heaving and cleaving,
 And moaning and groaning, and glittering and frittering,
 And gathering and feathering, and whitening and brightening,
 And quivering and shivering, and hurrying and skurrying,
 And thundering and floundering ;

7. Dividing and gliding and sliding,
 And falling and brawling and sprawling,
 And driving and riving and striving,
 And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling,
 And sounding and bounding and rounding,
 And bubbling and troubling and doubling,
 And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,
 And chattering and battering and shattering ;
8. Retreating and beating and meeting and sheeting,
 Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,
 Advancing and prancing and glancing and dapping,
 Recoiling, turmoiling, and toiling and boiling,
 And gleaming and streaming and steaming and beaming,
 And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,
 And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,
9. And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,
 And thumping and plumping and bumping and jumping,
 And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing ;
 And so never ending, but always descending,
 Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending,
 All at once, and all o'er, with a mighty uproar :
 And this way the water comes down at Lodore.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

TO BE MEMORIZED.

*Not a truth has to art or to science been given,
 But brows have ached for it, and souls toiled and striven ;
 And many have striven, and many have failed,
 And many died, slain by the truth they assailed.*—OWEN MEREDITH

¹ A low,
 lower part.

² A loof,

³ Bāy, ba

65. THE WINDY NIGHT.

ALOW¹ and aloof,² over the roof,
 How the midnight tempests howl !
 With a dreary voice, like the dismal tune
 Of wolves that bay³ at the desert moon ;
 Or whistle and shriek through limbs that creak
 "Tu-who ! Tu-whit !" they cry and flit,
 "Tu-whit ! Tu-who !" like the solemn owl !

2. Alow and aloof, over the roof,
 Sweep the moaning winds amain,
 And wildly dash the elm and ash
 Clattering on the window sash
 With a clatter and patter, like hail and rain,
 That well might shatter the dusky pane !
3. Alow and aloof, over the roof,
 How the tempests swell and roar !
 Though no foot is astir, though the cat and the cur
 Lie dozing along the kitchen floor,
 There are feet of air on every stair—
 Through every hall ! through each gusty door
 There's a jostle and bustle, with a silken rustle
 Like the meeting of guests at a festival !
4. Alow and aloof, over the roof,
 How the stormy tempests swell !
 And make the vane on the spire complain ;
 They heave at the steeple with might and main,
 And burst and sweep into the belfry, on the bell !
 They smite it so hard, and they smite it so well,
 That the sexton tosses his arms in sleep,
 And dreams he is ringing a funeral knell !

READ.⁴

¹ A lōw', in a low place, or a lower part.

² A loof', at a small distance.

³ Bāy, bark, as a dog at game.

⁴ Thomas Buchanan Read, an American painter and poet, was born in 1822, and died in 1872. His verse is rare and musical.

66. THE BELLS OF SHANDON.

WITH deep affection and recollection
 I often think of those Shandon bells,
 Whose sounds so wild would, in the days of childhood,
 Fling round my cradle their magic spells.

2. On this I ponder where'er I wander,
 And thus grow fonder, sweet Cork, of thee ;
 With thy bells of Shandon that sound so grand on
 The pleasant waters of the River Lee.
3. I've heard bells chiming full many a-clime in,
 Tolling sublime in cathedral shrine ;
 While at a glib rate brass tongues would vibrate ;—
 But all their music spoke naught like thine.
4. For memory dwelling on each proud swelling
 Of thy belfry knelling its bold notes free,
 Made the bells of Shandon sound far more grand on
 The pleasant waters of the River Lee.
5. I've heard bells tolling old Adrian's Mole in,
 Their thunder rolling from the Vatican ;
 And cymbals glorious swinging uproarious
 In the gorgeous turrets of Notre Dame.
6. But thy sounds were sweeter than the dome of Peter
 Flings o'er the Tiber, pealing solemnly ;
 O, the bells of Shandon sound far more grand on
 The pleasant waters of the River Lee.
7. There's a bell in Moscow ; while on tower and kiosk O
 In Saint Sophia the Turkman gets,
 And loud in air calls men to prayer
 From the tapering summits of tall minarets.

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8. Such empty phantom I freely grant them ;
 But there's an anthem more dear to me :
 'Tis the bells of Shandon that sound so grand on
 The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

MAHONY.¹

67. LUMBERING.

PART FIRST.

THE lumber trade has an organic place in the development of Canada's resources, in the growth of towns and cities, in the general increase of wealth, and in the evolution² of literature and art which always occurs at periods of commercial prosperity. Every-where northward and westward from the frontier, the lumber mill, the lumber depot, and hamlets connected with them, pierce the unbroken forest, and lead the steady advance of civilization. Villages arise, and become towns and cities, while the continual recession³ of the trade northward develops in its wake the growing resources of the country.

2. During the fall months the lumbermen are sent into the woods with horses, sleighs, lumber-boats, and everything necessary for the season's operations. All is bustle on the lines of railway and on the roads leading to the lumber district. Swart⁴ and sunburnt gangs of young Frenchmen, not a few of them with a slight tinge of Indian blood, derived from

¹ Francis Mahony, an Irish clergyman, better known as *Father Prout*, was born in 1805, and died in 1866. The musical flow of this verse and its happy adaptation of sound to sense add greatly to the interest and pleasure of the reading.

² Evolution, the act of unfolding or unrolling; hence, in the

course of growth or development; a series of things unrolled, unfolded, or gradually developed.

³ Recession (rē sēsh'ūn), the act of moving back or withdrawing; the act of restoring or ceding back.

⁴ Swart, tawny; being of a dark hue or color moderately black; as, "A nation strange, with visage swart."

days when a grandfather or great-grandfather married an Algonquin or Huron bride, congregate at every well-known rendezvous.¹

3. These fine fellows have the strength and graceful bearing of the Indian, and the garrulous good-humor of the Frenchman; their rough dress is appropriate and quaint, and is generally lit up coquettishly with some bit of bright color in necktie, vest, or scarf. In the Ottawa district, the lumbermen that are not French are largely Scottish Highlanders. Long ago in the Old World, the two nationalities were allies. They fought then against men; they fight now against the giants of the forest.

4. Each gang is under the direction of a foreman, who follows the plan laid out by the explorers. The first duty is to build a shanty for the men, and stables for the horses. Logs are cut, notched at the ends and dovetailed together, so as to form a quadrangular² enclosure. On the top of this, from end to end, two large timbers are laid, each several feet from the center. On these and on the walls the roof rests. It has a slight pitch, and is formed of halves of trees hollowed out, and reaching from the roof-top downwards on each side, so as to project a little beyond the walls.

5. These "scoops," as they are called, are placed concave³ and convex⁴ alternately,⁵ so as to overlap each other. Fitted logs are then placed between the gable walls and the apex⁶ of

¹ *Rendezvous* (rĕn' de vŏ), a place of meeting, or at which persons regularly meet; the place appointed for troops, or ships of a fleet, or gangs of men, to assemble.

² *Quad rĕn'gu lar*, having four angles, and hence four sides.

³ *Ōn'cĕve*, hollow and curved or rounded.

⁴ *Ōn'vex*, rising or swelling into a rounded form—said of a curved surface or line when viewed from without, and opposed to concave.

⁵ *Al ter'nate ly*, following and being followed by turns.

⁶ *A'pex*, the tip or highest point of any thing.

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the roof ; all chinks and openings are filled up with moss or hay, and the rude building is made quite warm and weather-tight. In the end wall is a large doorway with a door of roughly-hewn lumber ; the floor consists of logs hewn flat, and the huge girders of the roof are each supported midway by two large posts, some four or five yards apart. The space between these four posts, in the genuine old-fashioned shanty, is occupied by the "caboose," or fire-place, substantially built up with stones and earth. Within the shanty there is no chimney, but an opening in the roof with a wooden framework does duty for chimney ; so wide is the opening that the inmates, as they lie in their bunks at night, can look up at the sky and stars.

6. On three sides of the shanty are rows of bunks, or platforms, one above the other, along the entire length. On these the lumbermen sleep, side by side, in their clothing and blankets, their heads to the wall and their feet to the central fire, which is kept well supplied with fuel all night. A better class of shanties is now built, of oblong shape, with bunks along one length only, and a table at the opposite side ; with such luxuries as windows, and even lamps at night ; with box-stoves instead of the central caboose ; and at the rear end a foreman's room.

7. When shanty and stables have been built, the next work is to construct the "landing," or roll-way, on the shore of river or lake. The roll-way is usually on the slope of a hill, and must be carefully cleared of all obstructions, so that the gathered piles of logs may roll down easily in the spring. From the roll-way, the "head-swamper," or road-maker, extends the road into the forest as the lumbermen advance.

8. This road is often far from level ; when the descent is dangerously steep, what is called a "gallery road," is constructed by driving piles into the hill-side and excavating

earth, which is thrown on the artificial terrace thus carried around the face of the hill. Down this the merry sleigh-driver descends safely with incredible speed; above him, the steep—beneath, the precipice from which the wall of piles, logs, and earth, secures him. The logs unloaded at the landing are marked on the end with the trade-mark of the owner; also with another mark indicating their value.

68. LUMBERING.

PART SECOND.

THE great expense of transporting for long distances large quantities of provisions has led some operators to establish farms on arable¹ lands close to their "limits." Thus they have a supply of farm produce ready at hand in the fall, when, as the snow-roads are not yet formed, transport is most expensive. The farm-hands and horses are employed during the winter in the woods, so that men may pass years in these regions without visiting a city. Blacksmith and carpenter shops for repairing sleighs, and other tradesmen's shanties, gather round these centers, and a village grows up.

2. As other farms are cultivated near it, or a saw-mill is established to manufacture lumber for local uses, the village often becomes the nucleus² of a town or city. It often happens, too, that the good prices and ready market of a lumber depot induce the hardy settler to build his log-house and clear his patch of ground in the woods near it, and here he lives his rough life—jobber, farmer, and pioneer. Thus

¹ Ar'a ble, fit for tillage or plowing; land which has been plowed or tilled.

² Nū'cle ūs, a kernel; hence, a central point about which matter is gathered or increase made.

our Canadian
lumber trade

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our Canadian civilization has advanced in the wake of the lumber trade.

3. When the sunshine at the end of March melts the snow, or just before the roads break up, the teamsters return in long trains, with empty sleighs, to their far-off homes. Soon after, about the middle of April, when the warm rains have ruined the snow-roads, when the ice has gone down from the swollen streams and the lakes are clear with blue spring water, a new phase of the lumberman's life begins—the exciting, but dangerous work of getting the logs down the roll-ways into the river, and guiding them by stream or lake to mills or market. To facilitate this, the landings or roll-ways, when not on the river ice, have been constructed on a steep declivity. Consequently, when the lower logs are loosened and thrown into the river, those above them follow from their own weight.

4. Should any obstacle have been allowed to remain on the roll-way, hundreds of logs may be arrested and so huddled together as to make their extrication most dangerous. In one instance, a hardy river-driver, who went beneath such a hanging mass of timber, or “jam,” and cut away the stump which held it suspended, saved his life from the avalanche of logs only by jumping into the river and diving deep towards mid-stream. Such an exploit is merely one of many instances of cool courage displayed constantly by the “river-drivers,” the name given to those lumbermen who follow the “drive” down the river.

5. The river-drivers are usually accompanied as far as possible by a scow with a covered structure, which serves all the purposes of a shanty. The greatest danger is when logs are caught mid-stream, especially above a rapid. Then it is necessary to disengage the “key-piece”—the log which, caught by rock or other obstacle, causes the jam. The precision

with which experienced river-drivers will ascertain the "key-piece" of a jam, is no less remarkable than the daring and skill with which they escape the rush of the suddenly liberated logs down the rapids. They leap from log to log, and maintain their balance with the dexterity of rope-dancers. Still, scarcely a season passes without loss of life from this cause during a drive. The men, therefore, do all in their power to prevent the occurrence of a jam. Pike-poles in hand, they shove onwards the logs that seem likely to cause obstruction.

6. On rivers down which square timber is brought, and where, as in parts of the Upper Ottawa, cataracts occur of such magnitude as to injure the pieces by dashing them with great violence against rocks, resort is had to contrivances called "slides." These consist of artificial channels, the side-walls and bottoms lined with smooth, strong timber-work. At the upper end of this channel are gates, through which the pent-up water can be admitted or shut off. Through these slides pass the "cribs." These are constructed of a regulation width, so as to fit the passage-way of the slide. The crib is about twenty-four feet wide; its length varies with that of the square timber. It is often furnished with a frame house for the raftsmen, with long oars as "sweeps," and with a mast and sail.

7. Frequently the Ottawa river-drivers take tourists or others as passengers, to give them the sensation of "shooting a slide." Let us embark on board a crib above the slide-gates at the falls of the Calumet. The raftsmen bid us take firm hold of the strong poles which are driven between the lower timbers of the crib. Above the slide, the waters of the Ottawa are still and deep; at the left side, through the intervening woods, we can hear the roar of the cataract. The slide-gates are thrown open; the water surges over the smooth, inclined channel; our crib, carefully steered through

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the gate-way, slowly moves its forward end over the entrance; it advances, sways for a moment, then, with a sudden plunge, rushes faster and faster between the narrow walls.

8. The reflow of the torrent streams over the crib from the front; jets of water spurt up every-where between the timbers under our feet; then dipping heavily as it leaves the slide, our crib is in the calm water beneath, the glorious scenery of the cataract full in view. Without knowing it, we have got wet through—a trifle not to be thought-of, amid the rapture of that rapid motion which Dr. Johnson considered one of the greatest of life's enjoyments. He spoke of "a fast drive in a post-chaise." What would he have said to a plunge down the slides of the Ottawa!

9. The immediate destination of the square timber conveyed by water or railway is the "banding-ground," where it is formed into immense rafts. Like the separate cribs, each raft is propelled, ordinarily by sweeps, or, weather permitting, by sails. The crew consists of from forty to fifty well-built and skillful men, who live—sometimes with their wives and children—in little wooden houses on the raft.

10. On the rivers, the greatest danger to rafts and raftsmen is from the rapids; on the lakes, from storms; yet owing to the skill of the pilots and the efficiency of the crews, accidents are rare; and these timber islands, after a journey from the remotest parts of Canada, float down the broad St. Lawrence, sound as when first banded together, to their destination in the coves of Quebec. At these coves the rafts are finally broken up, and from these acres of timber the large ocean-going ships are loaded.

PICTURESQUE CANADA.

TO BE MEMORIZED.

*One impulse from a vernal wood may teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good, than all the sages can.*—WORDSWORTH.

69. CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

FAINTLY as tolls the evening chime
 Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.
 Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
 We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.
 Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
 The rapids are near and the daylight's past !

2. Why should we yet our sail unfurl ?
 There is not a breath the blue wave to curl !
 But, when the wind blows off the shore,
 Oh ! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
 Blow, breezes, blow ! the stream runs fast,
 The rapids are near and the daylight's past !

3. Ottawa's tide ! this trembling moon
 Shall see us float over thy surges soon.
 Saint of this green isle ! hear our prayers,
 Oh ! grant us cool heavens and favoring airs.
 Blow, breezes, blow ! the stream runs fast,
 The rapids are near and the daylight's past !

THOMAS MOORE.¹

TO BE MEMORIZED.

*Love, Hope, and Patience charm us on our way ;
 Love, Hope, and Patience form our spirits' stay ;
 Love, Hope, and Patience watch us day by day,
 And bid the desert bloom with beauty vernal,
 Until the earthly fades in the eternal.*—TEMPLE BAR.

¹ Thomas Moore, a distinguished Irish poet and prose writer, was born at Dublin in 1780, and died in 1852. He showed from boyhood an imaginative and musical turn ; and various circumstances combined in impressing him early with that deep sense of the wrongs and sufferings of Ire-

land to which his poetry owes so many of its most powerful touches. Of his serious poems, "Irish Melodies" and "Lalla Rookh" best support his fame. His political satires show his genius in the most brilliant light. The most noteworthy of his prose writings is the romance of "The Epicurean."

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70. AMERICA THE OLD WORLD.

FIRST-BORN among the continents, though so much later in culture and civilization than some of more recent birth, America, so far as her physical history is concerned, has been falsely denominated the New World. Hers was the first dry land lifted out of the waters, hers the first shores washed by the ocean that enveloped all the earth beside; and while Europe was represented only by islands rising here and there above the sea, America already stretched an unbroken line of land from Nova Scotia to the Far West.

2. There was a time when our earth was in a state of igneous¹ fusion, when no ocean bathed it, and no atmosphere surrounded it, when no wind blew over it, and no rain fell upon it, but an intense heat held all its materials in solution. In those days, the rocks, which are now the very bones and sinews of our mother Earth,—her granites, her porphyries, her basalts, her sienites,—were melted into a liquid mass.

3. From artesian² wells, from mines, from geysers, from hot-springs, a mass of facts has been collected proving uncontestedly the heated condition of all substances at a certain depth below the earth's surface; and if we need more positive evidence, we have it in the fiery eruptions that even now bear fearful testimony to the molten ocean seething within the globe and forcing its way out from time to time.

4. The modern progress of geology³ has led us, by successive and perfectly connected steps, back to a time when what is now only an occasional and rare phenomenon was the nor-

¹ *Ig'ne ous*, pertaining to, resulting from, or consisting of, fire.

² *Artesian* (ar tē'zhan), *artesian wells* are wells made by boring into the earth, usually very deep, till

the instrument reaches water.

³ *Ge ol'o gy*, the science which treats of the structure and mineral constitution of the earth, and the causes of its physical features.

mal condition of our earth; when those internal fires were inclosed in an envelope so thin that it opposed but little resistance to their frequent outbreak, and they constantly forced themselves through this crust, pouring out melted materials that subsequently cooled and consolidated on its surface. So constant were these eruptions, and so slight was the resistance they encountered, that some portions of the earlier rock deposits are perforated with numerous chimneys, narrow tunnels as it were, bored by the liquid masses that poured out through them and greatly modified their first condition.

5. There was another element without the globe, equally powerful in building it up. Fire and water wrought together in this work, if not always harmoniously, at least with equal force and persistency. Water is a very active agent of destruction, but it works over again the materials it pulls down or wears away, and builds them up anew in other forms.

6. There is, perhaps, no part of the world, certainly none familiar to science, where the early geological periods can be studied with so much ease and precision as in the United States. Along their northern borders, between Canada and the United States, there runs the low line of hills known as the Laurentian Hills. Insignificant in height, nowhere rising more than fifteen hundred or two thousand feet above the level of the sea, these are nevertheless the first mountains that broke the uniform level of the earth's surface and lifted themselves above the waters.

7. Their low stature, as compared with that of other more lofty mountain-ranges, is in accordance with an invariable rule, by which the relative ages of mountains may be estimated. The oldest mountains are the lowest, while the younger and more recent ones tower above their elders, and are usually more torn and dislocated also. This is easily un-

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derstood, when we remember that all mountains and mountain-chains are the result of upheavals, and that the violence of the outbreak must have been in proportion to the strength of the resistance.

8. When the crust of the earth was so thin that the heated masses within easily broke through it, they were not thrown to so great a height, and formed comparatively low elevations, such as the Canadian hills or the mountains of Bretagne and Wales. But in later times, when young, vigorous giants, such as the Alps, the Himalayas, or, later still, the Rocky Mountains, forced their way out from their fiery prison-house, the crust of the earth was much thicker, and fearful indeed must have been the convulsions which attended their exit.

9. Such, then, was the earliest American land—a long, narrow island, almost continental in its proportions, since it stretched from the eastern borders of Canada nearly to the point where now the base of the Rocky Mountains meet the plain of the Mississippi Valley. We may still walk along its ridge and know that we tread upon the ancient granite that first divided the waters into a northern and southern ocean; and if our imaginations will carry us so far, we may look down toward its base and fancy how the sea washed against this earliest shore of a lifeless world.

10. This is no romance, but the bold, simple truth; for the fact that this granite band was lifted out of the waters so early in the history of the world has, of course, prevented any subsequent deposits from forming above it. And this is true of all the northern parts of the United States. It has been lifted gradually, the beds deposited in one period being subsequently raised, and forming a shore along which those of the succeeding one collected, so that we have their whole sequence before us. For this reason the American continent offers facilities to the geologist denied to him in the so-called

Old World, where the earlier deposits are comparatively hidden, and the broken character of the land, intersected by mountains in every direction, renders his investigation still more difficult.

AGASSIZ.¹

71. THE GULF STREAM.

PART FIRST.

THERE is a river in the ocean. In the severest droughts² it never fails, and in the mightiest floods it never overflows. Its banks and its bottom are of cold water, while its current is of warm. The Gulf of Mexico is its fountain, and its mouth is in the Arctic Seas. It is the Gulf Stream. There is in the world no other such majestic flow of waters. Its current is more rapid than the Mississippi or the Amazon, and its volume more than a thousand times greater.

2. The currents of the ocean are among the most important of its movements. They carry on a constant interchange between the waters of the poles and those of the equator, and thus diminish the extremes of heat and cold in every zone.

3. The sea has its climates as well as the land. They both change with the latitude; but one varies with the elevation above, the other with the depression below, the sea-level. The climates in each are regulated by circulation; but the regulators are, on the one hand, wind; on the other, currents.

4. The inhabitants of the ocean are as much the creatures of climate as are those of the dry land; for the same Almighty Hand which decked the lily, and cares for the spar-

¹ Louis John Rudolph Agassiz (äg'ä sē), a Swiss naturalist, and teacher in America, was born in 1807, and died in 1873.

² Drought (drou't), want of rain or of water; such dryness as affects the earth, preventing the growth of plants.

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row, fashioned also the pearl, and feeds the great whale, and adapted each to the physical conditions by which His providence has surrounded it. Whether of the land or the sea, the inhabitants are all His creatures, subjects of His laws, and agents in His economy.

5. The sea, therefore, we may safely infer, has its offices and duties to perform; so, we may infer, have its currents; and so, too, its inhabitants: consequently, he who undertakes to study its phenomena¹ must cease to regard it as a waste of waters. He must look upon it as a part of that exquisite² machinery by which the harmonies of nature are preserved, and then he will begin to perceive the developments of order, and the evidences of design.

6. From the Arctic Seas a cold current flows along the coasts of America, to replace the warm water sent through the Gulf Stream to moderate the cold of western and northern Europe. Perhaps the best indication as to these cold currents may be derived from the fishes of the sea. The whales first pointed out the existence of the Gulf Stream by avoiding its warm waters. Along the coasts of the United States all those delicate animals and marine productions which delight in warmer waters are wanting; thus indicating, by their absence, the cold current from the north now known to exist there. In the genial warmth of the sea about the Bermudas on the one hand, and Africa on the other, we find in great abundance those delicate shell-fish and coral formations which are altogether wanting in the same latitudes along the shores of South Carolina.

7. No part of the world affords a more difficult or danger-

¹ *Phe nôm'e na*, things apparent or seen; things of unusual or strange appearance, not readily understood.

² *Exquisite* (*eks'kwī zīt*), carefully selected or sought out; hence, exceedingly nice; giving rare satisfaction.

ous navigation than the approaches of the northern coasts of the United States in winter. Before the warmth of the Gulf Stream was known, a voyage at this season from Europe to New England, New York, and even to the Capes of the Delaware or Chesapeake, was many times more trying, difficult, and dangerous than it now is. In making this part of the coast, vessels are frequently met by snow-storms and gales, which mock the seaman's strength, and set at naught his skill. In a little while his bark becomes a mass of ice; with her crew frosted and helpless, she remains obedient only to her helm, and is kept away for the Gulf Stream.

8. After a few hours' run she reaches its edge, and almost at the next bound passes from the midst of winter into a sea at summer heat. Now the ice disappears from her apparel, and the sailor bathes his stiffened limbs in tepid waters. Feeling himself invigorated and refreshed by the genial warmth about him, he realizes out there at sea the fable of Antæus and his mother Earth.

9. He rises up, and attempts to make his port again, and is again, perhaps, as rudely met and beat back from the northwest; but each time that he is driven off from the contest, he comes forth from this stream, like the ancient son of Neptune, stronger and stronger, until, after many days, his freshened strength prevails, and he at last triumphs, and enters his haven in safety, though in this severe contest he sometimes falls to rise no more.

10. The ocean currents are partly the result of the immense evaporation which takes place in the tropical regions, where the sea greatly exceeds the land in extent. The enormous quantity of water there carried off by evaporation disturbs the equilibrium of the seas; but this is restored by a perpetual flow of water from the poles. When these streams of cold water leave the poles they flow directly towards the equa-

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tor; but, before proceeding far, their motion is deflected by the diurnal motion of the earth.

11. At the poles they have no rotatory motion; and although they gain it more and more in their progress to the equator, which revolves at the rate of a thousand miles an hour, they arrive at the tropics before they have gained the same velocity of rotation with the intertropical ocean. On that account they are left behind, and, consequently, flow in a direction contrary to the diurnal rotation of the earth. Hence the whole surface of the ocean for thirty degrees on each side of the equator flows in a stream or current three thousand miles broad from east to west. The trade winds, which constantly blow in one direction, combine to give this great Equatorial Current a mean velocity of ten or eleven miles in twenty-four hours.

12. Were it not for the land, such would be the uniform and constant flow of the waters of the ocean. The presence of the land interrupts the regularity of this great westerly movement of the waters, sending them to the north or south, according to its conformation.

72. THE GULF STREAM.

PART SECOND.

THE principal branch of the Equatorial Current of the Atlantic takes a north-westerly direction from off Cape St. Roque, in South America. It rushes along the coast of Brazil; and after passing through the Caribbean Sea and sweeping round the Gulf of Mexico, it flows between Florida and Cuba, and enters the North Atlantic under the name of the Gulf Stream, the most beautiful of all the oceanic currents.

2. In the Straits of Florida the Gulf Stream is thirty-two miles wide, two thousand two hundred feet deep, and flows

at the rate of four miles an hour. Its waters are of the purest ultramarine blue as far as the coasts of Carolina; and so completely are they separated from the sea through which they flow, that a ship may be seen at times half in the one and half in the other.

3. As a rule, the hottest water of the Gulf Stream is at or near the surface; and as the deep-sea thermometer is sent down, it shows that these waters, though still much warmer than the water on either side at corresponding depths, gradually become less and less warm until the bottom of the current is reached. There is reason to believe that the warm waters of the Gulf Stream are nowhere permitted, in the oceanic economy, to touch the bottom of the sea. There is every-where a cushion of cold water between them and the solid parts of the earth's crust. This arrangement is suggestive, and strikingly beautiful.

4. One of the benign offices of the Gulf Stream is to convey heat from the Gulf of Mexico,—where otherwise it would become excessive—and to dispense it in regions beyond the Atlantic, for the amelioration of the climates of the British Islands and of all Western Europe. Now, cold water is one of the best non-conductors of heat; but if the warm water of the Gulf Stream were sent across the Atlantic in contact with the solid crust of the earth, comparatively a good conductor of heat, instead of being sent across, as it is, in contact with a non-conducting cushion of cold water to fend it from the bottom, all its heat would be lost in the first part of the way, and the soft climates of both France and England would be as that of Labrador, severe in the extreme, and ice-bound.

5. It has been estimated that the quantity of heat discharged over the Atlantic from the waters of the Gulf Stream in a winter's day would be sufficient to raise the whole column

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of atmosphere that rests upon France and the British Islands from the freezing point to summer heat.

6. Every west wind that blows crosses the stream on its way to Europe, and carries with it a portion of this heat to temper there the northern winds of Europe. It is the influence of this stream that makes Erin the "Emerald Isle of the Sea," and that clothes the shores of Albion in evergreen robes; while, in the same latitude, the coasts of Labrador are fast bound in fetters of ice.

7. As the Gulf Stream proceeds on its course, it gradually increases in width. It flows along the coast of North America to New'foundland, where it turns to the east, one branch setting towards the British Islands, and away to the coasts of Norway and the Arctic Ocean.

8. Another branch reaches the Azores, from which it bends round to the south, and, after running along the African coast, it rejoins the great equatorial now, leaving a vast space of nearly motionless water between the Azores, the Canaries, and Cape de Verd Islands. This great area is the Grassy or Sargasso Sea, covering a space many times larger than the British Islands. It is so thickly matted over with gulf weeds that it greatly retards the speed of passing vessels.

9. When the companions of Columbus saw it, they thought it marked the limits of navigation, and became alarmed. To the eye, at a little distance, it seemed substantial enough to walk upon. Patches of the weed are always to be seen floating along the outer edge of the Gulf Stream.

10. Now, if bits of cork or chaff, or any floating substance, be put into a basin, and a circular motion be given to the water, all the light substances will be found crowding together near the center of the pool where there is the least motion. Just such a basin is the Atlantic Ocean to the Gulf Stream; and the Sargasso Sea is the center of the whirl.

11. Columbus first found this weedy sea in his voyage of discovery ; there it has remained to this day, moving up and down, and changing its position according to the seasons, the storms, and the winds. Exact observations as to its limits and their range, extending back for fifty years, assure us that its mean position has not been altered since that time.

MAURY.¹

73. USES OF THE OCEAN.

PART FIRST.

THE traveler who would speak of his experience in foreign lands must begin with the sea. God has spread this vast pavement of His temple between the hemispheres, so that he who sails to foreign shores must pay a double tribute to the Most High ; for through this temple he has to carry his anticipations as he goes, and his memories when he returns.

2. The sea speaks for God ; and however eager the tourist may be to reach the strand that lies before him, and enter upon the career of business or pleasure that awaits him, he must check his impatience during this long interval of approach, and listen to the voice with which Jehovah speaks to him as, horizon after horizon, he moves to his purpose along the aisles of God's mighty tabernacle of the deep.

3. It is a common thing, in speaking of the sea, to call it "a waste of waters." But this is a mistake. Instead of being an encumbrance or a superfluity, the sea is as essential to the life of the world, as the blood is to the life of the human body. Instead of being a waste and desert, it keeps the earth itself from becoming a waste and a desert. It is

¹ Matthew Fontaine Maury, distinguished instructor and scientist, an American hydrographer, a dis- was born in 1806, and died in 1873.

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the world's fountain of life and health and beauty, and if it were taken away, the grass would perish from the mountains, the forests would crumble on the hills, the harvests would become powder on the plains, the continent would be one vast Sahara of frosts and fire, and the solid globe itself, scarred and blasted on every side, would swing in the heavens, silent and dead as on the first morning of creation.

4. Water is as indispensable to all life, vegetable or animal, as the air itself. From the cedar on the mountains to the lichen¹ that clings to the wall; from the elephant that pastures on the forests, to the animalcule that floats in the sun-beam; from the leviathan that heaves the sea into billows, to the microscopic² creatures that swarm, a million in a single foam-drop,—all alike depend for their existence on this single element and must perish if it be withdrawn.

5. This element of water is supplied entirely by the sea. The sea is the great inexhaustible fountain which is continually pouring up into the sky precisely as many streams, and as large, as all the rivers of the world are pouring into it.

6. The sea is the real birthplace of the clouds and the rivers, and out of it come all the rains and dews of heaven. Instead of being a waste and an encumbrance, therefore, it is a vast fountain of fruitfulness, and the nurse and mother of all the living. Out of its mighty breast come the resources that feed and support the population of the world. Omnipresent³ and every-where alike is this need and blessing of the sea. It is felt as truly in the center of the continent—where, it may be, the rude inhabitant never

¹ Lichen (li'ken), one of an order of plants, the leaf and stem appearing alike, usually of scaly, expanded, frond-like forms. They derive their nourishment from the air.

² Mi'oro soöp'is, very small; to be seen only by the aid of a microscope.

³ Om'ni pres'ent, present in all places at the same time; as the omnipresent Jehovah.

heard of the ocean—as it is on the circumference of the wave-beaten shore.

7. We are surrounded, every moment, by the presence and bounty of the sea. It looks out upon us from every violet in our garden-bed ; from every spire of grass that drops upon our passing feet the beaded dew of the morning ; from the bending grain that fills the arm of the reaper ; from bursting presses, and from barns filled with plenty ; from the broad foreheads of our cattle and the rosy faces of our children ; from the cool dropping well at our door ; from the brook that murmurs from its side ; and from the elm or spreading maple that weaves its protecting branches beneath the sun, and swings its breezy shadow over our habitation.

8. It is the sea that feeds us. It is the sea that clothes us. It cools us with the summer cloud, and warms us with the blazing fires of winter. We make wealth for ourselves and for our children out of its rolling waters, though we may live a thousand leagues away from its shore, and never have looked on its crested beauty, or listened to its eternal anthem.

74. USES OF THE OCEAN.

PART SECOND.

THE sea, though it bears no harvest on its bosom, yet sustains all the harvests of the world. Though a desert itself, it makes all the other wildernesses of the earth to bud and bloom as the rose. Though its own waters are as salt and unwholesome, it makes the clouds of heaven to drop with sweetness, opens springs in the valleys, and rivers among the hills, and fountains in all dry places, and gives drink to all the inhabitants of the earth.

2. The sea is a perpetual source of health to the world. Without it there could be no drainage for the lands. It is

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the scavenger of the world. Its agency is omnipresent. Its vigilance is omniscient.¹ Where no sanitary committee could ever come, where no police could ever penetrate, its myriad eyes are searching, and its million hands are busy exploring all the lurking-places of decay, bearing swiftly off the dangerous sediments of life, and laying them a thousand miles away in the slimy bottom of the deep.

3. The sea is also set to purify the atmosphere. The winds, whose wings are heavy and whose breath is sick with the malaria of the lands over which they have blown, are sent out to range over these mighty pastures of the deep, to plunge and play with its rolling billows, and dip their pinions over and over in its healing waters. There they rest when they are weary, cradled into sleep on that vast swinging couch of the ocean. There they rouse themselves when they are refreshed; and lifting its waves upon their shoulders, they dash it into spray, and hurl it backwards and forwards through a thousand leagues of sky.

4. Thus their whole substance is drenched, and bathed, and washed, and winnowed, and sifted through and through, by this glorious baptism. Thus they fill their mighty lungs once more with the sweet breath of ocean, and, striking their wings for the shore, they go breathing health and vigor along all the fainting hosts that wait for them in mountain and forest and valley and plain, till the whole drooping continent lifts up its rejoicing face, and mingles its laughter with the sea that has waked it from its fevered sleep, and poured its tides of returning life through all its shriveled arteries.

5. The ocean is not the idle creature that it seems, with its vast and lazy length stretched between the continents, with

¹ Omniscient (om nish'ent), having edge of all things; infinitely knowing; as, the omniscient God.



its huge bulk sleeping along the shore, or tumbling in aimless fury from pole to pole. It is a mighty giant, who, leaving his oozy bed, comes up upon the land to spend his strength in the service of man. He there allows his captors to chain him in prisons of stone and iron, to bind his shoulders to the wheel, and set him to grind the food of the nations, and weave the garments of the world.

6. The mighty shaft, which that wheel turns, runs out into all the lands; and geared and belted to that center of power, ten thousand times ten thousand clanking engines roll their cylinders, and ply their hammers, and drive their million shuttles. Thus the sea keeps all our mills and factories in motion. Thus the sea spins our thread and weaves our cloth.

7. It is the sea that cuts our iron bars like wax, rolls them out into proper thinness, or piles them up in the solid shaft strong enough to be the pivot of a revolving planet. It is the sea that tunnels the mountains, and bores the mine, and lifts the coal from its sunless depths, and the ore from its rocky bed. It is the sea that lays the iron track, that builds the iron horse, that fills his nostrils with fiery breath, and sends his tireless hoofs thundering across the longitudes.

8. It is the power of the sea that is doing for man all those mightiest works that would be else impossible. It is by this power that he is to level the mountains, to tame the wildernesses, to subdue the continents, to throw his pathways around the globe, and make his nearest approaches to omnipresence and omnipotence. *From the "BIBLIOTHECA SACRA."*

TO BE MEMORIZED.

Heaven and earth are a musical instrument; if you touch a string below, the motion goes to the top; any good done to Christ's poor members upon earth, affects Him in heaven.

THE more shoal of flight of through the go beyond our ship's that rose a

2. But the apparitions rows the hoarded Mediterranean the water to a pinkish phosphorescent my bath, deck, the

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75. SIGHTS AT SEA.

THE most beautiful thing I have seen at sea—all the more so that I had never heard of it—is the trail of a shoal of fish through the phosphorescent water. It is like a flight of silver rockets, or the streaming of northern lights through that silent nether¹ heaven. I thought nothing could go beyond that rustling star-foam which was churned up by our ship's bows, or those eddies and disks of dreamy flame that rose and wandered out of sight behind us.

2. But there was something even more delicately rare in the apparition of the fish, as they turned up in gleaming furrows the latent moonshine which the ocean seemed to have hoarded against these vacant interlunar² nights. In the Mediterranean one day, as we were lying becalmed, I observed the water freckled with dingy specks, which at last gathered to a pinkish scum on the surface. The sea had been so phosphorescent for some nights, that when the captain gave me my bath, by dowsing me with buckets from the house on deck, the spray flew off my head and shoulders in sparks.

3. It occurred to me that this dirty-looking scum might be the luminous matter, and I had a pailful dipped up to keep till after dark. When I went to look at it after night-fall, it seemed at first perfectly dead; but when I shook it, the whole broke out into what I can only liken to milky flames, whose lambent³ silence was strangely beautiful, and startled me almost as actual projection might an alchemist. To avoid the death of so much beauty, I poured it all overboard.

4. Another sight worth taking a voyage for is that of the

¹ *Nether* (nĕth'ĕr), situated down its conjunction with the sun, is or below; under. invisible.

² *Inter lū'nar*, belonging to the ³ *Lām' bent*, playing on the surface; twinkling. time when the moon, at or near

sails by moonlight. Our course was "south and by east, half south," so that we seemed bound for the full moon as she rolled up over our wavering horizon. Then I used to go forward to the bowsprit and look back. Our ship was a clipper, with every rag set, stunsails, sky-scrapers, and all; nor was it easy to believe that such a wonder could be built of canvas as that white, many-storied pile of cloud that stooped over me, or drew back as we rose and fell with the waves.

5. Were you ever alone with the sun? You think it a very simple question; but I never was, in the full sense of the word, till I was held up to him one cloudless day on the broad buckler of the ocean. I suppose one might have the same feeling in the desert. I remember getting something like it years ago, when I climbed alone to the top of a mountain, and lay face up on the hot gray moss, striving to get a notion of how an Arab might feel. But at sea you may be alone with him day after day, and almost all day long.

6. I never understood before that nothing short of full daylight can give the supremest sense of solitude. Darkness will not do so, for the imagination peoples it with more shapes than ever were poured from the frozen loins of the populous North. The sun, I sometimes think, is a little *grouty* at sea, especially at high noon, feeling that he wastes his beams on those fruitless furrows. It is otherwise with the moon. She "comforts the night," as Chapman finely says, and I always found her a companionable creature.

7. In the ocean horizon I took untiring delight. It is the true magic-circle of expectation and conjecture—almost as good as a wishing-ring. What will rise over that edge we sail toward daily and never overtake? A sail? an island? the new shore of the Old World? Something rose every day, which I need not have gone so far to see, but at whose levee I was a much more faithful courtier than on shore.

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8. A cloudless sunrise in mid-ocean is beyond comparison for simple grandeur. It is like Dante's¹ style, bare and perfect. Naked sun meets naked sea, the true classic of Nature. There may be more sentiment in morning on shore—the shivering fairy-jewelry of dew, the silver point-lace of sparkling hoar-frost—there is also more complexity. LOWELL.²

76. ADDRESS TO THE OCEAN.

THERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,

There is society, where none intrudes,

By the deep Sea, and music in its roar.

I love not Man the less, but Nature more,

From these our interviews, in which I steal

From all I may be, or have been before,

To mingle with the Universe, and feel

What I can ne'er express, yet can not all conceal.

2. Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll !

Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;

Man marks the earth with ruin—his control

Stops with the shore ;—upon the watery plain

The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain

A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,

When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,

He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,

Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

3. His steps are not upon thy p̄ths—thy fields

Are not a spoil for him—thou dost arise

And shake him from thee ; the vile strength he wields

For earth's destruction, thou dost all despise,

Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,

¹ Dante (dān'te), the Italian poet, born in 1265, and died in 1321.

² James Russell Lowell, the

American poet, born in 1819. He ranked among the very first of

American authors. He died, 1892.

And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray
 And howling, to his gods, where haply lies
 His petty hope in some near port or bay,
 And dashèst him again to earth :—there let him lay.

4. The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
 Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
 And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
 The oak leviathans,¹ whose huge ribs make
 Their clay creator the vain title take
 Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war ;
 These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
 They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
 Alike the Armada's ² pride or spoils of Trafalgar.³
5. Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
 Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they ?
 Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
 And many a tyrant since ; their shores obey
 The stranger, slave, or savage ; their decay
 Has dried up realms to deserts :—not so thou,
 Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play—
 Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—
 Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.
6. Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
 Glasses itself in tempests ; in all time,
 Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
 Dark-heaving ;—boundless, endless, and sublime—

¹ Leviathan (le vi'á than), a great sea animal, described in the Bible ; a great whale ; here means a battle ship.

² Ar mā'da, a fleet of armed ships ; a squadron : *specifically*, the Spanish fleet intended to act against England, A. D. 1588.

³ Trafalgar, a cape of Spain,

on the S. W. coast of Cadiz. In the memorable naval battle off Cape Trafalgar, Oct. 21, 1805, the English gained a complete victory over the combined French and Spanish fleets. Lord Nelson, the English commander, was mortally wounded. He was victor of the Nile, Copenhagen, and Trafalgar.

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The image of Eternity—the throne
 Of the Invisible ; even from out thy slime
 The monsters of the deep are made : each zone
 Obeys thee : thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

7. And I have loved thee, Ocean ! and my joy
 Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
 Borne, like thy bubbles, onward ; from a boy
 I wantoned with thy breakers—they to me
 Were a delight ; and if the freshening sea
 Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear,
 For I was as it were a child of thee,
 And trusted to thy billows far and near,
 And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

BYRON.¹

TO BE MEMORIZED.

*As down in the sunless retreats of the ocean
 Sweet flowers are springing no mortal can see,
 So, deep in my soul, the still prayer of devotion
 Unheard by the world, rises silent to Thee.
 As still to the star of its worship, though clouded,
 The needle points faithfully o'er the dim sea,
 So dark when I roam, in this wintry world shrouded,
 The hope of my spirit turns trembling to Thee,
 My God, trembling to Thee,
 Pure, warm, trembling to Thee !—MOORE.*

¹ George Gordon Noel Byron, a man of wonderful genius, one of the greatest of English poets, was born in London, January 22, 1788. His first volume, "Hours of Idleness," appeared in 1807, so severely criticised by the "Edinburgh Review" as to draw from him in reply a stinging satire, the first spirited outbreak of his talent, entitled "English Bards and Scottish

Reviewers." He became Lord Byron in 1798. His "Address to the Ocean" is from "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," one of the most remarkable productions of human genius. Owing to their immoralities, his works should be read in expurgated editions. He identified himself with the struggle for the independence of Greece, and died at Missolonghi in 1824.

77. A SAINT'S ANSWER.

ST. ALOYSIUS, when he made his home
 The College of St. Andrea at Rome,
 At recreation, on a certain day,
 When all his brother-novices were gay
 With innocent enjoyment, and the wit
 Of many a wise and gentle Jesuit¹
 Relaxed² the studious circle; in his turn
 Played draughts³ with an old brother from Lucerne:

2. When through the merry band like lightning ran
 The question of a youthful Corsican,
 Whose mind on serious issues ever bent,
 At playtime asks, "If, by Divine assent,
 Here in our midst an angel from on high
 Should bring us the decree that we must die
 A moment hence, tell me, my friends, what you
 In that most dread emergency,⁴ would do?"
3. From lip to lip the eager question passed;
 "Now were I sure this moment were my last,"
 Quoth⁵ one, "I'd to the chapel speed, nor cease
 To tell my beads."—"While I upon my knees,"
 Cries out another, "would renew my vows
 And make the Acts."—"And I" (with blushing brows,
 A sweet-faced Genoese) "for my soul's sake,
 Confession of my sins would gladly make."

¹ Jesuit (jĕz'ū it), a member of the Company of Jesus, a religious order founded by St. Ignatius Loyola in the 16th century, and noted for scholarship and holiness of life.

² Relaxed, relieved from attention or effort.

³ Draughts (dräfts) or checkers,

a game played with wooden pieces on a checkered board.

⁴ El mer'gen cŷ, a sudden or unexpected occurrence.

⁵ Quoth, said; spoke; used only in the first and third persons in the past tense, and with the nominative always following it.

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¹ Pär'rie
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² Thème
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³ Switz'

4. And so the question parried¹ to and fro,
 Drew varied answers; voices loud and low
 Ringing the changes on a theme² so near
 Those pure; unworldly hearts, till, in the ear
 Of Aloysius, bending o'er his game,
 A whisper from the Switzer³ novice came:
 "Fratello mio!⁴ thou alone art mute;"
 Which others, in the height of the dispute
 Hearing, were 'shamed; and he of Corsica
 Cried out, "What dost *thou* say, good Gonzäga?"
5. Then in the sudden hush the holy youth—
 "Dear brother, if this hour, in very truth,
 Death's angel with the awful summons⁵ came,
 Methinks"—he, smiling, pointed to his game—
 "I would continue this;"—the while, surprise
 Held all the others dumb—with drooping eyes
 He added, "Doth not he commence
 The noblest work, who, in obedience
 To holy rule, and for the greater gain
 Of God's dear glory, doth his will constrain?"
6. "He who performs each duty in its time,
 With sinless heart and ever-watchful eye,
 His very pastime maketh prayer sublime,
 And *any* moment is prepared to die."

TO BE MEMORIZED.

The Christian faith is a grand cathedral, with divinely pictured windows. Standing without, you see no glory, nor can possibly imagine any; standing within, every ray of light reveals a harmony of unspeakable splendor.

¹ *Pär'ried*, passed from one to another, as used here.

itant of Switzerland; a Swiss.

² *Thème*, a subject of thought or conversation.

⁴ *Fra töl'lo mī'o*, my dear brother.

³ *Switz'er*, a native or inhab-

⁵ *Süm'mons*, an imperative call.

⁶ *Con sträin'*, to bend; to compel.

78. THE DEAR ST. ELIZABETH.

THE tender piety with which Elizabeth of Hungary had been animated from her childhood, after her marriage took every day new developments, which in a short time merited for her the sweet and glorious title under which all Christendom¹ now venerates her—that of *Pâtroness of the Poor*.

2. From her cradle, she could not bear the sight of a poor person without feeling her heart pierced with grief, and now that her husband had granted her full liberty in all that concerned the honor of God and the good of her neighbor, she unreservedly abandoned herself to her natural inclination to solace² the suffering members of Christ,

3. This was her ruling thought each hour and moment; to the use of the poor she dedicated all that she retrenched from the superfluities³ usually required by her sex and rank. Yet, notwithstanding the resources that the charity of her husband placed at her disposal, she gave away so quickly all that she possessed, that it often happened that she would despoil⁴ herself of her clothes in order to have the means of assisting the unfortunate.

4. But it was not alone by presents or with money that the young princess testified her love for the poor of Christ; it was still more by personal devotion, by those tender and patient cares which are assuredly, in the sight of both God and the sufferers, the most holy and most precious alms. She applied herself to these duties with simplicity and unfailing gayety of manner. When the sick sought her aid, after re-

¹ Christendom (kris'n dūm), that portion of the world where the Christian religion prevails.

² Sôl'ace, to comfort; to cheer

under calamity or in grief.

³ Sū'per flū'i tŷ, something beyond what is necessary.

⁴ De'spoil', to strip, as of dress.

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lieving their wants, she would inquire where they lived, in order that she might visit them, and no distance, no roughness of road, could keep her from them.

6. She knew that nothing strengthened feelings of charity more than to penetrate into all that is positive and material in human misery. She sought out the huts most distant from her castle, which were often repulsive through filth and bad air; yet she entered these haunts of poverty in a manner at once full of devotion and familiarity. She carried herself what she thought would be necessary for their miserable inhabitants. She consoled them, far less by her generous gifts than by her sweet and affectionate words.

6. Elizabeth loved to carry secretly to the poor not only money, but provisions and other matters which she destined¹ for them. She went, thus laden, by the winding and rugged paths that led from the castle to the city, and to cabins of the neighboring valleys. One day, when accompanied by one of her favorite maidens, as she descended from the castle, and carried under her mantle bread, meat, eggs, and other food to distribute to the poor, she suddenly encountered her husband, who was returning from hunting.

7. Astonished to see her thus toiling on, under the weight of her burden, he said to her, "Let us see what you carry," and at the same time drew open the mantle which she held closely clasped to her bosom; but beneath it were only red and white roses, the most beautiful he had ever seen; and this astonished him, as it was no longer the season of flowers. Seeing that Elizabeth was troubled, he sought to console her by his caresses, but he ceased suddenly, on seeing over her head a luminous appearance in the form of a crucifix.

8. He then desired her to continue her route without being disturbed by him, and he returned to Wartburg, meditating

¹ *Dés'tined*, designed; intended.

with recollection on what God did for her, and carrying with him one of those wonderful roses, which he preserved all his life. At the spot where this meeting took place, he erected a pillar, surmounted by a cross, to consecrate forever the remembrance of that which he had seen hovering over the head of his wife.

MONTALEMBERT.¹

79. THE QUEEN'S KISS.

PART FIRST.

IN all the blessèd calendar,²
The sweetèst saint I hold to be
Thuringia's gracious Landgravine,³
Elizabeth of Hungary.

2. A heart of love, a soul of fire,
A hand to succor and to bless,
A life one passionate desire
For pure and perfect holiness.
3. They brighten the historic page,
Those legends, beautiful and quaint,
Of miracles that so illumine
The tragic history of our saint.
4. The story of her fasts, relieved
By angels serving food divine,
Of water from her goblet turned,
Upon her fainting lips, to wine.

¹ Count Charles Forbes Rene de Montalembert, a French statesman, born in London May 29, 1810; died in Paris March 18, 1870. He

was distinguished for his efforts in behalf of free Catholic education, and is the author of several valua-

ble works, the best known of which are "The Monks of the West" and the "Life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary."

² Cál'en dar, a list of names.

³ Länd'gra vine, the wife of a landgrave or German nobleman.

5. The story of the leprous child
 She laid upon her own soft bed ;
 And how the court stormed at the deed,
 And all her maidē in terror fled.
6. How, chiding, came her angered lord,
 To find his chamber filled with light,
 And on his couch a Christ-child fair,
 That smiled and vanished from his sight !
7. The story of the beggar, crouched
 Upon her court-yard's pavement cold,
 O'er whom she flung in Christ's dear name
 Her ermined mantle, wrought with gold.
8. And how it was the Lord Himself
 Who, in that abject human form, .
 So moved her heart—to whom she gave
 Such royal covering from the storm.
9. And that dear legend that they keep
 In roses round her castle still,
 Her memory blooming bright and sweet,
 By Wartburg's steep and rocky hill ;
10. How, one midwinter day, she went
 Adown the icy path, to bear
 A store of meat and eggs and bread,
 To cheer the poor who claimed her care ;
11. How, hiding all beneath her robes,
 Against the tempest toiling down,
 She met the landgrave face to face,
 And, trembling, stood before his frown.
12. And how. "What dost thou here, my wife?
 What bearest thou?" he sternly said,



And opened her mantle's folds, to find
Within but roses, white and red !

13. How then he thought to kiss her cheek,
But dared not, and could only lay
One rose, a rose of Paradise,
Against his heart, and go his way.

80. THE QUEEN'S KISS.

PART SECOND.

WITHIN the French king's banquet-hall,
 Upon the royal dais raised,
 Sat Blånche, the queen from fair Castile,
 The princess by our Shakespeare¹ praised.

2. She who, through blessed motherhood,
 A more than royal glory won—
 From Louis, kinglièst of saints,
 And saintlièst of kings, her son.
3. It chanced that, as the lovely queen
 Gazed round the bannered hall that day,
 She marked a pensive stranger stand
 Beyond a group of pages gay.
4. A fair, slight youth, with deep blue eyes,
 And tender mouth that seldom smiled,
 And long, bright hair that backward flowed,
 From off a forehead pure and mild.
5. "Know'st thou, my dear lord cardinal,
 Yon fair-haired page that stands apart?"
 Asked Blanche, the queen; "his sad face brings
 A strange, deep yearning to my heart."

¹That daughter there of Spain, the lady Blanche,
 Is near to England. Look upon the years
 Of Lewis the Dauphin, and that lovely maid:
 If zealous love should go in search of virtue,
 Where should he find it purer than in Blanche?
 If love ambitious sought a match of birth,
 Whose veins bound richer blood than lady Blanche?—

SHAKESPEARE.



6. "Your highness, from a blessed life,
Now hid in God, that youth drew breath
'Tis Herman, of Thuringia,
The son of St. Elizabeth."
7. Then rose Queen Blanche, and went and stood
In all her state, before the lad,
And fixed upon his comely face
A gaze half tender and half sad.
8. "Thou'rt welcome to our court, fair prince!"
At last she said, and softly smiled.
"Thou hadst a blessed mother once;
Wilt tell me where she kissed her child?"
9. He like his mother's roses stood,
All white and red with shy surprise;

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"'Twas here, your majesty," he said,
And touched his brow between his eyes.

10. Fair Blanche of Castile bowed, and pressed
A reverent kiss upon the place ;
Then crossed her hands upon her breast,
Exclaiming with uplifted face :

11. "Pray for us ! dear and blessèd one !
Young victor over sin and death !
Thou tender mother ! spotless wife !
Thou sweetest St. Elizabeth !"

MRS. LIPPINCOTT.¹

81. WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

ON one of those sober and rather melancholy days in the latter part of autumn, when the shadows of morning and evening almost mingle together and throw a gloom over the decline² of the year, I passed several hours in rambling about Westminster Abbey.³ There was something congenial⁴ to the season in the mournful magnificence of the old pile ; and, as I passed its threshold,⁵ it seemed like stepping back into the regions of antiquity, and losing myself among the shades of former ages.

2. The cloisters⁶ still retain something of the quiet and seclusion of former days. The gray walls are discolored by

¹ Mrs. Lippincott (Sara Jane Clarke), an American authoress, was born in 1823. This gifted writer, so greatly beloved in American homes, is more generally known as *Grace Greenwood*.

² *De cline'*, a sinking or lessening ; the latter part.

³ *West min'ster Ab'boy*, built

in 610 as a Benedictine monastery ; used now as a burial-place for England's great men.

⁴ *Con gē'ni al*, partaking of the same nature.

⁵ *Thresh'old*, the door-sill.

⁶ *Clois'ters*, enclosed passages or halls of some length, lighted by windows.

damps and crumbling with age; a coat of hoary moss has gathered over the inscriptions¹ of the mural² monuments, and obscured the death's heads and other funereal emblems. The sharp touches of the chisel are gone from the rich tracery³ of the arches; the roses which adorned the keystones⁴ have lost their leafy beauty; every thing bears marks of the gradual dilapidations⁵ of time, and yet has something touching and pleasing in its very decay.

3. The sun was pouring down a yellow autumnal ray into the square of the cloisters; beaming upon a scanty plot of grass in the center, and lighting up an angle of the vaulted passage with a kind of dusky splendor. From between the arcades,⁶ the eye glanced up to a bit of blue sky, or a passing cloud, and beheld the sun-gilt pinnacles⁷ of the Abbey towering into the azure heaven.

4. I pursued my walk to an arched door opening to the interior of the Abbey. On entering here, the magnitude of the building breaks fully upon the mind, contrasted with the vaults of the cloisters. The eye gazes with wonder at clustered columns of gigantic dimensions, with arches springing from them to such an amazing height that man, wandering about their bases, shrinks into insignificance in comparison with his own handiwork. The spaciousness and gloom of this vast edifice produce a profound and mysterious awe.

5. I passed some time in Poet's Corner, which occupies an end of one of the transepts or cross-aisles of the Abbey. The

¹ In scrip'tion, that which is written on stone, wood, or other substances. top than the bottom, placed in the center of an arch to strengthen it.

² Mū'ral, belonging or attached to a wall. ³ Dī lāp'ī dā'tion, decay; state of being partly ruined.

⁴ Trā'cer ʒ, fine drawn lines; complicated, graceful patterns. ⁶ Ar cāde', a series of arches supported by columns.

⁵ Kēy'stōne, a stone wider at the bottom than the top. ⁷ Pīn'na cle, a high, slender turret or point.

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monuments are generally simple; for the lives of literary men afford no striking themes for the sculptor. Shakespeare and Addison have statues erected to their memories; but the greater part have busts, medallions,¹ and sometimes mere inscriptions. Notwithstanding the simplicity of these memorials, I have always observed that the visitors to the Abbey remained longest about them. A kinder and fonder feeling takes the place of that cold curiosity or vague admiration with which they gaze on the splendid monuments of the great and the heroic.

6. From Poet's Corner I continued my stroll toward that part of the Abbey which contains the sepulchers of the kings. I wandered among what once were chapels, but which are now occupied by the tombs and monuments of the great. At every turn I met with some illustrious name, or the cognizance² of some powerful house renowned in history.

7. As the eye darts into these dusky chambers of death, it catches glimpses of quaint effigies,³ some kneeling in niches⁴ as if in devotion; others stretched upon the tombs with hands piously pressed together; warriors in armor, as if reposing after battle; prelates with crosiers⁵ and miters; and nobles in robes and coronets⁶ lying, as it were, in state.

8. There is something extremely solemn and awful in those effigies on Gothic tombs, extended as if in the sleep of death, or in the supplication of the dying hour. They have an effect infinitely more impressive on my feelings than the fan-

¹ *Me dāll'ion*, (-yūn), any circular tablet on which are presented embossed or raised figures; a large antique memorial coin.

² *Cognizance* (kōn'ī zāns), badge.

³ *Effigies*, likenesses in sculpture or painting.

⁴ *Niche* (nīch), a cavity, hollow

or recess, generally within the thickness of a wall for a statue, bust, or other ornament.

⁵ *Crosier* (krō'sher), a bishop's crook or pastoral staff; a symbol of his authority.

⁶ *Coro net*, an inferior crown worn by a nobleman.

ciful attitudes, the over-wrought conceits¹ and allegorical² groups which abound on modern monuments. I have been struck, also, with the superiority of the old sepulchral³ inscriptions.

9. There was a noble way in former times of saying things simply and yet saying them proudly; and I do not know an epitaph⁴ that breathes a loftier consciousness of family worth and honorable lineage, than one which affirms of a noble house, that "all the brothers were brave and all the sisters virtuous." I continued in this way to move from tomb to tomb, and from chapel to chapel.

10. The day was gradually wearing away. I stood before the entrance to Henry the Seventh's⁵ chapel. Two small aisles on each side of this chapel present a touching instance of the equality of the grave, which brings down the oppressor to a level with the oppressed, and mingles the dust of the bitterest enemies together. In one is the sepulcher of the haughty⁶ Elizabeth; in the other is that of her victim, the lovely and unfortunate Mary.

11. Not an hour in the day but some ejaculation of pity is uttered over the fate of the latter, mingled with indignation at her oppressor. The walls of Elizabeth's sepulcher continually echo with the sigh of sympathy heaved at the grave of her rival.

12. A peculiar melancholy reigns over the aisle where Mary lies buried. The light struggles dimly through win-

¹ Con cōit, an ill-founded, odd, or extravagant notion.

² Al'le gōr'i cal, a method of describing a thing by its resemblance to another thing.

³ Se pūl'chral, relating to a tomb or burial place.

⁴ Ep'i taph, an inscription in

memory of the dead.

⁵ Henry VII., founder of the Tudor dynasty of English kings, father of Henry VIII.; born at Pembroke Castle, in South Wales, July 26, 1456; died at Richmond April 21, 1509.

⁶ Haugh'ty, arrogant; disdainful.

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dows darkened by dust. The greater part of the place is in deep shadow, and the walls are stained and tinted by time and weather. A marble figure of Mary is stretched upon the tomb, round which is an iron railing, much corroded,¹ bearing her national emblem—the thistle. I was weary with wandering, and sat down to rest myself by the monument, revolving in my mind the checkered² and disastrous story of poor Mary.

WASHINGTON IRVING.³

82 EXECUTION OF MARY STUART.

DURING the long night previous to her execution, with the sound of the hammer on her scaffold ringing from the next room, Mary Stuart knelt before the agonized figure of her crucified Redeemer. She read the divine history of His sacred Passion; she read a sermon on the subject of the penitent thief; she drew from the bleeding lips of the five wounds of Jesus the blood of remission and the waters of consolation; and her saintly soul grew strong within her, and leaping up from the sorrowful earth with the renewed sense of God's pardon, found rest and refreshment already on the bosom of that dear Lord who died for her.

2. At four in the morning she lay down upon her bed, but not to sleep. Her attendants looking on her steadfastly, saw through the mist of their tears, that her lips were moving in incessant prayer.

¹ Cor rōd'ed, eaten away by time or rust.

² Chēck'ered, of mingled dark and bright.

³ Washington Irving, born in New York city April 3, 1783; died Nov. 28, 1859. His style has the ease and purity, and more than the

grace and polish of Franklin. His carefully selected words, his variously constructed periods, his remarkable elegance, sustained sweetness, and distinct and delicate word-painting place him in the front rank of the masters of our language.

3. Oh, through those moments of repose, did the smile of her mother reappear? Did her glad sweet youth in sunny France come back? Did she see the bright skies and the purple bloom of the vineyards? Was the pomp of her young royalty visible? Was the shadow of her yearning love between her heart and heaven?

4. I fancy not. I think that she heard nothing but the choirs on high, saw only the crown eternal, the unfading palm-branch, the blue rushing of the stream of life, that floweth from the throne of God and of the Lamb. At day-break she arose, called her small household round her, and once more bade them farewell; read to them her last will; gave them her money and apparel; kissed the wildly sobbing women, and gave her hand to the strong men, who wept over it.

5. Then she went to her oratory, and they knelt, crying, behind her. There Kent, and Shrewsbury, and Sheriff Andrews found her. Thence she arose, and taking the crucifix from the altar in her right hand, and her prayer-book in her left, she followed them. Her servants knelt for her benediction. She gave it and passed on.

6. Then the door closed, and the wild wail of their loving agony shook the hall. Besides what the commissioners reported, she said to Melville, "Pray for your mistress and your queen." She begged that her women might attend her to disrobe her, and the Earl of Kent refused to grant this natural request.

7. "My lord," she said, "your mistress being a maiden queen, will vouchsafe, in regard to womanhood, that I have some of my own women about me at my death." Kent gave no answer, and she said: "You might, I think, grant me a far greater courtesy were I a woman of lesser calling than the Queen of the Scots."

¹ Court's ay, an act of kindness performed with politeness.

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8. No answer still. And then—"My lords, I am a cousin of your queen, a descendant of the blood-royal¹ of Henry Seventh, a married Queen of France, and the anointed Queen of Scotland." Then they allowed Jane Kennedy and Mistress Curle to wait on her. She wore her richest royal robes as she walked to the scaffold,² and approached it with the graceful majesty³ that ever distinguished her.

9. Then Dr. Fletcher, Dean of Peterborough, began to preach, exhorting⁴ her to forsake the Catholic Faith. Mary begged him not to trouble himself or her. On his persisting,⁵ she turned away from him. He walked round the scaffold, confronted⁶ her, and began again. Then the Earl of Shrewsbury commanded him to stop preaching and begin to pray; a command which was instantly obeyed.

10. But, meantime, Mary was repeating in Latin the Psalms for the dying. Then she knelt down and prayed for her son and for Elizabeth, for Scotland, for her enemies, and for herself, and holding up the image of her suffering Saviour, she cried out: "As Thy arms, O my God! were stretched out upon the Cross, so receive me into the embrace of their mercy, and forgive me all my sins."

11. "Madame," cried courteous Kent, "you had better leave such Popish trumperies, and bear Him in your heart." And Mary answered, "Were He not already in my heart, His image would not be in my hands." Then they bound a gold-edged handkerchief over her eyes, and she, saying, "O Lord, into Thy hands I commend my spirit," knelt down.

12. At the first blow, the executioner split the lower part of her skull; at the second, he cut deeply into her neck; at

¹ Roy'al, relating to a sovereign.

² Scäf'fold, a raised platform for the execution of a criminal.

³ Mä'jes ty, dignity; loftiness.

⁴ Ex hört'ing, advising, warn-

ing, or cautioning.

⁵ Per sist'ing, continuing determinedly.

⁶ Confronted (kon frünt'ed), stood facing, in front of, or opposed to.

the third, he severed¹ her head from her body, and, holding it up by the long gray hair, said, "God save Queen Elizabeth!" The people sobbed and wept. "So perish all her enemies!" said the Dean of Peterborough. And the people sobbed and wept; but no one said, "Amen!" McLEOD.²

83. JOAN OF ARC AT REIMS.

THAT was a joyous day in Reims³ of old,
 When peal on peal of mighty music rolled
 Forth from her thronged cathedral; while around,
 A multitude, whose billows made no sound,
 Chained to a hush of wonder, though elate⁴
 With victory, listened at their temple's gate.
 And what was done within?—within, the light
 Through the rich gloom of pictured windows flowing,
 Tinged with soft awfulness a stately sight,
 The chivalry of France, their proud heads bowing
 In martial vassalage!⁵—while 'midst that ring,
 And shadowed by the ancestral tombs, a king
 Received his birthright's crown.

¹ *Sév'ered*, separated; parted.

² *Donald McLeod* (-loud), born in New York in 1821, was the youngest son of Alexander McLeod, a Scotch Presbyterian preacher famous in New York fifty years ago. He became a Catholic when about thirty years old. He was a pleasing and elegant writer. A "Life of Mary Queen of Scots," and "Devotion to the Blessed Virgin in North America," were among his best volumes. Later in life he became a priest, and was killed on a railroad near Cincinnati while going on a call of sacerdotal duty.

³ *Reims* (rēms), a walled city of France, department of Marne. Its Gothic Cathedral of the 13th century, and its church of St. Remy, the oldest in the city, are among the finest church structures in all Europe. Philip Augustus was consecrated here in 1179, and nearly all his successors, till the revolution of 1830.

⁴ *Elâte*, having the spirits raised by success, or hope of success; proud; swelling.

⁵ *Vās'al age*, state of being a vassal, or one who holds land of a superior subject to military duty.

2. For this, the hymn
 Swelled out like rushing waters, and the day
 With the sweet censer's misty breath grew dim,
 As through long aisles it floated o'er the array
 Of arms and sweeping stoles. But who, alone
 And unapproached, beside the altar-stone,
 With the white banner, forth like sunshine streaming,
 And the gold helm, through clouds of fragrance gleaming—
 Silent and radiant stood?—the helm was raised
 And the fair face revealed that upward gazed
 Intensely worshipping :—a still, clear face
 Youthful, but brightly solemn !—Woman's cheek
 And brow were there, in deep devotion meek,
 Yet glorified with inspiration's trace
 On its pure paleness ; while, enthroned above,
 The pictured Virgin, with her smile of love,
 Seemed bending o'er her votaress—That slight form !
 Was that the leader through the battle's storm ?

3. Had the soft light in that adoring eye,
 Guided the warrior where the swords flashed high ?
 'Twas so, even so—and thou, the shepherd's child
 Joanne, the lowly dreamer of the wild !
 Never before and never since that hour,
 Hath woman, mantled with victorious power,
 Stood forth as thou beside the shrine didst stand :
 Holy amidst the knighthood of the land
 And beautiful with joy and with renown,
 Lift thy white banner o'er the olden crown,
 Ransomed for France by thee !

4. The rites are done.
 Now let the dome with trumpet-notes be shaken,
 And bid the echoes of the tombs awaken.
 And come thou forth, that Heaven's rejoicing sun
 May give thee welcome from thine own blue skies,

Daughter of victory !—a triumphant strain,
 A proud rich stream of warlike melodies,
 Gushed through the portals of the antique fane,
 And forth she came.—Then rose a nation's sound !
 Oh ! what a power to bid the quick heart bound,
 The wind bears onward with the stormy cheer
 Man gives to glory on her high career !

5. Is there indeed such power ?—far deeper dwells
 In one kind household voice, to reach the cells
 Whence happiness flowed forth !—the shouts that filled
 The hollow heaven tempestuously, were stilled
 One moment ; and in that brief pause, the tone,
 As of a breeze that o'er her home had blown,
 Sank on the bright maid's heart.—“ Joanne ! ”—Who spoke
 Like those whose childhood with her childhood grew
 Under one roof ?—

6. “ Joanne ”—that murmur broke
 With sounds of weeping forth !—She turned—she knew
 Beside her, marked from all the thousands there,
 In the calm beauty of his silver hair,
 The stately shepherd ; and the youth, whose joy
 From his dark eye flashed proudly ; and the boy—
 The youngest-born, that ever loved her best ;
 “ Father ! and ye, my brothers ! ”—

7. On the breast
 Of that gray sire she sank—and swiftly back
 Even in an instant, to their native track
 Her free thoughts flowed.—She saw the pomp no more—
 The plumes, the banners :—to her cabin door,
 And to the fairy's fountain in the glade,
 Where her young sister, by her side had played,
 And to her hamlet's chapel, where it rose
 Hallowing the forest unto deep repose,
 Her spirit turned.

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8. The very wood-note, sung
 In early spring-time by the bird, which dwelt
 Where o'er her father's roof the beech leaves hung,
 Was in her heart; a music heard and felt,
 Winning her back to nature.—She unbound
 The helm of many battles from her head,
 And, with her bright locks bowed to sweep the ground,
 Lifting her voice up, wept for joy, and said—
 "Bless me, my father, bless me! and with thee,
 To the still cabin and the beechen tree, let me return!"—

9. Oh! never did thine eye
 Through the green haunts of happy infancy
 Wander again, Joanne! too much of fame
 Had shed its radiance on thy peasant name;
 And bought alone by gifts beyond all price,
 The trusting heart's repose, the paradise
 Of home with all its loves, doth fate allow
 The crown of glory unto woman's brow. MRS. HEMANS.¹

84. JOAN OF ARC.

PART FIRST.

WHAT is to be thought of her? What is to be thought
 of the poor shepherd girl from the hills and forests
 of Lorraine,² that, like the Hebrew shepherd boy from the
 hills and forests of Judea,³ rose suddenly out of the quiet,
 out of the safety, out of the religious inspiration, rooted in
 deep pastoral solitudes, to a station in the van of armies, and
 to the more perilous station at the right hand of kings?

2. The Hebrew boy inaugurated⁴ his patriotic mission by

¹ Felicia Dorothea Hemans, a large province of France, now in-
 noted English poetess, born in cluded in a department,
 Liverpool, September 25, 1794;

² David, King of Israel.

died near Dublin, May 16, 1835.

⁴ In au'gu rā ted, made a pub-

² Lorraine (lor rān'), a former lic or formal beginning of.

an *act*, by a victorious act, such as no man could deny. But so did the girl of Lorraine, if we read her story as it was read by those who saw her nearest. Adverse armies bore witness to the boy as no pretender; but so they did to the gentle girl. Judged by the voices of all who saw them *from a station of good-will*, both were found true and loyal to any promises involved in their first act.

3. Enemies it was that made the difference between their subsequent fortunes. The boy rose to a splendor and a noon-day prosperity, both personal and public, that rang through the records of his people, and became a by-word amongst his posterity for a thousand years, until the scepter was departing from Juda.

4. The poor, forsaken girl, on the contrary, drank not herself from that cup of rest which she had secured for France. She never sang the songs that rose in her native Domremy, as echoes to the departing steps of invaders. She mingled not in the festal dances of Vaucouleurs, which celebrated in rapture the redemption of France. No! for her voice was then silent. No! for her feet were dust.

5. Pure, innocent, noble-hearted girl! whom from earliest youth ever I believed in, as full of truth and self-sacrifice, this was amongst the strongest pledges for *thy* side, that never once—no, not for a moment of weakness—didst thou revel in the vision of coronets and honor from man. Coronets for thee? Oh, no! Honors, if they come when all is over, are for those that share thy blood.

6. Daughter of Domremy, when the gratitude of thy king shall awaken, thou wilt be sleeping the sleep of the dead. Call her, king of France, but she will not hear thee! Cite her by thy apparitors¹ to come and receive a robe of honor, but she will be found in contempt. When the thunders of

¹ Ap par'i tar, a messenger or officer who serves the process of a court,

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universal France, as even yet may happen, shall proclaim the grandeur of the poor shepherd girl that gave up all for her country, thy ear, young shepherd girl, will have been deaf for five centuries.

7. To suffer and to do! that was thy portion in this life: to *do*—never for thyself, always for others; to *suffer*—never in the persons of generous champions, always in thy own—that was thy destiny, and not for a moment was it hidden from thyself. “Life,” thou saidst, “is short, and the sleep which is in the grave is long. Let me use that life, so transitory, for the glory of those heavenly dreams destined to comfort the sleep which is so long.”

8. Pure from every suspicion of even a visionary self-interest, even as she was pure in senses more obvious, never once did this holy child, as regarded herself, relax from her belief in the darkness that *was* traveling to meet her. She might not prefigure the very manner of her death; she saw not in vision, perhaps, the aerial altitude of the fiery scaffold, the spectators without end, on every road, pouring into Rquen as to a coronation, the surging smoke, the volleying flames, the hostile faces all around, the pitying eye that lurked but here and there, until nature and imperishable truth broke loose from artificial restraints—these might not be apparent through the mists of the hurrying future; but the voice that called her to death—that she heard forever.

9. Great was the throne of France, even in those days, and great was he that sat upon it; but well Joan knew that not the throne, nor he that sat upon it, was for *her*; but, on the contrary, that she was for *them*: not she by them, but they by her, should rise from the dust. Gorgeous were the lilies of France, and for centuries had they been spreading their beauty over land and sea, until, in another century, the wrath of God and man combined to wither them; but well

Joan knew—early at Domremy she had read that bitter truth—that the lilies of France would decorate no garland for her. Flower nor bud, bell nor blossom, would ever bloom for her.

85. JOAN OF ARC.

PART SECOND.

HAVING placed the king on his throne; it was her fortune thenceforward to be thwarted. More than one military plan was entered upon which she did not approve. Too well she felt the end to be nigh at hand. Still she continued to jeopard her person in battle as before; severe wounds had not taught her caution; and at length she was made prisoner by the Burgundians, and finally given up to the English.

2. The object now was to vitiate the coronation of Charles the Seventh as the work of a witch, and for this end Joan was tried for sorcery. She resolutely defended herself from this absurd accusation. Never from the foundations of the earth was there such a trial as this, if it were laid open in all its beauty of defense and all its malignity of attack.

3. O child of France! shepherdess, peasant girl! trodden under foot by all-around thee, I honor thy flashing intellect, quick as the lightning and as true to its mark, that ran before France and laggard Europe by many a century, confounding the malice of the ensnarer, and making dumb the oracles of falsehood! “Would you examine me as a witness against myself?” was the question by which many times she defied their arts. The result of this trial was the condemnation of Joan to be burnt alive. Never was a fairer victim doomed to death by baser means.

4. Woman, sister! there are some things which you do not

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execute as well as your brother, man—no, nor ever will. Yet, sister, woman, cheerfully and with the love that burns in depths of admiration, I acknowledge that you can do one thing as well as the best of men—you can die grandly!

5. On the 20th of May, 1431, being then about nineteen years of age, Joan of Arc underwent her martyrdom. She was taken, before midday, guarded by eight hundred spearmen, to a platform of prodigious height, constructed of wooden billets, supported by occasional walls of lath and plaster, and traversed by hollow spaces in every direction for the creation of air currents. With an undaunted soul, but a meek and saintly demeanor, the maiden encountered her terrible fate. Upon her head was placed a miter bearing the inscription, "*Relapsed heretic, apostate, idolatress.*"

6. Her piety displayed itself in the most touching manner to the last, and her angelic forgetfulness of self was manifested in a remarkable degree. The executioner had been directed to apply his torch from below. He did so. The fiery smoke rose upward in billowing volumes. A monk was then standing at Joan's side. Wrapt up in his sublime office, he saw not the danger, but still persisted in his prayers. Even then, when the last enemy was racing up the fiery stairs to seize her, even at that moment did this noblest of girls think only for *him*—the one friend that would not forsake her—and not for herself, bidding him with her last breath to care for his own preservation, but to leave *her* to God.

7. "Go down," she said, "lift up the cross before me, that I may see it in dying, and speak to me pious words to the end." Then, protesting her innocence and recommending her soul to heaven, she continued to pray as the flames leaped and walled her in. Her last audible word was the name of Jesus. Sustained by faith in Him in her last fight

upon the scaffold, she had triumphed gloriously; victoriously she had tasted death. A soldier who had sworn to throw a fagot on the pile, turned away, a penitent for life, on hearing her last prayer to her Saviour. He had seen, he said, a white dove soar to heaven from the ashes where the brave girl had stood.

8. Illustrious to-day, through the efforts of her countryman, Monseigneur Dupanloup, Joan's memory is to be held up to still greater fame. Through the sunlit windows of a great Cathedral, the gift of the noble of Joan's sex, her legend as told in the tinted glass will cause men to give glory to Him who was her strength.

9. The name that fire could not tarnish will, through the cheery reflections of summer sun and autumn glow, through the gladdening gleams of spring's fair mornings, be reflected in the house of her Creator. The chills of the winter of historical falsehood have passed: Joan lives in the windows of holy Church, the glory of her sisters' land.

DE QUINCEY.¹

TO BE MEMORIZED.

Good name, in man and woman, dear my lord,

Is the immediate jewel of their souls;

'Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;

'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;

But he, that filches from me my good name,

Robs me of that which not enriches him,

And makes me poor indeed.—SHAKESPEARE.

¹ Thomas De Quincey, one of the most remarkable of English authors, was born in 1785, and died in 1859. He wrote upon a wider and more diversified range of subjects than any other author of his time. His matter was

always abundant and good, and his style of the rarest brilliancy and richness. His numerous contributions to periodicals brought a large price. He wrote the admirable memoirs of Shakespeare and Pope in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

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86. HYMN OF ST. FRANCIS.

IN the beginning of the thirteenth century there appeared in Italy, to the north of Rome, in the beautiful Umbrian country at the foot of the Apennines, a figure of the most magical power and charm—St. Francis. His century is, I think, the most interesting in the history of Christianity after its primitive age; and one of the chief figures, perhaps the very chief, to which this interest attaches itself, is St. Francis. He founded the most popular body of ministers of religion that has ever existed in the Church.

2. He transformed monachism¹ by uprooting the stationary monk, delivering him from the bondage of property, and sending him, as a mendicant friar, to be a stranger and sojourner, not in the wilderness, but in the most crowded haunts of men, to console them and to do them good. This popular instinct of his, is at the bottom of his famous marriage with poverty. Poverty and suffering are the condition of the people, the multitude, the immense majority of mankind; and it was toward this people that his soul yearned. "He listens," it was said of him, "to those to whom God Himself seems not to listen."

3. So, in return, as no other man he was listened to. When an Umbrian town or village heard of his approach, the whole population went out in joyful procession to meet him, with green boughs, flags, music, and songs of gladness. The master who began with two disciples, could, in his own lifetime (and he died at forty-four), collect to keep Whitsuntide with him, in presence of an immense multitude, five thousand of his Minorites. He found fulfillment to his prophetic cry: "I hear in my ears the sound of the tongues of

¹ Monachism (mōn'a klism), the system and influences of a life excluded from temporal concerns and devoted to religion.

all the nations who shall come unto us—Frenchmen, Spaniards, Germans, Englishmen. The Lord will make of us a great people, even unto the ends of the earth.”

4. Prose could not satisfy this ardent soul, and he made poetry. Latin was too learned for this simple, popular nature, and he composed in his mother-tongue, in Italian. The beginnings of the mundane¹ poetry of the Italians are in Sicily, at the court of kings; the beginnings of their religious poetry are in Umbria, with St. Francis.

5. His are the humble upper waters of a mighty stream; at the beginning of the thirteenth century it is St. Francis; at the end, Dante. St. Francis's *Canticle of the Sun*, *Canticle of the Creatures* (the poem goes by both names), is designed for popular use; artless in language, irregular in rhythm, it matches with the child-like genius that produced it and the simple natures that loved and repeated it:

O Lord God! most high, omnipotent,² and gracious! To Thee belong praise, glory, honor, and all benediction! All things do refer to Thee. No man is worthy to name Thee.

Praise be to Thee, O my Lord, for all Thy creatures; especially for our brother, the sun, who brings us the day and who brings us the light; fair is he, and shining with a very great splendor: O Lord, he signifies to us, Thee!

Praise be to Thee, O my Lord, for our sisters, the moon and the stars, the which Thou hast set clear and lovely in heaven.

Praise be to Thee, O my Lord, for our brothers, the winds, and for air and clouds, calms and all weather by the which Thou upholdest life in all creatures.

Praise be to Thee, O my Lord, for our sister, the water, who is very serviceable unto us, and lowly, and precious, and pure.

Praise be to Thee, O my Lord, for our brother, the fire, through whom Thou givest us light in the darkness: and he is bright, and pleasant, and very mighty, and strong.

¹ Mūn'dāne, worldly.

² Om nīp'o tent, all-powerful.

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Praise be to Thee, O my Lord, for our mother, the earth, the which doth sustain and nourish us, and bringeth forth divers fruits, and flowers of many colors, and grass.

Praise be to Thee, O my Lord, for all those who pardon one another for Thy love's sake, and who endure weakness and tribulation; blessed are they who peaceably shall endure; for Thou, O Most Highest, shalt give them a crown.

Praise be to Thee, O my Lord, for our sister, the death of the body, from whom no man escapeth. Alas! for such as die in mortal sin. Blessed are they who, in the hour of death, are found living in conformity to Thy most holy will, for the second death shall have no power to do them harm.

All creatures, praise ye and bless ye the Lord, and give thanks unto Him, and serve Him with all humility.

6. It is natural that man should take pleasure in his senses. It is natural, also, that he should take refuge in his heart and imagination from his misery. When one thinks what human life is for the vast majority of mankind, its needful toils and conflicts, how little of a feast for their senses it can possibly be, one understands the charm for them of a refuge offered in the heart and imagination.

7. The poetry of St. Francis's hymn, is poetry treating the world according to the heart and imagination. It takes the world by its inward, symbolical side. It admits the whole world, rough and smooth, painful and pleasure-giving, all alike, but all transfigured by the power of a spiritual emotion, all brought under a law of super-sensual love, having its seat in the soul. It can thus even say, "Praised be my Lord for our sister, the death of the body."

MATTHEW ARNOLD.¹

¹ Matthew Arnold, an English poet, essayist, and critic, born at Laleham, Dec. 24, 1822. His writings are most remarkable for the purity of their style, and the keen-

ness with which he satirizes certain defects of his countrymen. As rhetorical models they will repay careful study. He died in 1888.

87. CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

HALF a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of death
Rode the six hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said;
Into the valley of death
Rode the six hundred.

2. "Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldiers knew
Some one had blundered:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die—
Into the valley of death
Rode the six hundred.

3. Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of death,
Into the mouth of hell
Rode the six hundred.

4. Flashed all their sabers bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Sabering the gunners there,

*For gold
But glory
The brave
Remember*

Charging an army, while
 All the world wondered :
 Plunged in the battery smoke,
 Right through the line they broke ;
 Cossack and Russian
 Reeled from the saber-stroke,
 Shattered and sundered—
 Then they rode back—but not,
 Not the six hundred.

5. Cannon to right of them,
 Cannon to left of them,
 Cannon behind them
 Volleyed and thundered ;
 Stormed at with shot and shell,
 While horse and hero fell,
 They that had fought so well
 Came through the jaws of Death,
 Back from the mouth of Hell,
 All that was left of them,
 Left of six hundred.

6. When can their glory fade ?
 Oh, the wild charge they made !
 All the world wondered.
 Honor the charge they made !
 Honor the Light Brigade,
 Noble six hundred !

TENNYSON.

TO BE MEMORIZED.

*For gold the merchant plows the main, the farmer plows the manor,
 But glory is the soldier's prize ; the soldier's wealth is honor ;
 The brave poor soldier ne'er despise, nor count him as a stranger,
 Remember he's his country's stay in day and hour of danger.—BURNS.*

88. WATERLOO.

STOP!—for thy tread is on an Empire's dust !
 An Earthquake's spoil is sepulchered below !
 Is the spot marked with no colossal bust ?

Nor column trophied for triumphal show ?

None : but the moral's truth tells simpler so.
 As the ground was before, thus let it be ;—

How that red rain hath made the harvest grow !
 And is this all the world hath gained by thee,
 Thou first and last of fields ! king-making Victory ?

2. There was a sound of revelry by night,
 And Belgium's capital had gathered then
 Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
 The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men ;
 A thousand hearts beat happily ; and when
 Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
 Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
 And all went merry as a marriage bell ;¹
 But hush ! hark ! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell !

3. Did ye not hear it ?—No ; 'twas but the wind,
 Or the car rattling o'er the stony street.
 On with the dance ! let joy be unconfined !
 No sleep till morn when Youth and Pleasure meet
 To chase the glowing hours with flying feet—
 But hark !—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
 As if the clouds its echo would repeat ;
 And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before !
 Arm ! Arm ! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar !

4. Within a windowed niche of that high hall
 Sat Brunswick's fated chieftain : he did hear
 That sound the first amidst the festival,

¹ On the night previous to the given at Brussels, which was large action, it is said that a ball was ly attended by the military officers.

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And caught its tone with death's prophetic ear ;
 And when they smiled because he deemed it near,
 His heart more truly knew that peal too well
 Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,
 And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell :
 He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

5. Ah ! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
 And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
 And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
 Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness ;
 And there were sudden partings, such as press
 The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
 Which ne'er might be repeated : who could guess
 If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
 Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise !

6. And there was mounting in hot haste : the steed,
 The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
 Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
 And swiftly forming in the ranks of war ;
 And the deep thunder peal on peal afar ;
 And near, the beat of the alarming drum
 Roused up the soldier ere the morning star ;
 While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
 Or whispering, with white lips, " The foe ! They come ! They come ! "

7. And wild and high the " Cameron's gathering " rose !
 The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
 Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes :—
 How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
 Savage and shrill ! But with the breath which fills
 Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
 With the fierce native daring which instills
 The stirring memory of a thousand years ;
 And Evan's,¹ Donald's fame, rings in each clansman's ears !

¹ Sir Evan Cameron, and his the most "gentle Lochiel" of the descendant Donald, of renown, "forty-five."

8. And Ardennes¹ waves above them her green leaves,
 Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
 Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
 Over the unreturning brave,—alas!
 Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
 Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
 In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
 Of living valor, rolling on the foe,
 And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

9. Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
 Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
 The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
 The morn, the marshalling in arms,—the day,
 Battle's magnificently stern array!
 The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which, when rent,
 The earth is covered thick with other clay,
 Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
 Rider and horse—friend, foe—in one red burial blent!²

BYRON.

89. BURIAL-MARCH OF DUNDEE.³

SOUND the fife, and cry the slogan, let the pibroch shake the air
 With its wild triumphal music, worthy of the freight we bear.
 Let the ancient hills of Scotland hear once more the battle-song
 Swell within the glens and valleys, as the clansmen march along!
 Never from the field of combat, never from the deadly fray,
 Was a nobler trophy carried than we bring with us to-day.
 Never, since the valiant Douglas, on his dauntless bosom bore
 Good King Robert's heart, the priceless, to our dear Redeemer's shore!

¹ *Ardennes*, the wood of Soignies, supposed to be a remnant of the "forest of Ardennes," famous in Shakespeare's "As You Like it."

² Lord Viscount Dundee, who

distinguished himself as the last and most devoted champion of the Stuart family in Scotland, was slain at the decisive battle of Killiecrankie in 1689.

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2. Lo! we bring with us the hero! Lo! we bring the conquering
Græme,

Crowned as best beseems a victor from the altar of his fame;
Fresh and bleeding from the battle whence his spirit took its flight,
'Midst the crashing charge of squadrons, and the thunder of the fight!
Strike, I say, the notes of triumph, as we march o'er moor and lea!
Is there any here will venture to bewail our dead Dundee?
Let the widows of the traitors weep until their eyes are dim!
Wail ye may full well for Scotland, let none dare to mourn for him!

3. See, above his glorious body lies the royal banner's fold,
See, his valiant blood is mingled with its crimson and its gold,
See how calm he looks and stately, like a warrior on his shield,
Waiting till the flash of morning breaks along the battle-field!
See: Oh! never more, my comrades, shall we see that falcon eye
Redden with its inward lightning, as the hour of fight drew nigh:
Never shall we hear the voice that, clearer than the trumpet's call,
Bade us strike for King and Country, bade us win the field, or fall!

4. On the heights of Killiecrankie yester-morn our army lay.
Slowly rose the mist in columns from the river's broken way;
Hoarsely roared the swollen torrent, and the Pass was wrapt in
gloom,

When the clansmen rose together from their lair amidst the broom.
Then we belted on our tartans, and our bonnets down we drew,
And we felt our broadswords' edges, and we proved them to be true;
And we prayed the prayer of soldiers, and we cried the gathering cry,
And we clasped the hands of kinsmen, and we swore to do or die.

5. Then our leader rode before us on his war-horse, black as night—
Well the Cameronian rebels knew that charger in the fight!
And a cry of exultation from the bearded warriors rose;
For we loved the house of Claver'se, and we thought of good
Montrose.

But he raised his hand for silence: "Soldiers! I have sworn a vow!
Ere the evening star shall glisten on Schehallion's lofty brow,
Either we shall rest in triumph, or another of the Græmes
Shall have died in battle-harness for his country and King James!"

6. Think upon the Royal Martyr, think of what his race endure,
Think of him whom butchers murdered on the field of Magus Muir :
By his sacred blood I charge ye, by the ruined hearth and shrine,
By the blighted hopes of Scotland, by your injuries and mine,
Strike this day as if the anvil lay beneath your blows the while,
Be they Covenanting traitors, or the brood of false Argyle !

7. Strike ! and drive the trembling rebels backwards o'er the
stormy Forth ;
Let them tell their pale Convention how they fared within the North.
Let them tell that Highland honor is not to be bought nor sold,
That we scorn their prince's anger as we loathe his foreign gold.
Strike ! and when the fight is over, if ye look in vain for me,
Where the dead are lying thickest search for him that was Dundee !"

8. Loudly then the hills re-echoed with our answer to his call,
But a deeper echo sounded in the bosoms of us all.
For the lands of wide Breadalbane, not a man who heard him speak
Would that day have left the battle : burning eye and flushing cheek
Told the clansmen's fierce emotion, and they harder drew their breath ;
For their souls were strong within them, stronger than the grasp
of death :

Soon we heard a challenge-trumpet sounding in the Pass below,
And the distant tramp of horses, and the voices of the foe.

9. Down we crouched amid the bracken, till the Lowland ranks
drew near,
Panting like the hounds in summer, when they scent the stately deer,
From the dark defile emerging, next we saw the squadrons come,
Leslie's foot and Leven's troopers marching to the tuck of drum.
Through the scattered wood of birches, o'er the broken ground
and heath,
Wound the long battalion slowly, till they gained the field beneath ;
Then we bounded from our covert : judge how looked the Saxons then,
When they saw the rugged mountain start to life with armed men !

10. Like a tempest down the ridges swept the hurricane of steel,
Rose the slogan of Macdonald — flashed the broadsword of Lochiel !

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Vainly sped the withering volley 'mongst the foremost of our band :
On we poured until we met them, foot to foot, and hand to hand.
Horse and man went down like drift-wood when the floods are
black at Yule,

And their carcasses are whirling in the Garry's deepest pool.
Horse and man went down before us—living foe there tarried none
On the field of Killiecrankie, when that stubborn fight was done !

11. And the evening star was shining on Schehallion's distant
head,

When we wiped our bloody broadswords, and returned to count
the dead.

There we found him gashed and gory, stretched upon the cum-
bered plain,

As he told us where to seek him, in the thickest of the slain.

And a smile was on his visage, for within his dying ear

Pealed the joyful note of triumph, and the clansmen's clamor-
ous cheer :

So, amidst the battle's thunder, shot, and steel, and scorching flame,
In the glory of his manhood, passed the spirit of the Græme !

12. Open wide the vaults of Atholl, where the bones of heroes rest !

Open wide the hallowed portals to receive another !

Last of Scots, and last of freemen, last of all that dauntless race,

Who would rather die unsullied than outlive the land's disgrace !

O thou lion-hearted warrior ! reek not of the after-time :

Honor may be deemed dishonor, loyalty be called a crime.

Sleep in peace with kindred ashes of the noble and the true,

Hands that never failed their country, hearts that never base-
ness knew.

Sleep !—and till the latest trumpet wakes the dead from earth and sea,
Scotland shall not boast a braver chieftain, than our own Dundee !

PROFESSOR AYTOUN.¹

¹ William Edmondstone Aytoun, Scottish educator and poet, Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in the University of

Edinburgh, author of "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers," and numerous humorous poems, was born in 1818, and died in 1865.

90. NOBLE REVENGE.

A YOUNG officer (in what army no matter), had so far forgotten himself, in a moment of irritation, as to strike a private soldier, full of personal dignity (as sometimes happens in all ranks), and distinguished for his courage. The inexorable¹ laws of military discipline forbade to the injured soldier any practical redress—he could look for no retaliation by acts.

2. Words only were at his command, and, in a tumult of indignation, as he turned away, the soldier said to his officer that he would “make him repent it.” This, wearing the shape of a menace,² naturally rekindled the officer’s anger, and intercepted any disposition which might be rising within him toward a sentiment of remorse;³ and thus the irritation between the two young men grew hotter than before.

3. Some weeks after this a partial action took place with the enemy. Suppose yourself a spectator, and looking down into a valley occupied by the two armies. They are facing each other, you see, in martial array. But it is no more than a skirmish which is going on; in the course of which, however, an occasion suddenly arises for a desperate service. A redoubt, which has fallen into the enemy’s hands, must be recaptured at any price, and under circumstances of all but hopeless difficulty.

4. A strong party has volunteered for the service; there is a cry for somebody to head them; you see a soldier step out from the ranks to assume this dangerous leadership; the party moves rapidly forward; in a few minutes it is swallowed

¹ In *exorable*, not to be persuaded or moved by entreaty or prayer; unchangeable.

² *Menace*, the show of a purpose or desire to inflict an evil; a threat.

³ *Remorse*, the keen pain caused by a sense of guilt; gnawing regret.

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¹ *Hero* meaning by or figures.

² *Hurray*

up from your eyes in clouds of smoke ; for one half hour, from behind these clouds you receive hieroglyphic¹ reports of bloody strife—fierce repeating signals, flashes from the guns, rolling musketry, and exulting hurrahs² advancing or receding, slackening or redoubling.

5. At length all is over ; the redoubt has been recovered ; that which was lost is found again ; the jewel which had been made captive is ransomed with blood. Crimsoned with glorious gore, the wreck of the conquering party is relieved, and at liberty to return. From the river you see it ascending.

6. The plume-crested officer in command rushes forward, with his left hand raising his hat in homage to the blackened fragments of what once was a flag, whilst with his right hand he seizes that of the leader, though no more than a private from the ranks. *That* perplexes you not ; mystery you see none in *that*. For distinctions of order perish, ranks are confounded ; “ high and low ” are words without a meaning, and to wreck goes every notion or feeling that divides the noble from the noble, or the brave man from the brave.

7. But wherefore is it that now, when suddenly they wheel into mutual recognition,³ suddenly they pause ? This soldier, this officer—who are they ? O reader ! once before they had stood face to face—the soldier that was struck, the officer that struck him. Once again they are meeting ; and the gaze of armies is upon them. If for a moment a doubt divides them, in a moment the doubt has perished. One glance exchanged between them publishes the forgiveness that is sealed forever.

8. As one who recovers a brother whom he has accounted dead, the officer sprung forward, threw his arms around the

¹ *Hî'ro glyph'ic*, expressive of meaning by characters, pictures, or figures.

² *Hurrahs* (*hqr rās'*), *huzzas* ;

shouts of joy or exultation.

³ *Recognition* (*rēk'og'nīsh'un*), acknowledgment ; knowledge confessed ; act of knowing again.

neck of the soldier, and kissed him, as if he were some martyr glorified by that shadow of death from which he was returning; whilst, on his part, the soldier, stepping back, and carrying his open hand through the beautiful motions of the military salute to a superior, makes this immortal answer—that answer which shut up forever the memory of the indignity offered to him, even while for the last time alluding to it: “Sir,” he said, “I told you before, that I would make you repent it.”

DE QUINCEY.

TO BE MEMORIZED.

No war, nor battle's sound, was heard the world around;

The idle spear and shield were high uphung;

The hooked chariot stood unstained with hostile blood;

The trumpet spake not to the armed throng;

And kings sat still with awful eye,

As if they surely knew their sovereign Lord was by.—MILTON.

91. THE RIGHT MUST WIN.

O IT is hard to work for God, to rise and take his part
Upon this battle-field of earth, and not sometimes lose heart!
He hides himself so wondrously, as though there were no God;
He is least seen when all the powers of ill are most abroad.

2. Ill masters good, good seems to change to ill with greatest ease;
And, worst of all, the good with good is at cross-purposes.—
Ah! God is other than we think; his ways are far above,
Far beyond reason's height, and reached only by child-like love.

3. Workman of God! O, lose not heart, but learn what God
is like;
And in the darkest battle-field thou shalt know where to strike.
Thrice blest is he to whom is given the instinct that can tell
That God is on the field when he is most invisible.¹

¹ In *vis'ible*, not able or fitted to be seen; not capable of being seen by the eye; as, “To us *invisible*, or dimly seen in these thy works.”

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4. Blest, too, is he who can divine where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems wrong to man's blindfold eye.
For right is right, since God is God ; and right the day must win ;
To doubt would be disloyalty, to falter would be sin ! FABER.¹

92. SURVEY OF THE UNIVERSE.

THERE is a God. The plants of the valley and the cedars of the mountains bless His name ; the insect hums His praise ; the elephant salutes Him with the rising day ; the bird glorifies Him among the foliage ; the lightning bespeaks His power, and the ocean declares His immensity.

2. Man alone has said, "*There is no God.*" Has he then in adversity never raised his eyes toward heaven ? Has he in prosperity never cast them on the earth ? Is Nature so far from him that he has not been able to contemplate its wonders ; or does he consider them as the mere results of fortuitous² causes ? But how could chance have compelled crude and stubborn materials to arrange themselves in such exquisite order ?

3. It might be asserted that man is the idea of God displayed, and the universe His imagination made manifest. They who have admitted the beauty of nature as a proof of a Supreme intelligence, ought to have pointed out a truth which greatly enlarges the sphere of wonders. It is this : motion and rest, darkness and light, the seasons, the revolutions of the heavenly bodies which give variety to the decorations of the world, are successive only in appearance, and permanent in reality.

4. The scene that fades upon our view is painted in brilliant

¹ Frederick William Faber, a distinguished English author and Catholic divine, was born in Yorkshire in 1814, and died in 1863.

² For tū'i tous, happening by chance ; occurring or coming unexpectedly, or taking place without any known cause.

colors for another people; it is not the spectacle that is changed, but the spectator. Thus God has combined in His work absolute duration and progressive duration. The first is placed in time, the second in space; by means of the former, the beauties of the universe are one, infinite, and invariable; by means of the latter, they are multiplied, finite, and perpetually renewed. Without the one, there would be no grandeur in the creation; without the other, it would exhibit nothing but dull uniformity.

5. Here time appears to us in a new point of view; the smallest of its fraction becomes a complete whole, which comprehends all things, and in which all things transpire, from the death of an insect to the birth of a world; each minute is in itself a little eternity. Combine, then, at the same moment, in imagination, the most beautiful incidents of nature; represent to yourself at once all the hours of the day and all the seasons of the year, a spring morning and an autumnal morning, a night spangled with stars and a night overcast with clouds, meadows enameled with flowers, forests stripped by the frosts, and fields glowing with their golden harvests; you will then have a just idea of the prospect of the universe.

6. While you are gazing with admiration upon the sun sinking beneath the western arch, another beholds it emerging from the regions of Aurora.¹ By what inconceivable magic does it come, that this aged luminary which retires to rest, as if weary and heated, in the dusky arms of night, is at the very same moment that youthful orb which awakes bathed in dew, and sparkling through the gray curtains of the dawn? Every moment of the day the sun is rising, glowing at his zenith,² and setting on the world; or rather our senses deceive us, and there is no real sunrise, noon, or sunset.

¹ *Au rō'ra*, the dawn of day; the rising light of morning.

² *Zē'nith*, the point of the heavens directly overhead.

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7. The whole is reduced to a fixed point, from which the orb of day emits, at one and the same time, three lights from one single substance. This triple splendor is perhaps the most beautiful incident in nature; for, while it affords an idea of the perpetual magnificence and omnipotence of God, it exhibits a most striking image of His glorious Trinity. We can not conceive what a scene of confusion nature would present if it were abandoned to the sole movements of matter. The clouds, obedient to the laws of gravity, would fall perpendicularly upon the earth, or ascend in pyramids into the air; a moment afterward the atmosphere would be too dense or too rarefied, for the organs of respiration.

8. The moon, either too near or too distant, would at one time be invisible, at another would appear bloody and covered with enormous spots, or would alone fill the whole celestial concave with its disproportional orb. Seized, as it were, with a strange kind of madness, she would pass from one eclipse to another, or rolling from side to side, would exhibit that portion of her surface which earth has never yet beheld. The stars would appear to be under the influence of the same capricious¹ power; and nothing would be seen but a succession of tremendous² conjunctions.³

9. One of the summer signs would be speedily overtaken by one of the signs of winter; the Cow-herd would lead the Pleiades, and the Lion would roar in Aquarius; where the stars would dart along with the rapidity of lightning, there they would be suspended motionless; sometimes crowding together in groups, they would form a galaxy;³ at others,

¹ Capricious (ka prish' us), apt to change suddenly; freakish. conjunction when they are seen in the same part of the sky.

² Conjunction, the act of joining or being united. The heavenly bodies are said to be in

³ Gal'ax y, the Milky Way: a splendid assemblage of persons or things.

disappearing all at once, and, to use the expression of Tertullian,¹ rending the curtain of the universe, they would expose to view the abysses of eternity. No such appearances, however, will strike terror into the breast of man, until the day when the Almighty will drop the reins of the world, employing for its destruction, no other means than to leave it to itself.

CHATEAUBRIAND.

93. GOD'S GLORY IN CREATION.

THOU art, O God, the life and light.

Of all this wondrous world we see:

Its glow by day, its smile by night,

Are but reflections caught from thee.

Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,

And all things fair and bright are thine.

2. When day, with farewell beam, delays

Among the opening clouds of even,

And we can almost think we gaze

Through opening vistas into heaven,

Those hues that make the sun's decline

So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.

3. When night, with wings of starry gloom,

O'ershadows all the earth and skies,

Like some dark, beauteous bird whose plume

Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes,

That sacred gloom, those fires divine,

So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine.

¹ Ter tull' li an, one of the early Fathers of the Church.

² Francois Auguste Chateaubriand, was born in Brittany, of an ancient family, in 1769. For several years he resided in En-

gland. He returned to France in 1799, and in 1800 became one of the most celebrated authors in Europe, by publishing the "Genius of Christianity." He died at Paris in 1848.

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4. When youthful Spring around us breathes,
 Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh,
 And every flower that Summer wreathes
 Is born beneath thy kindling eye :
 Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
 And all things fair and bright are thine. MOORE.

94. THE PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

THE very steadfastness of the Almighty's liberality, flowing like a mighty ocean through the infinite¹ vast of the universe, makes his creatures forget to wonder at its wonderfulness, to feel true thanksgiving for its immeasurable goodness. The sun rises and sets so surely, the seasons run on amid all their changes with such inimitable² truth, that we take as a matter of course that which is amazing beyond all stretch of the imagination, and good beyond the widest expansion of the noblest human heart.

2. The poor man, with his half-dozen children, toils and often dies, under the vain labor of winning bread for them. God feeds his family of countless myriads swarming over the surface of all his countless worlds, and none know need but through the follies or the cruelty of their fellows.

3. God pours his light from innumerable³ suns on innumerable rejoicing planets; he waters them every-where in the fitting moment; he ripens the food of globes and of nations, and gives them fair weather to garner it; and from age to age, amid his creatures of endless forms and powers, in the beauty and the sunshine, and the magnificence of Nature, he seems to sing throughout creation the glorious song of his

¹ In finite, without limit or bound; perfect; very great.

² Inimitable, that can not be counted, enumerated, or numbered, for multitude; countless.

own divine joy in the immortality¹ of his youth, in the omnipotence² of his nature, in the eternity³ of his patience, and the abounding boundlessness of his love.

4. What a family hangs on his sustaining arm! The life and souls of infinite ages and uncounted worlds! Let a moment's failure of his power, of his watchfulness, or of his will to do good, occur, and what a sweep of death and annihilation⁴ through the universe!⁵ How stars would reel, planets expire, and nations perish!

5. But from age to age, no such catastrophe⁶ occurs, even in the midst of national crimes, and of atheism⁷ that denies the hand that made and feeds it: life springs with a power ever new; food springs up as plentifully to sustain it, and sunshine and joy are poured over all from the invisible throne of God, as the poetry of the existence he has given.

6. If there come seasons of dearth or of failure, they come but as warnings to proud and tyrannic⁸ man. The potato is smitten, that a nation may not be oppressed forever; and the harvest is diminished, that the laws of man's unnatural avarice⁹ may be rent asunder. And then again the sun shines, the rain falls, and the earth rejoices in a renewed beauty, and in a redoubled plenty.

¹ *Im'mor tál'i tŷ*, the quality of being free from death and destruction; deathlessness.

² *Om níp'o tence*, the state of being all-powerful.

³ *Eternity* (e tēr'ni tŷ), the state or condition which begins at death; everlastingness.

⁴ *An n'hi lā'tion*, the act of reducing to nothing; the act of destroying the form of a thing.

⁵ *U'ni verse*, all things created as a whole; the world.

⁶ *Catastrophe* (ka tās'tro fe), an event causing a change of the system or order of things; a final event usually of a disastrous or most unhappy nature.

⁷ *A'the ism*, the disbelief or denial of the existence of a God, or supreme intelligent Being.

⁸ *Ty rān'nic*, unjustly severe in government; oppressive; cruel.

⁹ *Av'a rice*, an excessive or undue love of money; greediness of wealth or gain.

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7. Never did the finger of God demonstrate¹ his beneficent² will more perspicuously³ than at this moment. The nations have been warned and rebuked, and again the bounty of heaven overflows the earth in golden billows of the ocean of abundance. God wills that all the arts of man to check his bounty, to create scarcity, to establish dearness to enfeeble the hand of the laborer, and curse the table of the poor, shall be put to shame; that his creatures shall eat and be glad, whether corn-dealers and speculators live or die.

WILLIAM HOWITT.⁴

95. TRUE HAPPINESS.

MY spirit is gay as the breaking of dawn,
As the breeze that sports o'er the sun-lighted lawn,
As the song of yon lark from his kingdom of light,
Or the harp-string that rings in the chambers of night.
For the world and its vapors, though darkly they fold,
I have light that can turn them to purple and gold,
Till they brighten the landscape they came to deface,
And deformity changes to beauty and grace.

2. Yet say not to selfish delights I must turn,
From the grief-laden bosoms around me that mourn;
For 'tis pleasure to share in each sorrow I see,
And sweet sympathy's tear is enjoyment to me.
Oh! blest is the heart, when misfortunes assail,
That is armed in content as a garment of mail,
For the grief of another that treasures its zeal,
And remembers no woe but the woe it can heal.

¹ Dem'onstrate, to prove to a certainty, or with clearness. author, born in 1795, died in 1879.

² Be nãf'i cent, abounding in goodness; charitable. He and his wife, Mary Howitt, prepared many books, jointly and separately, which were very popular,

³ Per spic'a ois ly, in a way clear to the understanding; plainly. especially juvenile ones. Mr. Howitt's writings in behalf of Irish relief were effective.

⁴ William Howitt, an English

3. When the storm gathers dark o'er the summer's young bloom,
 And each ray of the noontide is sheathed in gloom,
 I would be the rainbow high arching in air,
 Like a gleaming of hope on the brow of despair.
 When the burst of its fury is spent on the tower,
 And the buds are yet bowed with the weight of the shower,
 I would be the beam that comes warming and bright,
 And that bids them burst open to fragrance and light.
4. I would be the smile that comes breaking serene,
 O'er the features where lately affliction has been,
 Or the heart-speaking scroll after years of alloy,
 That brings home to the desolate tidings of joy;
 Or the life-giving rose odor borne by the breeze
 To the sense rising keen from the couch of disease,
 Or the whisper of charity tender and kind,
 Or the dawning of hope on the penitent's mind.
5. Then breathe, ye sweet roses, your fragrance around,
 And waken, ye wild birds, the grove with your sound;
 When the soul is unstained and the heart is at ease,
 There's a rapture in pleasures so simple as these.
 I rejoice in each sunbeam that gladdens the vale,
 I rejoice in each odor that sweetens the gale,
 In the bloom of the Spring, in the Summer's gay voice,
 With a spirit so gay, I rejoice! I rejoice!

GRIFFIN.

TO BE MEMORIZED

All that is good, all that is true, all that is beautiful, all that is beneficent; be it great or small, be it perfect or fragmentary, natural as well as supernatural, moral as well as material, comes from God.—

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

¹ Gerald Griffin, an eminent Irish author, who ended his days amongst the sons of B. De La Salle — the Christian Brothers — is famous as a Catholic novelist, whose works contain numerous powerful dramatic incidents and striking delineations of character. He has also written many very sweet and graceful verses.

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96. AN IDEAL FARM.

AS a work of art, I know few things more pleasing to the eye, or more capable of affording scope and gratification to a taste for the beautiful, than a well-situated, well-cultivated farm. The man of refinement will hang with never-wearied gaze on a landscape by Claude¹ or Salvator:² the price of a section of the most fertile land in the West would not purchase a few square feet of the canvas on which these great artists have depicted a rural scene. But nature has forms and proportions beyond the painter's skill; her divine pencil touches the landscape with living lights and shadows, never mingled on his pallet.

What is there on earth which can more entirely charm the eye or gratify the taste than a noble farm? It stands upon a southern slope, gradually rising with variegated ascent from the plain, sheltered from the north-western winds by woody heights broken here and there with moss-covered boulders, which impart variety and strength to the outline.

3. The native forest has been cleared from the greater part of the farm; but a suitable portion, carefully tended, remains in wood for economical purposes, and to give a picturesque effect to the landscape. The eye ranges round three-fourths of the horizon over a fertile expanse—bright with the cheerful waters of a rippling stream, a generous river, or a gleaming lake—dotted with hamlets, each with its modest spire; and, if the farm lies in the vicinity of the coast, a distant glimpse

¹ Claude, a landscape painter, called Lorraine, from the province of that name, where he was born in 1600. His works in Rome were so numerous and beautiful that he was recognized as a great master at 30 years of age. For more than

forty years afterward he resided in Italy, and painted until very old.

² Salvator Rosa, an Italian painter, poet, musician, and actor, was born in Arenella, near Naples, June 20, 1615, and died in Rome, March 15, 1673.

from the high grounds, of the mysterious, everlasting sea, completes the prospect.

4. It is situated off the high road, but near enough to the village to be easily accessible to the church, the school-house, the post-office, the railroad, a sociable neighbor, or a traveling friend. It consists in due proportion of pasture and tillage, meadow and woodland, field and garden. A substantial dwelling, with everything for convenience and nothing for ambition—with the fitting appendages of stable and barn and corn-barn and other farm buildings, not forgetting a spring-house with a living fountain of water—occupies, upon a gravely knoll, a position well chosen to command the whole estate.

5. A few acres on the front and on the sides of the dwelling, set apart to gratify the eye with the choicest forms of rural beauty, are adorned with a stately avenue, with noble, solitary trees, with graceful clumps, shady walks, a velvet lawn, a brook murmuring over a pebbly bed, here and there a grand rock whose cool shadow at sunset streams across the field; all displaying, in the real loveliness of nature, the original of those landscapes of which art in its perfection strives to give us the counterfeit presentment.

6. Animals of select breed, such as Paul Potter,¹ and Morland,² and Landseer,³ and Rosa Bonheur,⁴ never painted, roam the pastures, or fill the hurdles and the stalls; the

¹ Paul Potter, a Dutch painter, the superior of all contemporary artists in pictures of domestic animals, was born in Enkhuysen in 1625, and died in Amsterdam, Jan. 15, 1654.

² George Morland, an English painter, born in London, June 26, 1763, died there in 1806. At the present day his well-authenticated pictures bring large prices.

³ Sir Edwin Landseer, a painter of animals, was born in London in 1802, and died in 1873. No English painter of the century has been more universally popular.

⁴ Rosa Bonheur, a French painter of animals, whose works are widely known and have been compared to Landseer's, was born at Bordeaux, 1822. Her father was also a notable painter.

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plow walks in rustic majesty across the plain, and opens the genial bosom of the earth to the sun and air; nature's holy sacrament of seed-time is solemnized beneath the vaulted cathedral sky; silent dews and gentle showers, and kindly sunshine, shed their sweet influence on the teeming soil; springing verdure clothes the plain; golden wavelets, driven by the west wind, run over the joyous wheat-field; and the tall maize flaunts in her crispy leaves and nodding tassels.

7. While we labor and while we rest, while we wake and while we sleep, God's chemistry, which we can not see, goes on beneath the clouds; myriads and myriads of vital cells ferment with elemental life; germ and stalk, and leaf and flower, and silk and tassel, and grain and fruit, grow up from the common earth. The mowing-machine and the reaper—mute rivals of human industry—perform their gladsome task. The well-filled wagon brings home the ripened treasures of the year. The bow of promise fulfilled spans the foreground of the picture, and the gracious covenant is redeemed, that while the earth remaineth, summer and winter, heat and cold, and day and night, and seed-time and harvest, shall not fail.

EVERETT.¹

97. WHAT IS NOBLE?

WHAT is noble?—to inherit wealth, estate, and proud degree?—

There must be some other merit higher yet than these for me!—
Something greater far must enter into life's majestic span,
Fitted to create and center true nobility in man.

¹ **Edward Everett**, an American statesman, orator, and man of letters, was born in Dorchester, near Boston, Mass., in 1794, died in 1865. He was a member of both houses of Congress, Governor of

Massachusetts, Ambassador to England, President of Harvard College, and Secretary of State. As a scholar, rhetorician, and orator, he has had but few equals. His prose style is of extraordinary excellence.

2. What is noble?—'tis the finer portion of our mind and heart,
Linked to something still diviner than mere language can impart.
Ever prompting—ever seeing some improvement yet to plan;
To uplift our fellow being, and, like man, to feel for man!

3. What is noble?—is the sabre nobler than the humble spade?
There's a dignity in labor truer than e'er pomp arrayed!
He who seeks the mind's improvement aids the world, in aiding mind!
Every great commanding movement serves not one, but all mankind.

4. O'er the forge's heat and ashes—o'er the engine's iron head—
Where the rapid shuttle flashes, and the spindle whirls its thread:
There is labor, lowly tending each requirement of the hour—
There is genius, still extending science, and its world of power.

5. 'Mid the dust, and speed, and clamor, of the loom-shed and
the mill,
'Midst the clink of wheel and hammer, great results are growing still!
Though too oft, by fashion's creatures, work and workers may be
blamed,
Commerce need not hide its features—Industry is not ashamed!

6. What is noble?—that which places truth in its enfranchised
will,
Leaving steps, like angel traces, that mankind may follow still!
E'en though scorn's malignant glances prove him poorest of his clan.
He's the Noble—who advances Freedom and the Cause of Man!

SWAIN.¹

TO BE MEMORIZED.

*He prayeth best who loveth best all things, both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us, He made and loveth all.*—COLERIDGE.

¹ Charles Swain, the "Manchester Poet," was born in Manchester, England, in 1803, and died in 1874. He was at first a dyer, but at thirty years of age changed his occupation for that of an engraver. His first literary productions appeared

in periodicals. He published "Metrical Essays," in 1828; "Beauties of the Mind," in 1831; and an admirable elegy on Sir Walter Scott, in 1832. His numerous subsequent publications are deservedly popular in England.

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98. ARTS OF EXPRESSION.

NATURE teaches and enforces many things for human development and instruction; the ordinary occupations of life assist the same design; but this is not all. Men are possessed of great and divine ideas and sentiments; and to paint them, sculpture them, build them in architecture, sing them in music, utter them in eloquent speech, write them in books, in essays, sermons, poems, dramas, fictions, philosophies, histories—this is an irresistible propensity of human nature.

2. Art, inspiration, power, in these forms, naturally places itself at the head of the human influences by which the world is cultivated and carried forward. The greatest thing in the world doubtless is a sacred life; the greatest power, a pure example; but this is the *end* of all, and we do not here contemplate it as a means. As means, art is greatest. A beautiful thought, a great idea, made to quicken the intellect, to touch the heart, to penetrate the life—this is the grandest office that can be committed to human hands. Every faithful artist of every grade, belongs to this magnificent Institute for the instruction of the world.

3. There is one grand mistake often made in the appreciation of art, arising from the honor and fame that attend it. I suspect that it is quite a common notion that men study, write, speak, paint, build, for *fame*. Totally and infinitely otherwise is the fact with all true men. They live for an idea—live to develop, embody, express it; and all extraneous considerations only hinder and hurt their work.

4. But this is often misunderstood. Believe me, the effluence² of genius can no more be bought or sold than the light

¹ *Ob'tem plate*, to look at on all sides; to study.

² *Efflu ence*, that which flows from any thing; a flowing out.

that streams from the fountain of day. It is the light of the world; and it is not man's purchase, but God's gift; it is God's light shining through the soul. It shines into the artist's studio and philosopher's laboratory; it falls upon the still places of deep meditation; the pen that writes immortal song, immortal thought in any form, is a rod that conveys the lightning from heaven to earth; and the breath of eloquent speech is an *afflatus*¹ that comes from far above windy currents of human applause.

5. It concerns my purpose here, to insist on this mission of all true intellectual labor, and to remind every worker in this field, however high or however humble, of his real vocation. "I am not distinguished," one may say; "the world, Europe, England, does not know me—will never know me." What then? Do what thou canst. Somebody will know it. No true word or work is ever lost. Stand thou in thy lot; do thy work; for the great Being that framed the world assuredly meant that somebody should do it—that men and women of various gifts should do it, as they are able.

6. Why can we not look at the goodly band of human occupations and arts as it is; and depreciate² no *trade* that is necessary, no *art* that is useful, no ministration that springs from the bosom of nature, and is thus clearly ordained of Heaven? If there be abuses of such ministration, let them be remedied; but rejection and scorn of any one thing that God has made to be or to be done, is not lawful, nor reverent to Heaven.

7. Let this whole system of nature and life appear as it is; as it stands in the great order and design of Providence. Let nature, *let* the solid world, be more than a material world—even the area on which a grand moral structure is to be built

¹ *Afflatus*, a breath; a divine message.

² *Depreciate* (de prē'shi āt), to lower in price or worth; underrate,

up; itself helping the ultimate design in many ways. Let the works of man take their proper place—the place assigned them in the plan of Heaven. Let agriculture lay the basis of the world-building. Let mechanism and manufacture rear and adorn the vast abode of life. Let trade and commerce replenish it with their treasures. Let the liberal and learned professions stand as stately pillars in the edifice of society.

8. But when all this is done, still there are wants to be supplied. There is a thought in the bosom of humanity that longs to be uttered. The heart of the world would break, if there were no voice to give it relief—to give it utterance. There is, too, a slumber upon the world which needs that voice. There are dim corners and dark caverns, that want light. There is weariness to be cheered, and pain to be soothed, and the dull routine of toil to be relieved, and the dry, dead matter of fact to be invested with hues of imagination, and the mystery of life to be cleared up, and a great, dread blank destitution that needs resource and refreshment—needs inspiring beauty and melody to breathe life into it.

9. Then let the artist men come and do their work. Let statues stand in many a niche and recess, and pictures hang upon the wall, that shall fill the surrounding air with their sublimity and loveliness. Let essays and histories, let written speech and printed books, be ranged in unending alcoves, to pour instruction upon the world. Let poetry and fiction lift up the heavy curtains of sense and materialism, and unfold visions of beauty, like the flushes of morning, or of parting day behind the dark mountains. Let music wave its wings of light and air through the world, and sweep the chords that are strung in the human heart with its entrancing melodies. Let lofty and commanding eloquence thunder in the ears of men the words of truth and justice, or in strains as sweet as angels use, whisper peace. Let majestic philoso-

phy touch the dark secret of life, and turn its bright side as a living light upon the paths of men.

10. I believe in a better day that is coming. Improved agriculture, manufacture and mechanism, less labor and more result, more leisure, better culture, high philosophy, beautiful art, inspiring music, resources that will not need the base appliances of sense, will come; and with them truth, purity, and virtue; reverent piety building its altar in all human abodes; and the worship that is gentleness and disinterestedness, and holy love, hallowing all the scene; and human life will go forth, amidst the beautiful earth and beneath the blessed heavens, in harmony with their spirit, in fulfillment of their high teaching and intent, and in communion with the all-surrounding light and loveliness.

DEWEY.¹

99. THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

SWEET Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain,
Where smiling Spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting Summer's lingering blooms delayed;
Dear, lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene!
How often have I paused on every charm—
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topped the neighboring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made!

¹ Orville Dewey, D.D., a distinguished American author and divine; was born in Massachusetts in 1794, and died in 1882. He had

a rich imagination and great depth of thought. His style is artistic, scholarly, adapted to the thought, and of rare excellence.

2. How often have I blessed the coming day,
When toil remitting¹ lent its aid to play,
And all the village train, from labor free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree !
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old surveyed ;
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round.
3. And, still, as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired :
The dancing pair, that simply sought renown
By holding out to tire each other down ;
The swain, mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter tittered round the place ;
The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
The matron's glance that would these looks reprove :
These were thy charms, sweet village ! sports like these.
With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please ;
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed,
These were thy charms ; but all these charms are fled.
4. Sweet, smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn :
Amid thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green ;
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain.
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But, choked with sedges, works its weedy way ;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest ;
Amid thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the moldering wall ;

¹ *re mit'ting*, given up for a time ; made lax or less.

And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

5. Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay :
Princes and lords may flourish or may fade ;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made,
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed can never be supplied.
A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintained its man ;
For him light labor spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life required, but gave no more ;
His best companions, innocence and health ;
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

6. But times are altered : trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain ;¹
Along the lawn, where scattered hamlets rose,
Unwieldly wealth and cumbrous pomp repose ;
And every want to luxury allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that asked but little room,
Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,
Lived in each look, and brightened all the green —
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

7. Sweet Auburn ! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
Amid thy tangling walks and ruined grounds,
And, many a year elapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

¹ Swain, a rustic ; a youth who lives in the country.

8. In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
Amid these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose :
I still had hopes—for pride attends us still—
Amid the swains* to show my book-learned skill ;
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt and all I saw ;
And as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return—and die at home at last.
9. O blessed retirement ! friend to life's decline,
Retreat from care, that never must be mine,
How blessed is he who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth of labor with an age of ease ;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly !
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep ;
Nor surly porter stands, in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate ;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend ;
Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way ;
And all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past.
10. Sweet was the sound, when oft, at evening's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose :
There, as I passed with careless steps and slow
The mingling notes came softened from below ;
The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young ;

The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
 The playful children just let loose from school ;
 The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,
 And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind :
 These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
 And filled each pause the nightingale had made.

11. But now the sounds of population fail,
 No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
 No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
 But all the bloomy flush of life is fled :
 All but yon widowed, solitary thing,
 That feebly bends beside the plashy spring :
 She, wretched matron, forced in age, for bread,
 To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
 To pick her wintry fagot from the thorn,
 To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn—
 She only left of all the harmless train,
 The sad historian of the pensive plain.

GOLDSMITH.

TO BE MEMORIZED.

Throughout this beautiful and wonderful creation there is never-ceasing motion, without rest by night or day, ever weaving to and fro. Swifter than a weaver's shuttle, it flies from birth to death, from death to birth ; from the beginning seeks the end and finds it not ; for the seeming end is only a dim beginning of a new out-going and endeavor after the end. As the ice upon the mountain, when the warm breath of the summer's sun breathes upon it, melts, and divides into drops, each of which reflects an image of the sun, so life, in the smile of God's love, divides itself into separate forms, each bearing in it, and reflecting an image of God's love.—LONGFELLOW.

¹ Oliver Goldsmith, one of the most pleasing of English classic writers, was born at Pallas, Ireland, in 1728, and died in 1774. His original works of prose and

verse are unsurpassed in characteristic excellence. He was a great, perhaps an unequalled master of the arts of selection, classification, and condensation.

100. THE EXILE OF ERIN.

THERE came to the beach a poor exile of Erin ;
 The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill ;
 For his country he sighed, when at twilight repairing
 ' To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.
 But the day-star attracted his eyes' sad devotion ;
 For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean,
 Where once, in the fire of his youthful emotion,
 He sang the bold anthem of Erin-go-bragh.

2. "Sad is my fate," said the heart-broken stranger :
 "The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee ;
 But I have no refuge from famine and danger,
 A home and a country remain not to me.
 Never again, in the green sunny bowers
 Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend the sweet hours !
 Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers,
 And strike to the numbers of Erin-go-bragh.
3. "Erin, my country ! though sad and forsaken,
 In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore ;
 But, alas ! in a far foreign land I awaken,
 And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more !
 Oh, cruel fate ! wilt thou never replace me
 In a mansion of peace where no perils can chase me ?
 Never again shall my brothers embrace me !
 They died to defend me, or live to deplore !
4. "Where is my cabin door, fast by the wild wood ?
 Sisters and sire, did ye weep for its fall ?
 Where is the mother that looked on my childhood ?
 And where is the bosom-friend dearer than all ?
 Ah ! my sad heart, long abandoned by pleasure !
 Why did it dote on a fast-fading treasure ?
 Tears like the rain-drops may fall without me,
 But rapture and beauty they can not recall.

5. "Yet all its sad recollections suppressing,
 One dying wish my lone bosom can draw ;
 Erin ! an Exile bequeaths thee his blessing !
 Land of my forefathers, Erin-go-bragh !
 Buried and cold, when my heart stills her motion,
 Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean !
 And thy harp striking bards sing aloud with devotion,
 Erin, mavourneen, Erin-go-bragh !"

CAMPBELL.¹

101. THE CROSS AND THE HARP.

RELIGION and nationality have ever been intimately associated in the minds and hearts of the Irish people. The events of the past three hundred years show that the efforts of the Irish were chiefly directed to obtain liberty of conscience, the noblest of all liberties. The struggles of the Anglo-Norman period were up thoughts, not only of political tyranny, but also of high-handed attempts of English kings to impose a system of ecclesiastical discipline at variance with the ruling of the Sovereign Pontiff and the spirit of the Catholic Church.

2. The three centuries of warfare with the Danes remind us that the chieftains strove both to expel despotic rulers and to punish the insulters of their holy religion. The blessed era of St. Patrick and the happy times that followed it, are also illustrative of this association of ideas. Under the banner of the Cross the Irish people won their noblest victories. Druidism was completely crushed, and Ireland, in the brightness of her faith and learning became, for a time, the day star of Europe's civilization.

¹ Thomas Campbell, the poet, was born in Glasgow in 1777, and died in 1844. His first extended poem, "The Pleasures of Hope,"

is probably the finest didactic poem of the English language. His lyrical pieces are also of unusual excellence.

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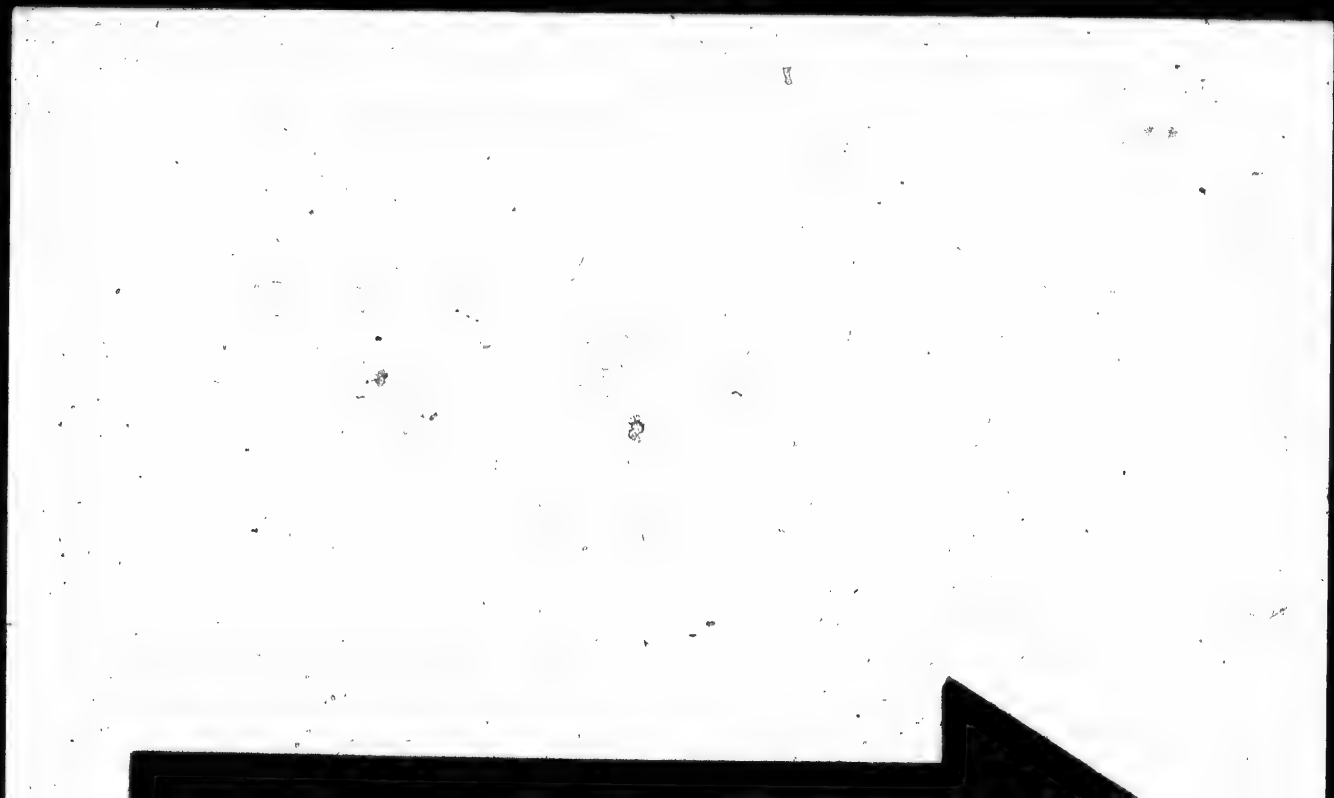
3. The glories of Ireland are her heroic struggles for the Faith. These are her pride and her boast, and if they were erased from her history, but little worthy of mention would be left. The days of "Conn of the Hundred Battles" and "Nial of the Nine Hostages" are days of bloody wars carried on merely for their own sake; and if freed from the myth that surrounds them, they would only prove what has since been often shown in a far better cause—that the Irish are a brave and hardy nation.

4. But afterward, when, animated with religious zeal, they filled the land with churches and schools, became the evangelizers of pagans, and the teachers of barbarians, the Irish people covered themselves with true glory. In that tumultuous period, when other nations boasted of rapine and destruction, and kings gloried in the multitudes they had reduced to misery, Ireland alone pursued the noble calling of improving the moral and intellectual condition of her neighbors, of bravely building up what others had savagely pulled down.

5. It was the prevalence of religious motives that made sacred the wars of the Ulster chieftains, and flung the odium of Christendom on their opponents, when the latter refused religious toleration. The heroism of Sarsfield would lose its highest significance, were it not that freedom of conscience was the paramount idea in his mind.

6. Few can admire the rebellion of "Silken Thomas," unless we allow the admiration that is given to reckless unproductive bravery. But every right-thinking person must pay a tribute of respect to the gallant Owen Roe O'Neill, who, before his battles invoked the aid of the Lord of Hosts; who, after his victories, never failed to offer Him thanksgiving; and who, when the day of adversity appeared, bowed his head, exclaiming, "Thy will be done."





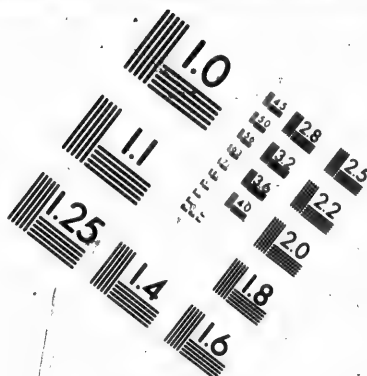
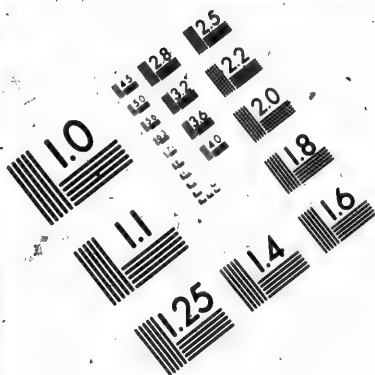
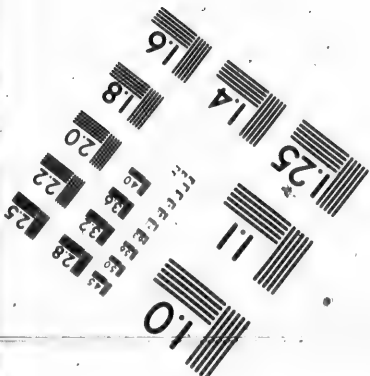
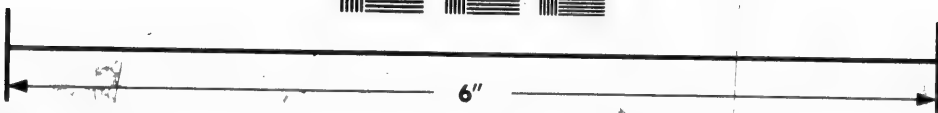
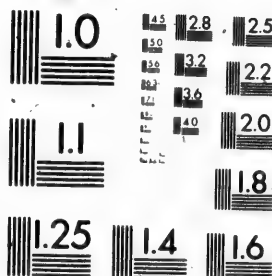


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7. The passage of the Emancipation Bill won for O'Connell his greatest fame. While the struggle for that important measure lasted, all the world sympathized with him; when it became law and a whole nation was made religiously free, the world admired and applauded him. So, whether we consider the career of the nation or of the individual, the Irish race is famous for its unswerving attachment to religion as well as to country, its love for the cross as well as the harp. Other nations have fought for liberty, too, but frequently it was such liberty as the socialist seeks—the liberty to trample on all laws, civil and divine.

8. Irishmen's struggles for freedom have been associated with the dearest and grandest of principles, to obtain just and equitable¹ laws, and a due share of the sacred rights of humanity. This combination of spiritual and physical good is the brilliant and abiding feature in Irish history. It has made Ireland a nation of heroes and saints, and it has caused priest and layman to work hand in hand for the same glorious purpose. Let us hope that the day will never come when this noble union will be dissolved—when the triumphs of the cross will cease to be themes for the harp.

102. DANIEL O'CONNELL.

PART FIRST.

THE destinies of nations are in the hands of God, and when the hour of His mercy comes, and a nation is to regain the first of its rights, the free exercise of its faith and religion, He, who is never wanting to His own designs, ever provides for that hour a leader for His people—wise, high-minded, seeking the kingdom of God, honorable in his labors,

¹Equitable (ĕk'wī tā bl), upright; impartial.

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strong in conflict with his enemies, triumphant in the issue, and crowned with glory. Nor was Ireland forgotten in the designs of God. Centuries of patient endurance brought at last the dawn of a better day. God's hour came, and it brought with it, Ireland's greatest son, Daniel O'Connell.¹ His generation is passing away, and the light of history already dawns upon his grave, and she speaks his name with cold, unimpassioned voice.

2. In this age of hours, a few years are as a century of times gone by. Great changes and startling events follow each other in such quick succession that the greatest names are forgotten almost as soon as those who bore them disappear: and the world itself is surprised to find how short-lived is the fame which promises to be immortal. He who is inscribed even in the golden book of the world's annals finds that he has but written his name upon water.

3. The Church alone is the true shrine of immortality, the temple of fame which perisheth not; and that man only whose name and memory are preserved in her sanctuaries receives on this earth a reflection of the glory which is eternal in heaven. But before the Church will crown any one of her children, she carefully examines his claims to the immortality of her gratitude and praise—she asks: What has he done for God and man? This great question am I come here to answer to-day for him whose tongue, once so eloquent, is now stilled in the silence of the grave. And I claim for Daniel O'Connell the meed of our gratitude and love, in that he was a man of faith, whom wisdom guided in "the right ways," who loved and sought "the kingdom of God," who was "most honorable in his labors," and who accomplished his "great works"; the liberator of his race, the father of

¹ Daniel O'Connell, the distinguished political agitator, was born in a poor Irish orator and unwavering. 1775 and died in 1847.

his people, the conqueror in the "undefiled conflict" of principle, truth, and justice.

4. Toward the close of the last century, the Catholics of Ireland were barely allowed to live, and were expected to be grateful even for the boon of existence: the profession of the Catholic faith was a complete bar and an insurmountable¹ obstacle to all advancement in the path of worldly advantage, honor, dignity, and even wealth. The fetters of conscience hung heavily also upon genius, and every prize to which lawful ambition might aspire was beyond the reach of those who refused to deny the religion of their fathers and forget their country.

5. Among the victims of this religious and intellectual slavery was one, who was marked amongst the youth of his time. Of birth which in any other land would be called noble, gifted with a powerful and comprehensive intelligence, a prodigious² memory, a most fertile imagination,³ pouring forth its images in a vein of richest oratory, a generous spirit, a most tender heart, enriched with stores of varied learning and genius of the highest order, graced with every form of manly beauty, strength, and vigor, of powerful frame—nothing seemed wanting to him, and yet all seemed to be lost in him: for he was born a Catholic and an Irishman.

6. Before him now stretched, full and broad, the two ways of life, and he must choose between them: the way which led to all the world prized—wealth, power, distinction, glory, and fame; the way of genius, the noble rivalry of intellect, the association with all that was most refined and refining—the way which led up to the council chambers of the nation.

¹ In'sur mount'a ble, not to be overcome or passed over.

² Prodigious (pro did'jūs), astonishing; strangely unusual; vast.

³ Im äg'i nā'tion, the image-making power of the mind which creates or reproduces ideally objects of sense before perceived.

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to all places of jurisdiction¹ and of honor, to the temples wherein were enshrined historic names and glorious memories, to a share in all blessings of privilege and freedom. The stirrings of genius, the promptings of youthful ambition, the consciousness of vast, intellectual power, which placed within his easy grasp the highest prizes to which the "last infirmity of noble minds" could aspire—all this impelled him to enter upon the bright and golden path.

7. But before him opened another way. No gleam of sunshine illumined this way; it was wet with tears, it was overshadowed by misfortune—it was pointed out to the young traveler of life by the sign of the Cross, and he who entered it was bidden to leave all hope behind him, for it led through the valley of humiliation into the heart of a fallen race and an enslaved and afflicted people. I claim for O'Connell the glory of having chosen this latter path. Into this way was he led by his love for his religion and for his country. He had that faith which is common to all Catholics, and which is not merely a strong opinion, or even a conviction, but an absolute and most certain knowledge that the Catholic Church is the one and only true messenger and witness of God upon earth; that to belong to her Communion and possess her faith is the greatest and best of all endowments and privileges, before which everything else sinks into absolute nothing.

8. The strength of his faith left him no alternative but to proclaim loudly his religion and to cast in his lot with his people. That religion was the people's only inheritance. Our national history begins with our faith, and is so interwoven with our holy religion, that if you separate these, our country's name disappears from the world's annals. Whilst on the other hand, Ireland Christian and Catholic, which

¹ *Ju ris dic'tion*, the legal place where the law is applied. It is limited to place, or power to make, declare, or apply the law. It is limited to persons, or subjects.

means Ireland holy, Ireland everything, Ireland teaching the nations of Europe, Ireland upholding in every land the Cross and the Crown, Ireland suffering for the faith as people never suffered, has her name written in letters of gold upon the proudest page of history.

9. Ireland and her religion were so singularly bound together that, in days of prosperity and peace, they shone together; in days of sorrow and shame they sustained one another. When the ancient religion was driven from her sanctuaries, she still found a temple in every cabin in the land, an altar and a home in the heart of every Irishman. The faith, and the faith alone, became to the Irish people the principle of their vitality and national existence, the only element of freedom and of hope. All this O'Connell felt and knew. He was Irish of the Irish, and Catholic of the Catholic. His love for religion and country was as the breath of his nostrils, the blood of his veins; and when he brought to the service of both the strength of his faith and the power of his genius, with the instinct of a true Irishman, his first thought was to lift up the nation by striking the chains off the national Church.

10. Here, again, two ways opened before him. One was a way in which many had trodden in former times, many pure and high-minded, noble and patriotic men; it was a way of danger and of blood, and the history of his country told him that it ever ended in defeat and in greater evil. The sad events which took place round about him warned him off that way: for he saw that the effort to walk in it had swept away the last vestige of Ireland's national legislature and independence. Another way was open before him, which wisdom pointed out as the "right way." Another battlefield lay before him on which he could "fight the good fight." The armory was furnished by the inspired apostle when he

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said: "Take unto you the armor of God. Having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of justice, and your feet shod with the preparation of the Gospel of Peace, in all things taking the shield of faith. And take unto you the sword of the spirit which is the Word."

11. O'Connell knew well that such weapons in such a hand as his were irresistible—that, girt round with the truth and justice of his cause, he was clad in the armor of the Eternal God; that, with words of peace and order on his lips, with the strong shield of faith before him and the sword of eloquent speech in his hand, with the war-cry of obedience, principle, and law, no power on earth could resist him, for it is the battle of God, and nothing can resist the Most High. Accordingly, he raised the standard of the new way, and unfurled the banner on which was written, freedom to be achieved by the power of truth, the cry of justice, the assertion of right, and the omnipotence of the law. Religious liberty and perfect legal equality was his first demand.

103. DANIEL O'CONNELL.

PART SECOND.

THE new apostle of freedom went through the length and breadth of Ireland. His eloquent words revived the hopes and stirred up the energies of the nation; the people and their priesthood rallied around him as one man; they became more formidable to their enemies by the might of justice and reason, and they showed themselves worthy of liberty by their respect for the law. Never was Ireland more excited, yet never was Ireland more peaceful. The people were determined on gaining their religious freedom.

2. Irishmen, from 1822 to 1829, were as fiercely determined, on their new battle-field, as they had been in the

breaches of Limerick or on the slopes of Fontenoy. They were marshalled by a leader as brave as Sarsfield and as daring as R  d Hugh. He led them against the strongest citadel in the world, and even as the walls of the city of old crumbled to dust at the sound of Israel's trumpet, so, at the sound of his mighty voice, who spoke in the name of a united people, "the lintels of the doors were moved," and the gates were opened which 300 years of pride and prejudice had barred against our people.

3. The first decree of our liberation went forth: on the 13th of April, 1829, Catholic Emancipation was proclaimed and seven millions of Catholic Irishmen entered the nation's legislature in the person of O'Connell. It was the first and greatest victory of peaceful principle which our age has witnessed, the grandest triumph of justice and of truth, the most glorious victory of the genius of one man, and the first great act of homage, which Ireland's rulers paid to the religion of the people, and which Ireland's people paid to the great principle of peaceful agitation.

4. O'Connell's first and greatest triumph was the result of his strong faith and ardent zeal for his religion and his Church. The Church was to him, as it is to us, "the Kingdom of God," and in his labors for it, "he was made honorable" and received from a grateful people the grandest title ever given to man. Ireland called him "The Liberator." He was honorable in his labors, when we consider the end which he proposed to himself. He devoted himself, his talents, his energies, his power, to the glory of God, to the liberation of God's Church, to the emancipation of his people: This was the glorious end: nor were the means less honorable.

5. Fair, open, manly self-assertion: high, solemn appeal to eternal principles: noble and unceasing proclamation of rights founded in justice and in the constitution; peaceful

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but most powerful pressure of a people, united by his genius, inflamed by his eloquence, and guided by his vast knowledge and wisdom—these were the honorable means by which he accomplished his great work, and this great work was the achievement which gained for him not only the title of Liberator of Ireland, but even the œcumenical title of the Liberator of Christ's Church. Were it only to Ireland that Emancipation has been profitable, where is the man in the Church who has freed at once seven millions of souls? Challenge your recollection, search history from that first and famous edict which granted to the Christians liberty of conscience, and see if there are to be found many such acts, comparable by the extent of their effects with that of Catholic Emancipation. Seven millions of souls are now free to serve and love God even to the end of time; and each time that this people, advancing in their existence and their liberty, shall recall to memory the aspect of the man who studied the secret of their ways, they will ever find the name of O'Connell, both on the latest pages of their servitude and on the first of their regeneration.

6. His glorious victory did honor even to those whom he vanquished. He honored them by appealing to their sense of justice and of right; and in the act of Catholic Emancipation, England acknowledged the power of a people, not asking for mercy, but clamoring for the liberty of the soul, the blessing which was born with Christ, and which is the inheritance of the nations that embrace the Cross. Catholic Emancipation was but the herald and the beginning of victories. He, who was the Church's liberator and most true son, was also the first of Ireland's statesmen and patriots. Our people remember well, as their future historian will faithfully record, the many trials borne for them, the many victories gained in their cause, the great life devoted to them by O'Connell.

7. It is with tears of sorrow that we recall that aged man, revered, beloved, whom all the glory of the world's admiration and the nation's love had never lifted up in soul out of the holy atmosphere of Christian humility and simplicity. Obedience to the Church's laws, quick zeal for the honor and dignity of her worship; a spirit of penance, refining whilst it expiated, chastening whilst it ennobled all that was natural in the man; constant and frequent use of the Church's holy sacraments, which shed the halo of grace round his venerated head—these were the last grand lessons which he left to his people, and thus did the sun of his life set in the glory of Christian holiness.

8. For Ireland he lived, for Ireland did he die. The people whom he had so faithfully served, whom he loved with a love second only to his love for God, were decimated by a visitation the most terrible the world ever witnessed; the nations of the earth trembled, and men grew pale at the sight of Ireland's desolation. Her tale of famine, of misery, of death, was told in every land. Her people fled affrighted from the soil which had forgotten its ancient bounty, or died, their white lips uttering the last faint cry for bread.

9. All this the aged father of his country beheld. Neither his genius, nor his eloquence, nor his love, could now save his people, and the spirit was crushed which had borne him triumphantly through all dangers and toil; the heart broke within him, that brave and generous heart which had never known fear, and whose ruling passion was love for Ireland. The martyred spirit, the broken heart of the great Irishman led him to the holiest spot of earth, and with tottering steps he turned to Rome. The man whose terrible voice in life shook the highest tribunals of earth in imperious demand for justice to Ireland, now sought the Apostles' tomb, that, from that threshold of heaven, he might put up a cry for mercy

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to his country and people, and offer up his life for his native land. Like the prophet king, he would fain stand between the people and the angel who smote them and offer himself a victim and a holocaust¹ for the land he loved.

10. But on the shores of the Mediterranean the weary traveler lay down to die. He had led a mighty nation to the opening of the "right way," and directed her first and doubtful steps in the path of conciliation and justice to Ireland. The seed which his hand had sown it was not given to him to reap in its fullness. Catholic Emancipation was but the first installment of liberty. The edifice of religious freedom was to be crowned when the wise architect who had laid its foundations and built up its walls was in his grave.

11. Time, which touches all things with mellowing hand, has softened the recollections of past contests, and they who once looked upon him as a foe now only remember the glory of the fight, and the mighty genius of him who stood forth the representative man of his race, and the champion of his people. His praise is in the Church, and this is the surest pledge of the immortality of his glory. A people's voice may be the proof and echo of all human fame, but the voice of the undying Church is the echo of everlasting glory.

Wm. REV. THOMAS N. BURKE.

TO BE MEMORIZED.

*Greatness and goodness are not means, but ends !
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The good great man ?—three treasures, love and light,
And calm thoughts, regular as infant's breath ;
And three firm friends, more sure than day and night—
Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death.*—COLERIDGE.

¹ *Hól'o caust*, a burnt sacrifice summed by fire. A kind of sacrifice or offering, all of which was consumed in use among Jews, and pagans.

104. ROME.

PART FIRST.

THE city of Rome is a permanent storehouse of study. Every hill and hollow in it has a story with which the world is concerned. Here it is a column, there an arch; a little farther on, the ruins of a temple, a bath, or a circus; or perhaps a palace or the tomb of an emperor.

2. As you casually pass, you see the tower where Nero¹ fiddled while Rome burned, or a part of the Servian wall, built 500 years before Christ. On the Palatine Hill, you see the pavements laid down while Rome was a republic, and in the stones of the Via Sacra, you see the ruts made by the wagon wheels.

3. But a step from the Forum, you pass the ruins of the golden house of Nero, and the palaces of the Cæsars, with their endless columns and arches, amidst which are seen mosaics and mural paintings almost as fresh and bright as when they came from the hands of the artist. All along this hill are walls so massive and ruins so gigantic that one is lost in wonder to know for what they could have been used.

4. Every-where in Rome, you see the wondrous changes time has wrought. The tomb of Augustus is now a low theater, while the great Mausoleum of Hadrian is a military fort. The gardens of the Pope were once the gardens of Nero, in whose walls is pointed out a tower from which, tradition says, this Roman monster was wont² to gloat upon the agonies of the Christian martyrs burning by his orders as torches to light up his gardens.

5. On the place where great Cæsar fell, stands the shop of a green-grocer; and but a step further off, is the old Flaminian

¹ Nero, Claudius Cæsar, the sixth of the Roman emperors, and the cruellest, was born in A. D. 37.

² Wont (wünt), accustomed.

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¹ Ob's link
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Way, now the Corso or Broadway of Rome. The arch of a temple has become the workshop of a cobbler, while the theater of Marcellus is ablaze with the fires of a dozen blacksmiths.

6. Come with me to the Forum, once the heart of the Roman Empire. On the way, you pass the Panthé'on and the Column of Trajan; palaces rich in their treasures of art, fountains, and obelisks.¹ Passing on through narrow streets, you suddenly emerge, to see before you a large opening covered with massive ruins. It is the Forum. Here Romulus and the Sabines met, fought, and became one people. Amid these broken arches and fluted columns, Cicero thundered, and Cato calmed the angry mob. For long years, it lay buried deep in its own ruins. It is now well cleared out.

7. Let us go up this long flight of steps, at whose top stands the Capitol. Turn and face the Forum. On your left, is the Ara Coeli, where formerly stood the temple of Jupiter Tonans; on the right, the Tarpean Rock, whence malefactors were hurled. At your feet, are the ruins of the temples of Concord, Saturn, Faustina, Castor and Pollux. Between them stand the Basilica Juliana, the arch of Severus, the Mamertine prison in which Saints Peter and Paul were confined; the Forum proper; the Rostrum where the laws were published; and the Umbilicus from whence all the great roads of Rome started.

8. A stone's throw to the right is the Palatine Hill, at whose base once stood the temple of the Vestal Virgins. In front, is the Via Sacra and the temple of Cæsar, built on the spot where Marc Antony burned the body of Cæsar in sight of all Rome. Just beyond, are the arches of Titus and Constantine; the temple of Venus; the Colisé'um; and the Via Triumphal, lying between the Celian and Palatine hills.

¹ Obelisk, an upright, four-sided pillar, gradually tapering as it rises, and terminating in a pyramidal top, called pyramidion.

9. Conceive, if you can, the grandeur of such a place. Imagine yourself amid its splendor; hear a Cicero and a Cato speaking, and a Marc Antony maddening Rome over the bleeding body of a Cæsar. See Rome's heroes as they pass along the Via Triumphæ, down the Via Sacra, kings chained to their chariot wheels, and the people shouting "Io Triumphe." From this Forum, went forth Rome's armies, and thither came the wild hordes of the North to make Rome a ruin. Here Pagan Rome began; here ended. None can stand amidst its ruins without a tear at its fall.

105. ROME.

PART SECOND.

OUT of the ruins of the Forum, rose a Rome mightier than her past. For three hundred years, Pagan Rome warred against Christ. She drove the Christians to the Catacombs,¹ and filled her prisons with martyrs. Yet Christianity lived while Rome waned and fell.

2. Constantine removed the seat of empire to the East, and built Constantinople to immortalize his name. The barbarians came, sacked and laid waste the seven-hilled Queen, making, like Babylon, her palaces dens for the wild beasts. Christianity came forth from her hiding-places, wept, and began Rome's regeneration.

3. Christian Rome bore the Cross to the ends of the world. Pagan Rome conquered by brute force; Christian Rome by moral force. The first fell because she was human; the second lives, and will live, because she represents God. Jerusalem alone excels Rome, because in Jerusalem the Word Incarnate lived and died. Christian Rome inherits the Divine of Jerusalem, hence she is "Eternal."

¹ Catacombs (kăt'a kômbz), large underground burying-places.

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4. Rome is essentially a holy city; and in her nature is unlike any other; hence she can only be judged by her own standard. She is the beginning and the end of herself; and has, and can have no duplicate of herself. It is this fact that renders all comparison with her, or criticism of her, so entirely at fault. No man can have visited Rome or made her monuments or history a study without realizing this. Turn where you will, this fact stares you in the face.

5. Christian Church or Pagan ruin alike speak of dogma and martyr, or hallowed scene. Enter the Catacombs, and Christianity is written on the walls and sealed with the blood of the heroes buried there. Take a carriage, drive down any lane, along any street or by-way, and every turn and step is marked by some fact of Christian history. Here is where a martyr fell; there, where Peter or Paul lived; a little further on, where John was thrown into a caldron of boiling oil. The places where St. Paul was beheaded and St. Peter crucified are distinctly marked, while their bodies repose beneath the great basilicas erected to their names.

6. It is impossible to stand where a Lawrence was roasted, an Agnes and Cæcilia beheaded, or a Praxedas gathered up the blood of the martyrs, or kneel at the tombs of a Sebastian and Hellena, and not be moved. Nor can any man of honest historic mind stand by the tombs of a Benedict, Francis, Dominic, Ignatius, and not acknowledge the mighty work done by those whom they commemorate.

7. Christianity is crystallized in the Coliseum and St. Peter's. In the former, by the triumphs of the martyrs; in the latter, by the dedication of art to the worship of God. Come with me along the Via Sacra, past the Forum and the Arch of Titus. But a step, and we are at the Coliseum pressed in between the Celian and Palatine Hills, the Arch of Constantine and the Temple of Venus.

8. As we enter, the moon has risen, giving a weird appearance to the scene, as we see its shadows flit, dissolve, and lose themselves amid the arches of this mighty ruin. Amid broken arch and column, and vaulted corridor, terrace rises upon terrace, till the blood curdles and the hair stands on end. Memory is busy, and hurries us back to when Christian martyr and gentle maid stood within this vast arena to die for Christ.

9. The emperor is there; the nobility of Rome is there; tier upon tier is densely packed; the wild beasts paw their cages, impatient for the feast; 100,000 voices shout, "The Christians to the lions!" A spring, a growl, a quiver, and another hero has gone to God. Every brick, and stone, and grain of sand in this mighty ruin has been sanctified by the blood shed there. Here a Felicitas and Perpetua, a Cyriacus and Pancras died; here Rome brutalized herself, and within these walls strove to crush out truth. Here Pagan Rome fell, and Christian Rome rose. The blood of the martyrs was the seed of the Church.

BISHOP GILMOUR.

106. THE DYING GLADIATOR.

I SEE before me the gladiator lie :

He leans upon his hand ; his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,

And his drooped head sinks gradually low ;
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,

Like the first of a thunder-shower ; and now

The arena¹ swims around him : he is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who won.

¹ A *rē'na*, the middle or central part of an amphitheater. temple, from *arena*, sand, a sandy place where gladiators fought, and other or other inclosed place - so called shows were held.

2. He heard it, but he heeded not ; his eyes
 Were with his heart, and that was far away :
 He recked not of the life he lost, nor prize ;
 But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian¹ mother—he, their sire,
 Butchered to make a Roman holiday.
 All this rushed with his blood. Shall he expire,
 And unavenged ? Arise, ye Goths,² and glut your ire !

LORD BYRON.

107. GLADIATORS' LAST FIGHT.

CHRISTIANITY worked its way upward, and at last was professed by the emperor on his throne. Persecution came to an end, and no more martyrs fed the beasts in the Coliseum. The Christian emperors endeavored to prevent any more shows where cruelty and death formed the chief interest, and no truly religious person could endure the spectacle ; but custom and love of excitement prevailed even against the emperor. They went on for fully a hundred years after Rome had, in name, become a Christian city, and the same customs prevailed wherever there was an amphitheater³ or pleasure-loving people.

2. Meantime the enemies of Rome were coming nearer and nearer. Al'aric, the great chief of the Goths, led his forces into Italy, and threatened the city itself. Hono'rius, the emperor, was a cowardly, almost idiotic boy ; but his brave general, Stil'icho, assembled his forces, met the Goths at Pollen'tia (about twenty-five miles from where Turin now

¹ Dacian (dă'shan), from Dacia, a country of ancient Germany from whence came many gladiators.

² Goths, a celebrated nation of ancient Germans, noted warriors

by choice and profession.

³ Am'phi thē'a ter, a circular building having rows of seats, one above another, around an arena, used for public shows and sports.

stands), and gave them a complete defeat, on Easter-day of the year 403. He pursued them to the mountains, and for that time saved Rome.

3. In the joy of victory, the Roman Senate invited the conqueror and his ward Honorius to enter the city in triumph, at the opening of the new year, with the white steeds, purple robes, and vermillion cheeks with which, of old, victorious generals were welcomed at Rome. The churches were visited instead of the Temple of Jupiter, and there was no murder of the captives; but Roman bloodthirstiness was not yet allayed, and, after the procession had been completed, the Coliseum shows commenced, innocently at first, with races on foot, on horseback, and in chariots; then followed a grand hunt of beasts turned loose in the arena; and next a sword-dance. But after the sword-dance came the arraying of swordsmen, with no blunted weapons, but with sharp spears and swords—a gladiator combat in full earnest. The people, enchanted, applauded with shouts of ecstasy this gratification of their savage tastes.

4. Suddenly, however, there was an interruption. A grand, roughly-robed man, bareheaded and barefooted, had sprung into the arena, and, waving back the gladiators, began to call aloud upon the people to cease from the shedding of innocent blood, and not to requite God's mercy, in turning away the sword of the enemy, by encouraging murder. Shouts, howls, cries, broke in upon his words; this was no place for preachings—the old customs of Rome should be observed—“Back, old man!”—“On, gladiators!”

5. The gladiators thrust aside the meddler, and rushed to the attack. He still stood between, holding them apart, striving in vain to be heard. “Sedition! sedition!”—“Down with him!”—was the cry; and the prefect in authority himself added his voice. The gladiators, enraged at in-

terference with their vocation, cut him down. Stones, or whatever came to hand, rained upon him from the furious people, and he perished in the midst of the arena! He lay dead; and then the people began to reflect upon what had been so cruelly done.

6. His dress showed that he was one of the hermits who had vowed themselves to a life of prayer and self-denial, and who were greatly revered, even by the most thoughtless. The few who had previously seen him, told that he had come from the wilds of Asia on pilgrimage, to visit the shrines and keep his Christmas at Rome. They knew that he was a holy man—no more. His spirit had been stirred by the sight of thousands flocking to see men slaughter one another, and in his simple-hearted zeal he had resolved to stop the cruelty, or die.

7. Honorius, the emperor, having been informed of what had taken place, learned, after a full investigation, that the holy hermit, Telemachus¹ by name, had come from the East to Rome for the express purpose of influencing the Romans to abandon these murderous amusements. He was honored as a holy martyr. His death was not in vain; for since that day there has never been another fight of gladiators. Not merely at Rome, but in every province of the empire, the custom was utterly abolished; and one habitual crime at least was wiped from the earth.

TO BE MEMORIZED.

*I worship thee, sweet Will of God! and all thy ways adore,
And every day I live I seem to love thee more and more.*

When obstacles and trials seem like prison-walls to be,

I do the little I can do, and leave the rest to thee.

I have no cares, O blessed Will! for all my cares are thine;

I live in triumph, Lord! for thou hast made thy triumphs mine.

F. W. FABER.

Telemachus (te lēm'a kūs).

108. ST. PETER'S IN ROME.

FROM the bridge and castle of St. Angelo, a wide street conducts in a regular line to a square, and that square presents at once, the court or portico, and part of the Basilica.¹ When the spectator approaches the entrance of this court, he views four rows of lofty pillars sweeping on to the right and left in a bold semicircle. In the center of the area formed by this immense colonnade,² an Egyptian obelisk, of one solid piece of granite, ascends to the height of 130 feet. Two perpetual fountains, one on each side, play in the air and fall in spray round the basins of porphyry that receive them. Before him, raised on three successive flights of marble steps, he beholds the majestic front of the Basilica itself, extending 400 feet in length, and towering to the elevation of 180. This front is supported by a single row of Corinthian pillars and pilasters, and adorned with an attic, a balustrade,³ and thirteen colossal⁴ statues.

2. Far behind and above it, rises the matchless dome, the justly celebrated wonder of Rome and of the world. The colonnade of coupled pillars that surround and strengthen its vast base, the graceful attic that surmounts this colonnade, the bold and expansive swell of the dome itself, and the pyramid seated on a cluster of columns, and bearing the ball and cross to the skies, all perfect in their kind, form the most magnificent and singular exhibition that the human eye perhaps ever contemplated. On each side a lesser cupola, rising proudly, reflects the grandeur, and adds not a little to the majesty of the principal dome.

¹ Basilica (ba zī'l' i ká), a cathedral, church, or chapel; a palace or hall of justice.

² Cōl'on nāde', a series of col-

umns placed at regular distances.

³ Bāl'us trāde, a row of small columns, joined by a rail.

⁴ Cō lōs'sal, of great size.

3. The interior corresponds perfectly with the grandeur of the exterior, and fully answers the expectations, however great, which so magnificent an entrance must have raised. Five lofty portals open into the vestibulum or portico, a gallery, in dimensions and decorations, equal to the most spacious cathedrals. It is 400 feet in length, 70 feet in height, and 50 in breadth; paved with variegated marble; covered with a gilt vault; adorned with pillars, pilasters, mosaic, and basso-relievos; and terminated at both ends by equestrian¹ statues, one of Constantine,² the other of Charlemagne.³ A fountain at each extremity supplies a stream sufficient to keep a reservoir⁴ always full, in order to carry off every unseemly object, and perpetually refresh and purify the air and the pavement. Opposite the five portals of the vestibule are the five doors of the church; three are adorned with pillars of the finest marble; that in the middle has valves of bronze.

4. As you enter, you behold the most extensive hall ever constructed by human art, expanded in magnificent perspective before you; advancing up the nave, you are delighted with the beauty of the variegated marble under your feet, and with the splendor of the golden vault over your head. The lofty Corinthian pilasters with their bold entablature, the intermediate niches with their statues, the arcades with the graceful figures that recline on the curves of their arches, charm your eye in succession as you pass along.

5. But how great your astonishment when you reach the foot of the altar, and, standing in the center of the church,

¹ *Equës' tri an*, relating to horses; representing a person on horseback.

² *Con'stan tīn*, surnamed the Great, born A. D. 274, died in 337.

³ Charlemagne (*shär'le mǎn'*), or

Charles the Great, born in 742, and died in 814.

⁴ *Reservoir* (*rěs'er vwôr'*), a place where any thing is kept in store; especially a place where water is stored.

contemplate the four superb vistas that open around you ; and then raise your eyes to the dome, at the prodigious elevation of 400 feet, extending like a firmament over your head, and presenting in glowing mosaic, the companies of the just, the choirs of celestial spirits, and the whole hierarchy of heaven arrayed in the presence of the Eternal, whose "throne, high raised above all height," crowns the awful scene.

6. When you have feasted your eye with the grandeur of this unparalleled exhibition in the whole, you will turn to the parts, the ornaments and the furniture, which you will find perfectly corresponding with the magnificent form of the temple itself. Around the dome rise four other cupolas, small indeed when compared with its stupendous magnitude, but of great boldness when considered separately ; six more, three on either side, cover the different divisions of the aisles ; and six more of greater dimensions canopy as many chapels, or, to speak more properly, as many churches. All these inferior cupolas are like the grand dome itself, lined with mosaics ; many, indeed, of the master-pieces of painting which, formerly graced this edifice, have been removed and replaced by mosaics, which retain all the tints and beauties of the originals impressed on a more solid and durable substance.

7. The aisles and altars are adorned with numberless antique pillars, that border the church all round, and form a secondary and subservient order. The variegated walls are, in many places, ornamented with festoons, wreaths, angels, tiaras, crosses, and medallions representing the effigies of different pontiffs. These decorations are of the most beautiful and rarest species of marble, and often of excellent workmanship. Various monuments rise in different parts of the church ; but, in their size and accompaniments, so much attention has been paid to general as well as local effect, that they appear rather as parts of the original plan than

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posterior¹ additions. Some of these are much admired for their groups and exquisite sculpture, and form very conspicuous features in the ornamental part of this noble temple.

8. The high altar stands under the dome, and thus, as it is the most important, so it becomes the most striking object. In order to bring it out in strong relief, according to the ancient custom still retained in the patriarchal churches at Rome and in most Italian cathedrals, a lofty canopy rises above it, and forms an intermediate break or repose for the eye between it and the immensity of the dome above.

9. The form, materials, and magnitude of this decoration are equally astonishing. Below the steps of the altar, and of course some distance from it, at the corners, on four massive pedestals, rise four twisted pillars fifty feet in height, and support an entablature which bears the canopy itself topped with a cross. The whole soars to the elevation of 132 feet from the pavement, and, excepting the pedestals, is of Corinthian brass; the most lofty massive work of that or of any other metal now known.

10. But this brazen edifice, for so it may be called, notwithstanding its magnitude, is so disposed as not to obstruct the view by concealing the chancel and veiling the Cathedral or Chair of St. Peter. This ornament is also of bronze, and consists of a group of four gigantic figures, representing the four principal doctors of the Greek and Latin churches, supporting the patriarchal chair of St. Peter. The chair is a lofty throne elevated to the height of 70 feet from the pavement; a circular window tinged with yellow throws from above a mild splendor around it, so that the whole, not unfitly, represents the pre-eminence of the Apostolic See, and is acknowledged to form a most becoming and majestic termination to the first of Christian temples. EUSTACE.

¹ *Pos tē'ri* or, later in time or movement; coming after,

109. ST. PETER'S IN ROME.

BUT lo! the dome!—the vast and wondrous dome,
 To which Diana's¹ marvel was a cell—
 Christ's mighty shrine above His martyr's tomb!

I have beheld the Ephesian miracle—

Its columns strew the wilderness, and dwell
 The hyena and the jackal in their shade;

I have beheld Sophia's bright roofs swell

Their glittering mass i' the sun, and have surveyed
 Its sanctuary, the while the usurping Moslem prayed.

2. But thou, of temples old or altars new,
 Standest alone with nothing like to thee;

Worthiest of God, the holy and the true.

Since Sion's desolation, when that He

Forsook His former city, what could be

Of earthly structures in His honor piled,

Of a sublimer aspect? Majesty,

Power, glory, strength, and beauty, all are aisled

In this eternal ark of worship undefiled.

3. Enter: its grandeur overwhelms thee not;

And why? It is not lessened; but thy mind,

Expanded by the genius of the spot,

Has grown colossal, and can only find

A fit abode, wherein appear enshrined

Thy hopes of immortality; and thou

Shalt one day, if found worthy, so defined,

See thy God face to face, as thou dost now

His holy of holies, nor be blasted by His brow.

4. Thou movest—but increasing with the advance,

Like climbing some great Alp, which still doth rise,

Deceived by its gigantic elegance;

¹ *Di ā'na*, an ancient pagan goddess.

Vastness which grows—but grows to harmonize—
 All musical in its immensities ;
 Rich marbles—rich paintings—shrines where flame
 The lamps of gold—and haughty dome which vies
 In air with Earth's chief structure, though their frame
 Sits on the firm-set ground—and this the clouds must claim.

5. Thou seest not all ; but piecemeal thou must break,
 To separate contemplation, the great whole ;
 And as the ocean many bays will make,
 That ask the eye—so here condense thy soul
 To more immediate objects, and control
 Thy thoughts until thy mind hath got by heart
 Its eloquent proportions, and unroll
 In mighty graduations, part by part,
 The glory which at once upon thee did not dart.

6. Not by its fault—but thine : our outward sense
 Is but of gradual grasp—and as it is
 That what we have of feeling most intense
 Outstrips our faint expression ; even so this
 Outshining and o'erwhelming edifice
 Fools our fond gaze, and greatest of the great
 Defies at first our Nature's littleness,
 Till, growing with its growth, we thus dilate
 Our spirits to the size of what they contemplate.

BYRON.

TO BE MEMORIZED.

*Mother thou art, and yet still more to me
 Than earthly mother—in thy peaceful home
 I learned my Saviour's shadowy Form to see,
 And heard His accents mild in thine, O Rome !
 In thy majestic tones His thunders roll,
 And the calm whispers of his still small Voice,
 That, like soft music o'er the weary soul,
 Soothe the dark heart and bid the sad rejoice.
 Farewell, dear Rome ! farewell !—*VISCOUNTESS FEILDING.

110. THE EVERLASTING CHURCH.

THERE is not, and there never was on this earth, a work of human policy so well deserving of examination as the Roman Catholic Church. The history of that Church joins together the two great ages of civilization. No other institution is left standing which carries the mind back to the times when the smoke of sacrifice rose from the Pantheon,¹ and when camél'opards and tigers bounded in the Flavian² amphitheatre.

2. The proudest royal houses are but of yesterday, when compared with the line of the Supreme Pontiffs. That line we trace back in an unbroken series, from the Pope who crowned Napoleon in the nineteenth century, to the Pope who crowned Pepin³ in the eighth; and far beyond the time of Pepin the august dynasty extends. The republic of Venice came next in antiquity. But the republic of Venice was modern, when compared with the Papacy, and the republic of Venice is gone, and the Papacy remains.

3. The Papacy remains, not in decay, not a mere antique, but full of life and useful vigor. The Catholic Church is still sending forth to the farthest ends of the world missionaries as zealous as those who landed in Kent⁴ with Augustine,⁵ and still confronting hostile kings with the same spirit with which she confronted Attila.⁶ The number of her children is greater than in any former age.

¹ Pan thé'on, a magnificent temple in ancient Rome, dedicated to all the gods.

² Flá'vi an, so called from Titus Flavius, the Roman emperor by whom it was built.

³ Pepin, the short, first king of the Franks, born about 715, and died in 768.

⁴ Kent, a county in the south of England.

⁵ Au'gus tine, a monk who, with 40 companions, was sent to England by Pope Gregory the Great, in 596, to convert the Saxons.

⁶ At'til a, "The Terror of the World," and "The Scourge of God," king of the Huns, died in 453.

4. Her acquisitions in the New World have more than compensated for what she has lost in the Old. Her spiritual ascendancy extends over the vast countries which lie between the plains of Missouri and Cape Horn, countries which, a century hence, may not improbably contain a population as large as that which now inhabits Europe. The members of her communion are certainly not fewer than one hundred and fifty millions, and it will be difficult to show that all other Christian sects united amount to a hundred and twenty millions.

5. Nor do we see any sign which indicates that the term of her long dominion is approaching. She saw the commencement of all the governments and of all the ecclesiastical establishments that now exist in the world; and we feel no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all.

6. She was great and respected before the Saxon had set foot on Britain, before the Frank had passed the Rhine, when Grecian eloquence still flourished at Antioch, when idols were still worshiped in the temple of Mecca. And she may still exist in undiminished vigor, when some traveler from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge, to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's.

7. We often hear it said, that the world is constantly becoming more and more enlightened; and that this enlightening must be favorable to Protestantism, and unfavorable to Catholicism. We wish that we could think so. But we see great reason to doubt whether this be a well-founded expectation.

8. We see that, during the last 250 years, the human mind has been in the highest degree active—that it has made great advances in every branch of natural philosophy—that it has produced innumerable inventions tending to promote the



convenience of life—that medicine, surgery, chemistry, engineering, have been very greatly improved—that government, police, and law have been improved, though not quite to the same extent. Yet we see that, during these 250 years, Protestantism has made no conquests worth speaking of. Nay, we believe that, as far as there has been a change, that change has been in favor of the Church of Rome.

MACAULAY.¹

111. OUR DUTY TO THE HOLY SEE.

OUR duty to the Holy See, to the Chair of St. Peter, is to be measured by what the Church teaches us concerning that Holy See and concerning him who sits in it. Now St. Peter, who first occupied it, was the Vicar² of Christ. You know well, our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, who suffered on the Cross for us, thereby bought for us the kingdom of heaven. “When Thou hadst overcome the sting of death,” says the hymn, “Thou didst open the kingdom of heaven to those who believe.” He opens, and He shuts; He gives grace, He withdraws it; He judges, He pardons, He condemns.

2. Accordingly He speaks of Himself in the Apocalypse as “Him who is the Holy and the True, Him that hath the key of David (the key, that is of the chosen king of the chosen people), Him that openeth and no man shutteth, that shutteth and no man openeth.” And what our Lord, the Supreme Judge, is in heaven, that was St. Peter on earth;

¹ Tho. Babington Macaulay, Baron of Rothley, English historian, essayist, poet, and statesman, was born in 1800, and died in 1859. His poems are excellent, but they are insignificant in comparison with the unrivaled brilliancy

and worth of his prose.

² Vicar (vik'ar), one authorized or appointed to act for another; an *Apostolic vicar* is an ecclesiastic to whom the Pope delegates a portion of his jurisdiction, or commissions to decide certain cases.

he had those keys of the kingdom, according to the text, "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give to thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt bind upon earth shall be bound also in heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth, shall be loosed also in heaven."

3. Next, let it be considered, the kingdom which our Lord set up, with St. Peter at its head, was decreed in the counsels of God to last to the end of all things, according to the words I have just quoted, "The gates of hell shall not prevail against it." And again, "Behold, I am with you all days, even to the consummation¹ of the world." And in the words of the prophet Isaias, speaking of that divinely established Church, then in the future, "This is My covenant with them, My Spirit that is in thee, and My words which I have put in thy mouth, shall not depart out of thy mouth, nor out of the mouth of thy seed, nor out of the mouth of thy seed's seed, saith the Lord, from henceforth and for ever." And the prophet Daniel says, "The God of heaven will set up a kingdom that shall never be destroyed . . . and it shall break in pieces and shall consume all those kingdoms (of the earth, which went before it), and itself shall stand for ever."

4. That kingdom our Lord set up when He came on earth, and especially after His resurrection; for we are told by St. Luke that this was His gracious employment, when He visited the Apostles from time to time, during the forty days which intervened between Easter Day and the day of His Ascension. "He showed Himself alive to the Apostles," says the Evangelist, "after His passion by many proofs, for forty days appearing to them and speaking of the kingdom of God." And accordingly, when at length He had ascended on high, and

¹ Cōn'sum mā'tion, completion; end.

had sent down "the promise of His Father," the Holy Ghost, upon His Apostles, they forthwith entered upon their high duties, and brought that kingdom or Church into shape, and supplied it with members, and enlarged it, and carried it into all lands.

5. As to St. Peter, he acted as the head of the Church, according to the previous words of Christ; and, still according to his Lord's supreme will, he at length placed himself in the see of Rome, where he was martyred. And what was then done, in its substance can not be undone. "God is not as a man that He should lie, nor as the son of man, that He should change. Hath He said then, and shall He not do? hath He spoken, and will He not fulfill?" And, as St. Paul says, "the gifts and the calling of God are without repentance." His Church, then, in all necessary matters, is as unchangeable as He. Its framework, its polity, its ranks, its offices, its creed, its privileges, the promises made to it, its fortunes in the world, are ever what they have been.

6. Therefore, as it was *in* the world, but not *of* the world in the Apostles' times, so it is now: as it was "in honor and dishonor, in evil report and good report, as chastised but not killed, as having nothing and possessing all things," in the Apostles' times, so it is now: as then it taught the truth, so it does now; as then it had the sacraments¹ of grace, so has it now; as then it had a hierarchy or holy government of Bishops, priests, and deacons, so has it now; and as it had a Head then, so must it have a Head now? Who is that visible Head now? who is now the Vicar of Christ? who has now the keys of the kingdom of heaven, as St. Peter had then? Who is it who binds and looses on earth, that our Lord may

¹ A Sacrament is a visible sign, grace and inward sanctification are instituted for our justification by communicated to our souls. Jesus Christ, by which invisible

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bind and loose in heaven? Who, I say, if a successor to St. Peter there must be, who is that successor in his sovereign authority over the Church?

7. It is he who sits in St. Peter's Chair; it is the Bishop of Rome. We all know *this*; it is part of our *faith*; I am not proving it to you, my brethren. The visible headship of the Church, which was with St. Peter while he lived, has been lodged ever since in his Chair; the successors in his headship are the successors in his Chair, that continuous line of Bishops of Rome, or Popes, as they are called, one after another, as years have rolled on, one dying and another coming, down to this day, when we see Pius the Ninth sustaining the weight of the glorious Apostolate, and that for twenty years past—a tremendous weight, a ministry involving momentous¹ duties, innumerable anxieties, and immense responsibilities, as it ever has done.

8. And now, though I might say much more about the prerogatives² of the Holy Father, the visible Head of the Church, I have said more than enough for the purpose which has led to my speaking about him at all. I have said that, like St. Peter, he is the Vicar of his Lord. He can judge, and he can acquit; he can pardon, and he can condemn; he can command, and he can permit; he can forbid, and he can punish. He has a supreme jurisdiction over the people of God. He can stop the ordinary course of sacramental mercies; he can excommunicate from the ordinary grace of redemption; and he can remove again the ban which he has inflicted. It is the rule of Christ's providence, that what His Vicar does in severity or in mercy upon earth, He Himself confirms in heaven.

¹ *Mo mēnt'ōns*, of consequence or moment; important; weighty. *ilege* given to none other; a peculiar right coming in the order

² *Pre rōg'a tīve*, a personal privilege of time.

9. And in saying all this, I have said enough for my purpose, because that purpose is to define our obligations to him. That is the point on which our attention is fixed; "our obligations to the Holy See;" and what need I say more to measure our own duty to it and to him who sits in it, than to say that, in his administration of Christ's kingdom, in his religious acts, we must never oppose his will, or dispute his word, or criticise his policy, or shrink from his side? There are kings of the earth who have despotic authority, which their subjects obey in deed but disown in their hearts; but we must never murmur at that absolute rule which the Sovereign Pontiff has over us, because it is given to him by Christ, and in obeying him we are obeying his Lord. We must never suffer ourselves to doubt that, in his government of the Church, he is guided by an intelligence more than human. His yoke is the yoke of Christ; *he* has the responsibility of his own acts, not we; and to his *Lord* must he render account, not to us.

10. Even in secular matters it is ever safe to be on his side, dangerous to be on the side of his enemies. Our duty is—not indeed to mix up Christ's Vicar with this or that party of men, because he in his high station is above all parties—but to look at his former deeds, and to follow him whither he goeth, and never to desert him, however we may be tried, but to defend him at all hazards, and against all comers, as a son would a father, and as a wife a husband, knowing that his cause is the cause of God. And so as regards his successors, it is our duty to give *them* in like manner our dutiful allegiance and to follow them also whithersoever they go, having that same confidence that each in his turn and in his own day will do God's work and will, which we felt in their predecessors, now taken away to their eternal reward.

CARDINAL J. H. NEWMAN.

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112. THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

IN the foreground of American history there stand these three figures—a lady, a sailor, and a monk. Might they not be thought to typify Faith, Hope, and Charity? The lady is especially deserving of honor. Years after his first success, the Admiral [Columbus] wrote: “In the midst of general incredulity,¹ the Almighty infused into the Queen, my lady, the spirit of intelligence and energy. While every one else, in his ignorance, was expatiating² on the cost and inconvenience, her Highness approved of it on the contrary, and gave it all the support in her power.”

2. And what were the distinguishing qualities of this foster-mother of American discovery? Fervent piety, unfeigned humility, profound reverence for the Holy See, a spotless life as a daughter, mother, wife, and queen. “She is,” says a Protestant author, “one of the purest and most beautiful characters in the pages of history.” Her holy life had won for her the title of “the Catholic.” Other queens have been celebrated for beauty, for magnificence, for learning, or for good fortune; but the foster-mother of America alone, of all the women of history, is called “the *Catholic*.”

3. As to the conduct of the undertaking, we have first to remark, that on the port of Palos the original outfit depended, and Palos itself depended on the neighboring convent. In the refectory of La Rabida the agreement was made between Columbus and the Pinzons. From the porch of the Church of St. George, the royal orders were read to the astonished townsfolk. The aids and assurances of religion were brought into requisition to encourage sailors, always a superstitious generation, to embark on this mysterious voyage. On the

¹ In'cre dū'li tŷ, the quality of being unbelieving; unwillingness to believe.

² Expatiating (eks pā'shi ſit ing), descanting; enlarging in discourse or writing.

morning of their departure, a temporary chapel was erected with spars and sails on the strand; and there, in sight of their vessels riding at shortened anchors, the three crews, numbering in all 120 souls, received the Blessed Sacrament. Rising from their knees, they departed with the benediction of the Church, like the breath of heaven filling their sails.

4. On the night before the discovery of the first land, after the *Salve Regina* had been chanted, according to his biographers, the Admiral made an impressive address to his crew. His speech must have been one of the most Catholic orations ever delivered in the New World. It has not been recorded: it can never be invented. We can, indeed, conceive what a lofty homily on confidence in God and His ever Blessed Mother such a man so situated would be able to deliver. We can imagine we see him as he stands on the darkened deck of the *Santa Maria*, his thin locks lifted by the breeze already o'dorous of land, and his right hand pointing onward to the west. We almost hear him exclaim:

5. "Yonder lies the land! Where you can see only night and vacancy, I behold India and Cathay! The darkness of the hour will pass away, and with it the night of nations. Cities more beautiful than Seville, countries more fertile than Andalusia, are off yonder. There lies the terrestrial paradise, watered with its four rivers of life; there lies the golden Ophir, from which Solomon, the son of David, drew the ore that adorned the temple of the living God; there we shall find whole nations unknown to Christ, to whom you, ye favored companions of my voyage, shall be the first to bring the glad tidings of great joy proclaimed 'of old by angels' lips to the shepherds of Chaldea.'" But, alas! who shall attempt to supply the words spoken by such a man at such a moment, on that last night of expectation and uncertainty—the eve of the birthday of a new world?

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6. Columbus and his companions landed on the morning of the 12th of October, 1492, on the little island which they called San Salvador. Three boats conveyed them to the shore; over each boat floated a broad banner, blazoned with "a green cross." On reaching the land the Admiral threw himself on his knees, kissed the earth, and shed tears of joy. Then, raising his voice, he uttered aloud that short but fervent prayer, which, after him, all Catholic discoverers were wont to repeat: "O Lord God, Eternal and Omnipotent, who by thy Divine Word hast created the heavens, the earth, and the sea, blessed and glorified be thy name, and praised thy majesty, who hast deigned by me, thy humble servant, to have that sacred name made known and preached in this other part of the world!"

7. The nomenclature¹ used by the great discoverer, like all his acts, is essentially Catholic. Neither his own nor his patron's name is precipitated on cape, river, or island. San Salvador, Santa Trinidad, San Domingo, San Nicolas, San Jago, Santa Maria, Santa Marta—these are the mementos² of his first success. All egotism,³ all selfish policy, was utterly lost in the overpowering sense of being but an instrument in the hands of Providence.

8. After cruising a couple of months among the Bahamas, and discovering many new islands, he returns to Spain. In this homeward voyage two tempests threaten to engulf his solitary ship. In the darkest hour he supplicates our Blessed Lady, his dear patroness. He vows a pilgrimage barefoot to her nearest shrine, whatever land he makes; a vow punctually fulfilled. Safely he reaches the Azores, the Tagus, and the port of Palos. His first act is a solemn procession to the church of St. George, from which the royal orders had

¹ *Nó'men clăt'ũre*, list of names.

² *Me mǝn'tǝs*, reminders.

³ *E'go tism*, a speaking or writing much of one's self; self-praise.

been first made known. He next writes in this strain to the Treasurer Sanchez: "Let processions be made, let festivities be held, let churches be filled with branches and flowers, for Christ rejoices on earth as in heaven, seeing the future redemption of souls."

McGEE.¹

113. FROM THE VOYAGE OF COLUMBUS.

ALL melt in tears! but what can tears avail?
 These climb the mast, and shift the swelling sail,
 These snatch the helm; and round me now I hear
 Smiting of hands, outcries of grief and fear,
 (That in the aisles at midnight haunt me still,
 Turning my lonely thoughts from good to ill.)
 "Were there no graves—none in our land," they cry,
 "That thou has brought us on the deep to die?"

2. Silent with sorrow, long within his cloak
 His face he muffled—then the Hero spoke:
 "Generous and brave! when God himself is here,
 Why shake at shadows in your mad career?
 He can suspend the laws himself designed,
 He walks the waters, and the wingèd wind;
 Himself your guide! and yours the high behest,
 To lift your voice, and bid a world be blest!
 And can you shrink?—to you, to you consigned
 The glorious privilege to serve mankind!
 Oh had I perished, when my failing frame
 Clung to the shattered oar 'mid wrecks of flame!

¹ Thomas D'Arcy McGee was born in Ireland, in 1825, and died in the Dominion of Canada in 1868. He emigrated to the United States in 1842; and, removing to Canada in 1857, he soon entered into Canadian politics, and was elected a member of parliament. He was

President of the Executive Council, in 1862; a Commissioner from Canada to the Paris Exposition, in 1867; and subsequently Minister of Agriculture and Emigration. He was a poet of high rank; and as orator, journalist, and statesman, he had few equals.

—Was it for this I lingered life away,
The scorn of Folly, and of Fraud the prey;
Bowed down my mind, the gift His bounty gave,
At courts a suitor, and to slaves a slave?
—Yet in His name whom only we should fear,
(’Tis all, all I shall ask, or you shall hear,)
Grant but three days.”—He spoke not uninspired;
And each in silence to his watch retired.

3. Although among us came an unknown Voice!
“Go, if ye will; and, if ye can, rejoice;
Go, with unbidden guests the banquet share;
In his own shape shall Death receive you there.”
Twice in the zenith blazed the orb of light;
No shade, all sun, insufferably bright!
Then the long line found rest—in coral groves,
Silent and dark, where the sea-lion roves:—
And all on’deck, kindling to life again,
Sent forth their anxious spirits o’er the main.

4. “Oh whence, as wafted from Elysium,¹ whence
These perfumes, strangers to the raptured sense?
These boughs of gold, and fruits of heavenly hue,
Tingeing with vermeil light the billows blue?
And (thrice, thrice blessed is the eye that spied,
The hand that snatched it sparkling in the tide),
Whose cunning carved this vegetable bowl,
Symbol of social rites, and intercourse of soul?”—

5. The sails were furled: with many a melting close,
Solemn and slow the evening anthem² rose—
Rose to the Virgin. ’Twas the hour of day,
When setting suns o’er summer seas display
A path of glory, opening in the west
To golden climes and islands of the blest;

¹ *Elysium* (e lizh’i um), a dwelling-place assigned to happy souls after death; any delightful place.

² *An’them*, a hymn sung in alternate parts; church music adapted to passages from the Bible.

And human voices, on the silent air,
Went o'er the waves in songs of gladness there!

6. Chosen of men! 'twas thine, at noon of night,
First from the prow to hail the glimmering light;
(Emblem of Truth divine, whose secret ray
Enters the soul, and makes the darkness day!)
"Pedro! Rodrigo! there, methought, it shone!
There—in the west! and now, alas! 'tis gone!—
'Twas all a dream! we gaze and gaze in vain!
—But mark, and speak not, there it comes again!
It moves!—what form unseen, what being there
With torch-like luster fires the murky air?
His instincts, passions, say how like our own?
Oh! when will day reveal a world unknown?"—

7. Long on the wave the morning mists reposed,
Then broke—and, melting into light, disclosed
Half-circling hills, whose everlasting woods
Sweep with their sable skirts the shadowy floods;
And, say, when all, to holy transport given,
Embraced and wept, as at the gates of Heaven,
When one and all of us, repentant, ran,
And, on our faces, blessed the wondrous man;
Say, was I then deceived, or from the skies
Burst on my ear seraphic harmonies?
"Glory to God!" unnumbered voices sung,
"Glory to God!" the vales and mountains rung,
Voices that hailed creation's primal morn,
And to the Shepherds sung a Saviour born.

ROGERS.¹

¹ Samuel Rogers, the English poet and banker, was born in 1763, and died in 1855. His "Pleasures of Memory," which first established his poetic fame, and chiefly as the author of which he will be known to posterity, was published in 1792.

"The Vision of Columbus," from which this Lesson was selected, appeared in 1812. In all his numerous works there is everywhere seen a classic and graceful beauty, and rare passages which recall or awaken tender and heroic feelings.

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114. THE RETURN OF COLUMBUS.

GR^{EAT} was the agitation in the little community at Palos, as they beheld the well-known vessel of the admiral re-entering their harbor. Their desponding imaginations had long since consigned him to a watery grave; for, in addition to the preternatural horrors which hung over the voyage, they had experienced the most stormy and disastrous winter within the recollection of the oldest mariners. Most of them had relatives or friends on board. They thronged immediately to the shore, to assure themselves with their own eyes of the truth of their return.

2. When they beheld their faces once more, and saw them accompanied by the numerous evidences which they brought back of the success of the expedition, they burst forth in acclamations of joy and gratulation. They awaited the landing of Columbus, when the whole population accompanied him and his crew to the principal church, where solemn thanksgivings were offered up for their return; while all the bells sent forth a joyous peal in honor of the glorious event.

3. The admiral was too desirous of presenting himself before the sovereigns, to protract his stay long at Palos. He took with him on his journey specimens of the multifarious products of the newly-discovered regions. He was accompanied by several of the native islanders, arrayed in their simple barbaric costume, and decorated, as he passed through the principal cities, with collars, bracelets, and other ornaments of gold, rudely fashioned: he exhibited, also, considerable quantities of the same metal in dust, or in crude masses, numerous vegetable exotics,¹ possessed of aromatic² or medicinal virtue, and several kinds of quadrupeds un-

¹ Exotic (egz'ót'ik), a foreign plant or production.

² Ar'o māt'ic, odoriferous; spicy; fragrant; strong-scented.

known in Europe, and birds whose varieties of gaudy plumage gave a brilliant effect to the pageant.

4. The admiral's progress through the country was everywhere impeded by the multitudes thronging forth to gaze at the extraordinary spectacle, and the more extraordinary man who, in the emphatic language of that time, which has now lost its force from its familiarity, first revealed the existence of a "New World." As he passed through the busy, populous city of Seville, every window, balcony, and housetop which could afford a glimpse of him is described to have been crowded with spectators.

5. It was the middle of April before Columbus reached Barcelona. The nobility and cavaliers in attendance on the court, together with the authorities of the city, came to the gates to receive him, and escorted him to the royal presence. Ferdinand and Isabella were seated, with their son, Prince John, under a superb canopy of state, awaiting his arrival. On his approach, they rose from their seats, and extending their hands to him to salute, caused him to be seated before them.

6. These were unprecedented marks of condescension to a person of Columbus's rank, in the haughty and ceremonious court of Castile. It was, indeed, the proudest moment in the life of Columbus. He had fully established the truth of his long-contested theory, in the face of argument, sophistry, sneer, skepticism, and contempt. He had achieved this, not by chance, but by calculation, supported through the most adverse circumstances by consummate conduct. The honors paid him, hitherto reserved only for rank, or fortune, or military success, purchased by the blood and tears of thousands, were a homage to intellectual power, successfully exerted in behalf of the noblest interests of humanity.

7. After a brief interval, the sovereigns requested from Columbus a recital of his adventures. His manner was se-

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date and dignified, but warmed by the glow of natural enthusiasm. He enumerated the several islands which he had visited, expatiated on the temperate character of the climate, and the capacity of the soil for every variety of agricultural production, appealing to the samples imported by him, as evidence of their natural fruitfulness. He dwelt more at large on the precious metals to be found in these islands, which he inferred less from the specimens actually obtained than from the uniform testimony of the natives to their abundance in the unexplored regions of the interior. Lastly, he pointed out the wide scope afforded to Christian zeal in the illumination of a race of men whose minds were prepared, by their extreme simplicity, for the reception of pure and uncorrupted doctrine.

8. The last consideration touched Isabella's heart most sensibly; and the whole audience, kindled with various emotions by the speaker's eloquence, filled up the perspective with the gorgeous coloring of their own fancies, as ambition, or avarice, or devotional feeling predominated in their bosoms. When Columbus ceased, the king and queen, together with all present, prostrated themselves on their knees in grateful thanksgivings, while the solemn strains of the *Te Deum*¹ were poured forth by the choir of the royal chapel, as in commemoration of some glorious victory. PRESCOTT.²

¹ *Te Deum* (te dē'um), a hymn of thanksgiving, so called from the first words, "*Te Deum laudamus*," Thee, God, we praise.

² William H. Prescott, the eminent American Historian, was born in Salem, Mass., in 1796, and died in 1859. The choicest words of praise can alone give adequate expression to the exquisite beauty of Mr. Pres-

cott's descriptions, the just proportion and dramatic interest of his narrative, his skill as a character writer, the expansiveness and completeness of his views, and that careful and intelligent research which enabled him to make his works as valuable for their accuracy as they are attractive by the finish and all the graces of his style.



115. CAPTURE OF QUEBEC.

WOLFE,¹ though weak and suffering, resolved to lead the expedition; and he was with the troops that ascended the river. It was the 12th of September, and the brief Canadian summer was over. After midnight, while clouds were gathering in the firmament, the army left the vessels; and in flat-boats, without oars or sails, they glided down noiselessly with the tide, followed by the ships soon afterward. Wolfe was in good spirits, yet there was evidently a presentiment² of speedy death in his mind.

2. At his evening mess on the ship, he composed and sang impromptu³ that little song of the camp, commencing—

“Why, soldiers, why, should we be melancholy, boys?
Why, soldiers, why—whose business ’tis to die!”

And as he sat among his officers, and floated softly down the river at the past-midnight hour, a shadow seemed to come upon his heart, and he repeated, in low, musing tones, that touching stanza of Gray’s “Elegy in a Country Churchyard”—

“The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth ~~our~~ gave,¹
Await alike the inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave!”

At the close he whispered: “Now, gentlemen, I would prefer being the author of that poem to the glory of taking Quebec to-morrow.”

¹ James Wolfe, an English general, born in 1727, and killed in the battle here described in 1759.

² *Pré-sen-ti-ment*, a feeling or seeing beforehand of something

evil or unpleasant about to happen.

³ *Im-prōmp-tu*, something made or done offhand; something composed or said at the moment; without previous study.

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3. The flotilla reached a cove which Wolfe had marked for a landing-place (and which still bears his name), before day-break, and there debarked. At the head of the main division, Wolfe pushed eagerly up a narrow and rough ravine; while the light infantry and Highlanders, under Colonel Howe, climbed the steep acclivity by the aid of the maple, spruce, and ash saplings and shrubs, which covered its rugged face. The sergeant's guard on its brow was soon dispersed, and at dawn, on the 13th, almost 5,000 British troops were drawn up in battle array on the Plains of Abraham, 300 feet above the St. Lawrence.

4. Montcalm¹ could hardly believe the messenger who brought him intelligence of this marshalling of the English upon the weak side of the city. "It can be but a small party come to burn a few houses, and return," he said; but he was soon undeceived. Then he saw the imminent danger to which the town and garrison were exposed, and he immediately abandoned his intrenchments, and led a large portion of his army across the St. Charles, to attack the invaders. At ten o'clock Montcalm was upon the Plains of Abraham, and his army in battle line. The French had three field-pieces; the English had one, which some sailors had dragged up the ravine.

5. Wolfe placed himself on the right, at the head of the Louisburg grenadiers, who were burning with a desire to wipe out the stain of their defeat at the Montmorenci. Montcalm was on the left, at the head of the regiments of Languedoc (*lan'ghe dok*), Béarne, and Guienne (*ghe-en'*). So the two commanders stood face to face. Wolfe ordered his men to load with two bullets each, and to reserve their fire until the French should be within forty yards. These orders

¹ **Louis Joseph, Marq. Montcalm** (mönt käm'), a French general born in 1712, and killed in this battle in 1759.

were strictly obeyed, and their double-shotted guns did terrible execution. After delivering several rounds in rapid succession, which threw the French into confusion, the English charged upon them furiously with their bayonets.

6. While urging on his battalions in this charge, Wolfe was singled out by some Canadians on the left, and was slightly wounded in the wrist. He stanchd the blood with a handkerchief, and, while cheering on his men, received a second wound in the groin. A few minutes afterward, another bullet struck him in the breast, and brought him to the ground, mortally wounded. At that moment, regardless of self, he thought only of victory for his troops. "Support me," he said to an officer near him; "let not my brave soldiers see me drop. The day is ours—keep it!"

7. He was taken to the rear, while his troops continued to charge. The officer on whose shoulder he was leaning, exclaimed, "They run! they run!" The waning light returned to the dim eyes of the hero, and he asked, "Who run?"—"The enemy, sir; they give way everywhere."—"What," feebly exclaimed Wolfe, "do they run? Go to Colonel Preston, and tell him to march Webb's regiment immediately to the bridge over the St. Charles, and cut off the fugitives' retreat. Now, God be praised, I die happy!" These were his last words, and, in the midst of sorrowing companions, just at the moment of victory, he expired.

8. Montcalm, who was fighting gallantly at the head of the French, also received a mortal wound. "Death is certain," said his surgeon. "I am glad of it," replied Montcalm; "how long shall I survive?" "Ten or twelve hours, perhaps less." "So much the better; I shall not live to see the surrender of Quebec!" He wrote a letter to General Townsend, recommending the prisoners to the humanity of the British, and expired at five o'clock the next morning.

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Five days later the city capitulated,¹ thus ending the campaign² of 1759. Almost seventy years afterwards, Lord Dalhousie, governor of Lower Canada, caused a noble granite obelisk to be erected in the city of Quebec to the memory of Wolfe and Montcalm.³

LOSSING.⁴

116. GOVERNMENT.

PART FIRST.

SOCIETY never does and never can exist without government of some sort. As society is a necessity of man's nature, so is government a necessity of society. The simplest form of society is the family—Adam and Eve. But though Adam and Eve are in many respects equal, and have equally important though different parts assigned them, one or the other must be head and governor, or they can not form the society called family. They would be simply two individuals of different sexes, and the family would fail for the want of unity. Children can not be reared, trained, or educated without some degree of family government—without some authority to direct, control, restrain, or prescribe. Hence the authority of the husband and father is recognized by the common consent of mankind.

¹ *Oa pít'u lát ed*, surrendered on terms agreed upon.

² Campaign (*kam pân'*), the part of a year an army keeps the field.

³ The reduction of Canada, the object of the campaign, was not, however, accomplished. The French, early in the next year, prepared to attempt the recovery of their stronghold; and on the 28th of April was fought one of the most desperate battles of the war;

the British, at the close, being compelled to fall back to their defenses, where they were succored by the timely arrival of a British fleet. In September following, the French surrendered Montreal; and by the Treaty of Paris, made in 1763, Canada became a British Province.

⁴ Benson J. Lossing, an American writer and engraver, author of numerous works in American history, born in 1818, and died 1891.

2. Still more apparent is the necessity of government the moment the family develops and grows into the tribe, and the tribe into the nation. Hence no nation exists without government; and we never find a savage tribe, however low or degraded, that does not assert somewhere, in the father, in the elders, or in the tribe itself, the rude outlines or the faint reminiscences of some sort of government, with authority to demand obedience and to punish the refractory. Hence, as man is nowhere found out of society, so nowhere is society found without government.

3. Government is necessary: but let it be remarked by the way, that its necessity does not grow exclusively or chiefly out of the fact that the human race by sin has fallen from its primitive¹ integrity, or original righteousness. The fall asserted by Christian theology, though often misinterpreted, and its effects underrated or exaggerated, is a fact too sadly confirmed by individual experience and universal history; but it is not the cause why government is necessary, though it may be an additional reason for demanding it.

4. Government would have been necessary if man had not sinned, and it is needed for the good as well as for the bad. The law was promulgated in the Garden, while man retained his innocence and remained in the integrity of his nature. It exists in heaven as well as on earth, and in heaven in its perfection. Its office is not purely repressive, to restrain violence, to redress wrongs, and to punish the transgressor. It has something more to do than to restrict our natural liberty, curb our passions, and maintain justice between man and man.

5. Its office is positive as well as negative. It is needed to render effective the solidarity² of the individuals of a

¹ Prim'i tive, early; first.

² SSI'Y dār'Y tŷ, an entire union

or consolidation of interests and responsibility; fellowship.

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nation, and to render the nation an organism,¹ not a mere organization—to combine men in one living body, and to strengthen all with the strength of each, and each with the strength of all—to develop, strengthen, and sustain individual liberty, and to utilize and direct it to the promotion of the common weal²—to be a social providence, imitating in its order and degree the action of the divine providence itself, and, while it provides for the common good of all, to protect each, the lowest and meanest, with the whole force and majesty of society.

6. It is the minister of wrath to wrong-doers, indeed, but its nature is beneficent, and its action defines and protects the right of property, creates and maintains a medium in which religion can exert her supernatural energy, promotes learning, fosters science and art, advances civilization, and contributes as a powerful means to the fulfilment by man of the Divine purpose in his existence. Next after religion, it is man's greatest good; and even religion without it can do only a small portion of her work. They wrong it who call it a necessary evil; it is a great good, and, instead of being distrusted, hated, or resisted, except in its abuses, it should be loved, respected, obeyed, and, if need be, defended at the cost of all earthly goods, and even of life itself.

117. GOVERNMENT.

PART SECOND.

THE nature or essence of government is to govern. A government that does not govern, is simply no government at all. If it has not the ability to govern and governs not, it may be an agency, an instrument in the hands of indi-

¹ Organism (or *organism*), an organized being; a living body composed of different organs or parts with functions separate but mutually dependent.

² Weal, welfare; happiness.

viduals for advancing their private interests, but it is not government. To be government, it must govern both individuals and the community. If it is a mere machine for making prevail the will of one man, of a certain number of men, or even of the community, it may be very effective sometimes for good, sometimes for evil, oftenest for evil, but government in the proper sense of the word it is not.

2. To govern is to direct, control, restrain, as the pilot controls and directs his ship. It necessarily implies two terms, governor and governed, and a real distinction between them. The denial of this real distinction is an error in politics analogous to that in philosophy or theology of denying all real distinction between creator and creature, God and the universe, which all the world knows is either pantheism¹ or pure atheism²—the supreme sophism.³

3. Government is not only that which governs, but that which has the right or authority to govern. Power without right is not government. Governments have the right to use force at need, but might does not make right, and not every power wielding the physical force of a nation is to be regarded as its rightful government. Whatever resort to physical force it may be obliged to make, either in defense of its authority or of the rights of the nation, the government itself lies in the moral order, and politics is simply a branch of ethics⁴—that branch which treats of the rights and duties of men in their public relations, as distinguished from their rights and duties in their private relations. Govern-

¹ **Pantheism** (pān'the izm), the doctrine that the universe itself is God; the doctrine that there is no God but the combined forces and laws of the universe.

² **Atheism** (ā'the izm), the disbelief or denial of the existence of a

God, or supreme intelligent Being.

³ **Sophism** (sōf' izm), a false doctrine or mode of reasoning intended to deceive.

⁴ **Eth'ics**, the science of man's duty; rules of practice in respect to human actions.

ment being not only that which governs, but that which has the right to govern, obedience to it becomes a moral duty, not a mere physical necessity. The right to govern and the duty to obey are correlatives, and the one can not exist or be conceived without the other.

4. The assertion of government as lying in the moral order, defines civil liberty, and reconciles it with authority. Civil liberty is freedom to do whatever one pleases that authority permits or does not forbid. Freedom to follow in all things one's own will or inclination, without any civil restraint, is license, not liberty. Tyranny or oppression is not in being subjected to authority, but in being subjected to usurped authority—to a power that has no right to command, or that commands what exceeds its right or its authority.

5. To say that it is contrary to liberty to be forced to forego our own will or inclination in any case whatever, is simply denying the right of all government, and falling into no-governmentism. Liberty is violated only when we are required to forego our own will or inclination by a power that has no right to make the requisition; for we are bound to obedience as far as authority has right to govern, and we can never have the right to disobey a rightful command. The requisition, if made by rightful authority, then, violates no right that we have or can have, and where there is no violation of our rights there is no violation of our liberty. The moral right of authority, which involves the moral duty of obedience, presents, then, the ground on which liberty and authority may meet in peace and operate to the same end.

6. This has no resemblance to the slavish doctrine of passive obedience, and that the resistance to power can never be lawful. The tyrant may be lawfully resisted, for the tyrant, by force of the word itself, is a usurper, and without authority. Abuses of power may be resisted even by force

when they become too great to be endured, when there is no legal or regular way of redressing them, and when there is a reasonable prospect that resistance will prove effectual and substitute something better in their place.

BROWNSON.¹

TO BE MEMORIZED.

*To sleep! to sleep! The long bright day is done,
And darkness rises from the falling sun.
What'er thy joys, they vanish with the day;
What'er thy griefs, in sleep they fade away.
Sleep, mournful heart, and let the past be past!
Sleep, happy soul! All life will sleep at last.*—TENNYSON.

118. THE STARRY HEAVENS.

IF we look out upon the starry heavens by which we are surrounded, we find them diversified in every possible way. Our own mighty Stellar² System takes upon itself the form of a flat disc, which may be compared to a mighty ring breaking into two distinct branches, severed from each other, the interior with stars less densely populous than upon the exterior. But take the telescope and go beyond this; and here you find, coming out from the depths of space, universes of every possible shape and fashion; some of them assuming a globular form, and, when we apply the highest possible penetrating power of the telescope, breaking into ten thousand brilliant stars, all crushed and condensed into one luminous, bright, and magnificent center.

¹ Orestes Augustus Brownson, an American writer, was born in 1803 and died in 1876. Though brought up in the ways of his Puritan ancestors, he finally embraced the Catholic faith and devoted his powerful intellect and great talents to the service of Catholicity. As a

Catholic reviewer he ranks high in the world of letters; and as a Christian philosopher, logician, and metaphysician, he is esteemed by the learned of all nations. His writings are numerous and voluminous.

² Stellar (stēl' lēr), of or pertaining to stars; starry.

2. But look yet farther. Away yonder, in the distance, you behold a faint, hazy, nebulous¹ ring of light, the interior almost entirely dark, but the exterior ring-shaped, and exhibiting to the eye, under the most powerful telescope, the fact that it may be resolved entirely into stars, producing a universe somewhat analogous to the one we inhabit. Go yet deeper into space, and there you will behold another universe—voluminous scrolls of light, glittering with beauty, flashing with splendor, and sweeping a curve of most extraordinary form and of most tremendous outlines.

3. Thus we may pass from planet to planet, from sun to sun, from system to system. We may reach beyond the limits of this mighty stellar cluster with which we are allied. We may find other island universes sweeping through space. The great unfinished problem still remains—Whence came this universe?

4. Have all these stars which glitter in the heavens been shining from all eternity? Has our globe been rolling around the sun for ceaseless ages? Whence, whence this magnificent Architecture, whose architraves thus rise in splendor before us in every direction? Is it all the work of chance? I answer, No. It is not the work of chance.

5. Who shall reveal to us the true cosmogony² of the universe by which we are surrounded? Is it the work of an Omnipotent Architect? If so, who is this August Being? Go with me to-night, in imagination, and stand with St. Paul, the great Apostle, upon Mars' Hill, and there look around you as he did. Here rises that magnificent building, the Parthenon, sacred to Minerva, the Goddess of Wisdom. There towers her colossal statue, rising in its majesty above the city of which she was the guardian—the first object to

¹ Nēb'u lōds, cloudlike.

the world or universe; a theory or

² Cos mōg'o nŷ, the creation of, account of such creation.

catch the rays of the rising, and the last to be kissed by the rays of the setting sun. There are the temples of all the gods; and there are the shrines of every divinity.

6. And yet I tell you these gods and these divinities, though created under the inspiring fire of poetic fancy and Greek imagination, never reared this stupendous structure by which we are surrounded. The Olympic Jove never built these heavens. The wisdom of Minerva never organized these magnificent systems. I say with St. Paul, "Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things you are too superstitious; for passing by, I found an altar on which was written, '*To the unknown God.*'" What therefore you worship, without knowing it, that I preach to you. God who made the world and all things therein, He being Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth in temples not made with hand."

7. No, here is the temple of our Divinity. Around us and above us rise Sun and System, Cluster and Universe. And I doubt not that in every region of this vast Empire of God, hymns of praise and anthems of glory are rising and reverberating from Sun to Sun and from System to System—heard by Omnipotence alone across immensity and through eternity!

MITCHELL.¹

119. GENIUS OF SHAKESPEARE.

SHAKESPEARE is the unquestioned legislator of modern literary art. To what does he owe this supremacy, or whence flow all the extraordinary qualities which we attribute to him? You are all prepared with the answer in one single word—his *genius*. This is our familiar thought and ready expression when we study him, and when we characterize

¹ O. M. Mitchell, a distinguished American astronomer, author, and

general, born in 1809, and died of yellow fever in 1862.

him. Nevertheless, simple and intelligible as is the word, it is extremely difficult to analyze or to define it. Yet everything that is great and beautiful in his writing seems to require an explanation of the cause to which it owes its origin.

2. One great characteristic of genius easily and universally admitted is, that it is a gift, and not an acquisition. It belongs inherently to the person possessing it: it can not be transmitted by heritage; it can not be infused by parental affection; it can not be bestowed by earliest care; neither can it be communicated by the most finished culture or the most studied education. It must be congenital,¹ or rather inborn to its possessor. It is as much a living, a natural power, as is reason to every man.

3. As surely as the very first germ of the plant contains in itself the faculty² of one day evolving³ from itself leaves, flowers, and fruit, so does genius hold, however hidden, however unseen, the power to open, to bring forth, and to mature what other men can not do, but what to it is instinctive and almost spontaneous.⁴ It may begin to manifest itself with the very dawn of reason; it may remain asleep for years, till a spark, perhaps accidentally, kindles up into a sudden and irrepressible⁵ splendor that unseen intellectual fuel which has been almost unknown to its unambitious owner.

4. We connect in our minds with genius the ideas of flashing splendor and eccentric movement. It is an intellectual meteor, the laws of which can not be defined or reduced to any given theory. We regard it with a certain awe, and leave it to soar or to droop, to shine or disappear, to dash

¹ Congenital (kõn jën'í tl), pertaining to one from birth.

² Fác'ul tŷ, ability to perform or to act.

³ El vól'v'ing, unfolding; unrolling; opening and enlarging.

⁴ Spõn tā'ne oŷs, proceeding from natural feeling, without labor or preparation.

⁵ Ir re prõss'í ble, not capable of being repressed, restrained, or controlled.

irregularly first in one direction and then in another: no one dare curb it or direct it; but all feel sure that its course, however inexplicable,¹ is subject to higher and controlling rule. We usually, however, speak of it with some qualifying epithet, as a military genius, or a mechanical genius, or a poetical genius, or a musical genius, or an artistic genius.

5. The person to whom they are attributed possesses no extraordinary power beyond the limits of his particular sphere. We understand that in that one sphere, or stage of excellence, he holds a complete elevation over the bulk of those who follow the same pursuit, a superiority so evident and so clearly individual, that no one else considers it inferiority, still less feels shame at not being able to rise to the same level. He has his acknowledged disciples and admirers who glory in his teaching and guidance.

6. But Shakespeare's genius was marvelously complete and apparently without limitation. His sympathies are universal, perfect in their own immediate use, infinitely varied, and strikingly beautiful when they reach remote objects. And hence, though at first sight he might be classified among those who have displayed a literary genius, he stretches his mind and his feelings so far beyond them on every side, that to him almost, perhaps, beyond any other man, the simple distinctive title without any qualification, belongs. No one need fear to call Shakespeare simply a grand, a sublime *genius*.

7. The center-point of his sympathies is clearly his dramatic art. From this they expand, for many degrees, with scarce perceptible diminution,² till they lose themselves in far distant, and to him unexplored space. This nucleus of his genius has certainly never been equaled before or since.

¹ In ex'pli ca ble, not capable of being explained or accounted for.

² Diminution (dīn'ī nū'shūn).

the act of making or becoming less ; the state of being decreased or made less.

Its essence consists in what is the very soul of the dramatic idea, the power to throw himself into the situation, the circumstances, the nature, the acquired habits, the feelings, true or fictitious, of every character which he introduces. This forms, in fact, the most perfect of sympathies. We do not, of course, use the word in that more usual sense of harmony of affection, or consent of feeling.

8. Shakespeare has sympathy as complete for *Shylock*,¹ or *Iago*,² as he has for *Arthur* or *King Lear*.³ For a time he lives in the astute⁴ villain as in the innocent child; he works his entire power of thought into intricacies of the traitor's brain; he makes his heart beat in concord with the usurer's sanguinary⁵ spite, and then, like some beautiful creature in the animal world, draws himself out of the hateful evil and is himself again; and able, even, often to hold his own noble and gentle qualities as a mirror, or exhibit the loftiest, the most generous and amiable examples of our nature. And this is all done without study, and apparently without effort. His infinitely varied characters come naturally into their places, never for a moment lose their proprieties, their personality, and the exact flexibility⁶ which results from the necessary combination in every man of many qualities. From the beginning to the end each one is the same, yet reflecting in himself the lights and shadows which flit around him.

9. Who, a stranger might ask, is the man, and where was

¹ *Shy'lock*, a revengeful Jew in Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice" whose avarice overreaches itself.

² *Iago* (e ä'go), a subtle and malignant villain, in Shakespeare's tragedy of "Othello," who falsely persuades Othello of the unfaithfulness of his wife Desdemona.

³ *King Lear*, a fabulous king of

Britain, and the hero of Shakespeare's tragedy "King Lear."

⁴ *As tüte*, crafty; cunning; eagle-eyed; keen.

⁵ *Sanguinary* (säng'gwī nā rī), bloody; murderous.

⁶ *Flëx'ī bil'ī tÿ*, the state or quality of being easily bent without breaking, or of readily yielding to persons or conditions.



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he born, and where did he live, that not only his acts and scenes are placed in any age, or in any land, but that he can fill his stage with the very living men of the time and place represented, make them move as easily as if he held them in strings, and make them speak not only with general conformity to their common position, but with individual and distinctive propriety, so that each is different from the rest? This ubiquity,¹ if we may so call it, of Shakespeare's sympathies, constitutes the unlimited extent and might of his dramatic genius. It would be difficult to imagine where a boundary line could at length have been drawn, beyond which nothing original, nothing new, and nothing beautiful, could be supposed to have come forth from his mind. We are compelled to say that his genius was inexhaustible.²

10. We may safely conclude that, in whatever constitutes the dramatic art, in its strictest sense, Shakespeare possessed matchless sympathies with all its attributes. The next and most essential quality required for pure genius is the power to give outward life to the inward conception. Without this the poet is dumb. He may be a "mute inglorious Milton;" he can not be a speaking, noble Shakespeare. I need not descant upon Shakespeare's position among the bards and writers of England, and of the modern world. Upon this point there can scarcely be a dissenting opinion: His language is the purest and best, his verse the most flowing and rich; and as for his sentiments, it would be difficult without the command of his own language to characterize them. No other writer has ever given such periods of sententious³ wisdom. I have spoken of genius as a gift to an individual man.

¹ **Ubiquity** (u blík'wí tī), living everywhere, or in all places, at the same time. emptied, used up, wasted, or spent; unfilling.

² **Inexhaustible** (in'ægz æst'í bl), not capable of being exhausted, terse and energetic in speech; full of meaning.

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I will conclude by the reflection that that man becomes himself a gift; a gift to his nation; a gift to his age; a gift to the world of all times.

CARDINAL WISEMAN.¹

120. QUARREL OF BRUTUS AND CASSIUS.

CASSIUS. That you have wronged me doth appear in this,
You have condemned and noted Lucius Pella,

For taking bribes here of the Sardians;

Wherein my letters (praying on his side

Because I knew the man) were slighted of.

Brutus. You wronged yourself to write in such a case.

Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet

That every nice offense should bear its comment.

Bru. Yet let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself

Are much condemned to have an itching palm;

To sell and mart your offices for gold, to undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm!

You know that you are Brutus that speak this,

Or by the gods, this speech were else your last!

Bru. The name of Cassius honors this corruption,

And chastisement² doth therefore hide its head.

Cas. Chastisement!

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March,³ remember

Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?

What villain touched his body, that did stab,

And not for Justice? What shall one of us,

¹ **Nicholas Patrick Stephen Wiseman**, an English Cardinal and author, was born in 1802, and died in 1865. After pursuing his course of study eight years in England, he completed his education in Rome, where he published his first book, a work on the Oriental languages. His numerous publica-

tions are of extraordinary ability.

² **Chastisement** (chās'tiz mēnt), the act of inflicting pain for punishment and correction; punishment, as with stripes.

³ **Ides of March**, the *fifteenth* of March, here referring to the assassination of Cæsar on the Ides of March, B. C. 44.

That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers ; shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honors,
For so much trash as may be grasped thus ?
I had rather be a dog and bay the moon, than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bay not me !

I'll not endure it ; you forget yourself
To hedge me in ; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself to make conditions.

Bru. Go to ; you are not Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say, you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more. I shall forget myself—
Have mind upon your health—tempt me no farther !

Bru. Away, slight man !

Cas. Is it possible ?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler ?
Shall I be frightened when a madman stares ?

Cas. O gods ! ye gods ! must I endure all this ?

Bru. All this ? ay, more. Fret till your proud heart break.
Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge ?
Must I observe you ? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humor ? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you ; for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this ?

Bru. You say you are a better soldier ;
Let it appear so : make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way—you wrong me, Brutus ;

I said an elder soldier, not a better ;

Did I say better ?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have moved me.

Bru. Peace, peace ; you durst not so have tempted him.

Cas. I durst not ?

Bru. No.

Cas. What ! durst not tempt him ?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love ;

I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats ;

For I am armed so strong in honesty,

That they pass by me as the idle wind,

Which I respect not. I did send to you

For certain sums of gold, which you denied me ;

For I can raise no money by vile means.

By Jupiter, I'd rather coin my heart,

And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring

From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash

By any indirection. I did send

To you for gold to pay my legions,

Which you denied me. Was that done like Cassius ?

Should I have answered Caius Cassius so ?

When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,

To lock such rascal counters from his friends,

Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,

Dash him to pieces !

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not ; — he was but a fool

That brought my answer back. — Brutus hath rived my heart ;

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,

But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practice them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come !
Revenge yourself alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is a-weary of the world :
Hated by one he loves—braved by his brother—
Checked like a bondman—all his faults observed,
Set in a note-book—learned and conned by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes !—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast ; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold !
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth !
I that denied thee gold, will give my heart ;
Strike as thou didst at Cæsar ; for I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him better
Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.

Bru. Sheathe your dagger ;
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope ;
Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.
O Cassius, you are yokèd with a lamb,
That carries anger as the flint bears fire ;
Which much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius lived
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief and blood-ill-tempered vexeth him ?

Bru. When I spoke that I was ill-tempered, too.

Cas. Do you confess so much ? Give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart, too.

Cas. O Brutus !

Bru. What's the matter ?

Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me,

When that rash humor which my mother gave me,
Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cassius; and, from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so. SHAKESPEARE.¹

121. DEATH OF SAMSON.

[Scene—IN GAZA.]

OCCASION drew me early to this city;
And, as the gates I entered with sunrise,
The morning trumpets festival proclaimed
Through each high street: little I had dispatched,
When all abroad was rumored that this day
Samson should be brought forth, to show the people
Proof of his mighty strength in feats and games;
I sorrowed at his captive state, but minded
Not to be absent at that spectacle.

2. The building was a spacious theater,
Half-round, on two main pillars vaulted high,
With seats, where all the lords, and each degree
Of sort, might sit in order to behold;
The other side was open, where the throng
On banks and scaffolds under sky might stand;
I among these, aloof, obscurely stood,

¹ William Shakespeare, one of the greatest of all poets, was born at Stratford-on-Avon, Warwick County, England, in April, 1564, where he died in April, 1616. He is supposed to have received his early education at the grammar school in his native town. He removed to London in 1586. His religion is not absolutely known, but his writings clearly mark his sympathy with Catholicism. Catholic dignitaries, traditions, doc-

trines, and usages are dealt with most reverently and in Catholic language. No jest nor sarcasm is leveled at monk or nun, though then received with favor at court. His friars are devout and worthy of respect, his nuns things "enshrined and sainted." Carlyle says, "This glorious Elizabethan age, with Shakespeare as the outcome and flowerage of all that had preceded it, is itself attributable to the Catholicism of the middle ages."

3. The feast and noon grew high, and sacrifice
 Had filled their hearts with mirth, high cheer, and wine,
 When to their sports they turned. Immediately
 Was Samson as a public servant brought,
 In their state livery clad ; before him pipes
 And timbrels, on each side went armed guards,
 Both horse and foot ; before him and behind
 Archers and slingers, cataphracts¹ and spears.
 At sight of him the people with a shout
 Rifted the air, clamoring their god with praise,
 Who had made their dreadful enemy their thrall.
4. He, patient, but undaunted, where they led him,
 Came to the place ; and what was set before him,
 Which without help of eye might be essayed,
 To heave, pull, draw, or break, he stilled performed,
 All with incredible, stupendous force,
 None daring to appear antagonist.
5. At length, for intermission sake, they led him
 Between the pillars : he his guide requested,
 As over-tired, to let him lean awhile
 With both his arms on those two massive pillars,
 That to the archèd roof gave main support.
6. He, unsuspecting, led him ; which, when Samson
 Felt in his arms, with head awhile inclined,
 And eyes fast fixed he stood, as one who prayed,
 Or some great matter in his mind revolved ;
 At last, with head erect, thus cried aloud :
 "Hitherto, lords, what your commands imposed
 I have performed, as reason was, obeying,
 Not without wonder or delight beheld :
 Now, of my own accord, such other trial
 I mean to show you of my strength, yet greater,
 As with amaze shall strike all who behold."

¹ *Cataphracts* (kāt' & frākts), defensive armor for both men and horsemen covered with a kind of horses.

7. This uttered, straining all his nerves, he bowed ;
 As with the force of winds and waters pent,
 When mountains tremble, those two massive pillars
 With horrible convulsion to and fro
 He tugged; he shook, till down they came, and drew
 The whole roof after them, with burst of thunder,
 Upon the heads of all who sat beneath—
 Lords, ladies, captains, counselors, or priests,
 Their choice nobility and flower, not only
 Of this but each Philistian city round,
 Met from all parts to solemnize this feast.
 Samson, with these immixed, inevitably
 Pulled down the same destruction on himself :
 The vulgar only 'scaped who stood without.

MILTON.¹

TO BE MEMORIZED.

*Not Love, nor War, nor the tumultuous swell
 Of civil conflict, nor the wrecks of change,
 Nor Duty struggling with afflictions strange—
 Not these alone inspire the tuneful shell ;
 But where untroubled peace and concord dwell,
 There also is the Muse not loath to range,
 Watching the twilight smoke of cot or grange,
 Skyward ascending from a woody dell.
 Meek aspirations please her, lone endeavor,
 And sage content, and placid melancholy ;
 She loves to gaze upon a crystal river—
 Diaphanous because it travels slowly ;
 Soft is the music that would charm forever ;
 The flower of sweetest smell is shy and lowly.*—WORDSWORTH.

¹ John Milton, one of the greatest of English poets and scholars, was born in London in 1608, and died in 1674. He wrote several poems at an early age. His "Hymn on the Nativity," published in his twenty-first year, is probably the finest lyric in the English language. In 1665 he completed "Paradise Lost," a work which alone secures him a preëminence of literary fame. He never speaks of the Holy Trinity, however, and scarcely disguises his Arianism.

122. DEATH OF KING ARTHUR.

PART FIRST.

SO all day long the noise of battle rolled
 Among the mountains by the winter sea ;
 Until King Arthur's¹ table, man by man,
 Had fallen in Lyonness about their Lord,
 King Arthur : then, because his wound was deep,
 The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,
 Sir Bedivere, the last of all his knights,
 And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,
 A broken chancel with a broken cross,
 That stood on a dark strait of barren land.
 On one side lay the ocean, and on one
 Lay a great water, and the moon was full.

2. Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere :
 "The sequel of to-day unsolders² all
 The goodliest fellowship of famous knights
 Whereof this world holds record. Such a sleep
 They sleep—the men I loved. I think that we
 Shall never more, at any future time,
 Delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds,
 Walking about the gardens and the halls
 Of Camelot, as in the days that were.
 I perish by this people which I made—
 Though Merlin³ sware that I should come again
 To rule once more—but let what will be, be,
 I am so deeply smitten through the helm
 That without help I can not last till morn.

¹ **King Arthur.** The life and death of this ancient British hero are involved in fiction. Modred, his nephew, revolted from him, which brought on the fatal battle of Comlan, in Cornwall, in 542. Modred was slain and Arthur mortally wounded. The British Celts

long believed that he would some day come back and vindicate for them the undivided sovereignty of Britannia.

² **Unsol'der,** to separate, as what has been soldered ; to sunder.

³ **Mer'lin,** two British sorcerers of the 5th and 6th centuries.

3. "Thou, therefore, take my brand Excalibur,
Which was my pride; for thou rememberest how
In those old days, one summer noon, an arm
Rose up from out the bosom of the lake,
Clothed in white samite,¹ mystic, wonderful,
Holding the sword—and how I rowed across
And took it, and have worn it, like a king:
And, wheresoever I am sung or told,
In after time, this also shall be known:
But now delay not: take Excalibur,
And fling him far into the middle mere:²
Watch what thou seest, and lightly bring me word."
4. To him replied the bold Sir Bedivere:
"It is not meet, Sir King, to leave thee thus,
Aidless, alone, and smitten through the helm.
A little thing may harm a wounded man.
Yet I thy hest³ will all perform at full,
Watch what I see, and lightly bring thee word."
So saying, from the ruined shrine he stepped,
And in the moon athwart⁴ the place of tombs,
Where lay the mighty bones of ancient men,
Old knights, and over them the sea-wind sang
Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam. He, stepping down
By zigzag paths, and juts of pointed rock,
Came on the shining levels of the lake.
5. There drew he forth the brand Excalibur,
And o'er him, drawing it, the winter moon,
Brightening the skirts of a long cloud, ran forth
And sparkled keen with frost against the hilt;
For all the haft twinkled with diamond sparks,
Myriads of topaz-lights, and jacinth-work

¹ *Sā'mite*, a silk stuff, or taffeta,
often adorned with gold.

² *Mere*, a pool or lake.

³ *Hēst*, precept; command.

⁴ *Athwart* (*ā fhwart'*), across;
from side to side of.

Of subtlest¹ jewelry. He gazed so long
 That both his eyes were dazzled, as he stood
 This way and that dividing the swift mind,
 In act to throw; but at the last it seemed
 Better to leave Excalibur concealed
 There in the many-knotted waterflags,
 That whistled stiff and dry about the marge.
 So strode he back slow to the wounded King.

6. Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere :
 "Hast thou performed my mission which I gave?
 What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?"
 And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere :
 "I heard the ripple washing in the reeds,
 And the wild water lapping on the crag."
 To whom replied King Arthur, faint and pale,
 "Thou hast betrayed thy nature and thy name,
 Not rendering true answer, as be seemed
 Thy fealty,² nor like a noble knight;
 For surer sign had followed, either hand
 Or voice, or else a motion of the mere.
 This is a shameful thing for men to lie.
 Yet now, I charge thee, quickly go again
 As thou art lief and dear, and do the thing
 I bade thee, watch, and lightly bring me word."

7. Then went Sir Bedivere the second time
 Across the ridge, and paced beside the mere,
 Counting the dewy pebbles, fixed in thought;
 But when he saw the wonder of the hilt,
 How curiously and strangely chased, he smote
 His palms together, and he cried aloud:
 "And if indeed I cast the brand away,
 Surely a precious thing, one worthy note,
 Should thus be lost forever from the earth,

¹ Subtlest (sūt' lest), most cunningly wrought.

² Fē'al tȳ, fidelity; faithfulness to an oath.

Which might have pleased the eyes of many men.
 What good should follow this, if this were done?
 What harm, undone? deep harm to disobey,
 Seeing obedience is the bond of rule.
 Were it well to obey then, if a king demand
 An act unprofitable, against himself?

8. "The king is sick, and knows not what he does.
 What record, or what relic of my lord
 Should be to after time, but empty breath
 And rumors of a doubt? but were this kept,
 Stored in some treasure-house of mighty kings,
 Some one might show it at a joust¹ of arms,
 Saying, 'King Arthur's sword, Excalibur,
 Wrought by the lonely maiden of the Lake.
 Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the deeps
 Upon the hidden bases of the hills.'
 So might some old man speak in the after time
 To all the people, winning reverence.
 But now much honor and much fame were lost."
9. So spake he, clouded with his own conceit,
 And hid Excalibur the second time,
 And so strode back slow to the wounded King.
 Then spoke King Arthur, breathing heavily:
 "What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?
 And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
 "I heard the water lapping on the crag,
 And the long ripple washing in the reeds."
10. To whom replied King Arthur, much in wrath:
 "Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue,
 Unknightly, traitor-hearted! Woe is me!
 Authority forgets a dying king,
 Laid widowed of the power in his eye
 That bowed the will. I see thee what thou art;

¹ Joust (jüst), a tilting match; a mock combat on horseback.

For thou, the latest left of all my knights,
 In whom should meet the offices of all,
 Thou wouldst betray me for the precious hilt ;
 Either from lust of gold, or like a girl
 Valuing the giddy pleasure of the eyes.
 Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice,
 And the third time may prosper, get thee hence ;
 But, if thou spare to fling Excalibur,
 I will arise and slay thee with my hands."

123. DEATH OF KING ARTHUR.

PART SECOND.

THEN quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran,
 And, leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged
 Among the bulrush-beds, and clutched the sword,
 And strongly wheeled and threw it. The great brand
 Made lightnings in the splendor of the moon,
 And flashing round and round, and whirled in an arch,
 Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,
 Seen where the moving isles of winter shock
 By night, with noises of the northern sea.
 So flashed and fell the brand Excalibur ;
 But ere he dipt the surface, rose an arm
 Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
 And caught him by the hilt, and brandished him
 Three times, and drew him under in the mere—
 And lightly went the other to the King.

2. Then spoke King Arthur, drawing thicker breath,
 " Now see I by thine eyes that this is done.
 Speak out : what is it thou hast heard, or seen ! "
 And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere :
 " Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, lest the gems
 Should blind my purpose, for I never saw.
 Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I die,

Not though I live three lives of mortal men,
 So great a miracle as yonder hilt.
 Then with both hands I flung him, wheeling him;
 But when I looked again, behold an arm,
 Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
 That caught him by the hilt, and brandished him
 Three times, and drew him under in the mere."

3. And answer made King Arthur, breathing hard:
 "My end draws nigh, so nigh that I were gone.
 Make broad thy shoulders to receive my weight,
 And bear me to the mead, yet I fear
 My wound hath taken cold, and I shall die."

So saying, from the pavement he half rose,
 Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm,
 And looking wistfully with wild blue eyes
 As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere
 Remorsefully regarded through his tears,
 And would have spoken, but he found not words;
 Then took with care, and kneeling on one knee,
 O'er both his shoulders drew the languid hands,
 And rising bore him through the place of tombs.

4. But as he walked, King Arthur panted hard
 Like one that feels a nightmare on his bed;
 When all the house is mute. So sighed the King,
 Muttering and murmuring at his ear, "Quick, quick!
 I fear it is too late, and I shall die."
 But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge,
 Clothed with his breath, and looking as he walked
 Larger than human on the frozen hills.
 He heard the deep behind him, and a cry
 Before. His own thought drove him like a goad.
 Dry clashed his harness in the icy caves
 And barren chasms, and all to left and right
 The bare black cliff clanged round him, as he based
 His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang

Sharp smitten with the dint of armed heels—
 And on a sudden, lo ! the level lake,
 And the long glories of the winter moon.

5. Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,
 Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,
 Beneath them ; and descending they were ware
 That all the decks were dense with stately forms
 Black-stoled, black-hoodèd, like a dream—by these
 Three Queens with crowns of gold—and from them rose
 A cry that shivered to the tingling stars,
 And, as it were one voice, an agony
 Of lamentation, like a wind, that shrills
 All night in a waste land, where no one comes,
 Or hath come, since the making of the world.
 Then murmured Arthur, " Place me in the barge,"
 And to the barge they came. There those three Queens
 Put forth their hands, and took the King, and wept.
6. But she that rose the tallest of them all
 And fairest, laid his head upon her lap,
 And loosed the shattered casque, and chafed his hands,
 And called him by his name, complaining loud,
 And dropping bitter tears against his brow
 Striped with dark blood ; for all his face was white
 And colorless, and like the withered moon
 Smote by the fresh beam of the springing east ;
 And all his greaves¹ and cuisses² dashed with drops
 Of onset ; and the light and lustrous curls—
 That made his forehead like a rising sun
 High from the dais-throne—were parched with dust ;
 Or, clotted into points, and hanging loose,
 Mixed with the knightly growth that fringed his lips.
 So like a shattered column lay the King ;
 Not like that Arthur who, with lance in rest,

¹ **Greaves**, armor for the legs ; a
 sort of boots.

² **Cuisse** (kwis), defensive armor
 for the thighs.

From spur to plume a star of tournament,
Shot through the lists at Camelot, and charged
Before the eyes of ladies and of kings.

7. Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere—
“ Ah ! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go ?
Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes ?
For now I see the true old times are dead,
When every morning brought a noble chance,
And every chance brought out a noble knight.
Such times have been not since the light that led
The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.
But now the whole ROUND TABLE is dissolved,
Which was an image of the mighty world ;
And I, the last, go forth companionless,
And the days darken round me, and the years,
Among new men, strange faces, other minds.”

8. And slowly answered Arthur from the barge :
“ The old order chāngèth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfill himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
Comfort thyself : what comfort is in me ?
I have lived my life, and that which I have done
May He within himself make pure ! but thou,
If thou shouldst never see my face again,
¹ *Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend ?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.*

¹ Memorize this passage in *Italics*, relating to purgatory.

9. "But now farewell. I am going a long way
 With these thou seest—if indeed I go
 (For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)
 To the island valley of Avalon ;¹
 Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
 Nor ever wind blows loudly ; but it lies
 Deep-meadowed, happy, fair with orchard-lawns
 And bowery hollows crowned with summer sea,
 Where I will heal me of my grievous wound."
10. So said he, and the barge with oar and sail
 Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan,
 That, fluting a wild carol, ere her death,
 Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood
 With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere
 Revolving many memories, till the hull
 Looked one black dot against the verge of dawn,
 And on the meer the wailing died away. TENNYSON.

TO BE MEMORIZED.

*Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom, lead Thou me on !
 The night is dark, and I am far from home, lead Thou me on !
 Keep Thou my feet ; I do not ask to see
 The distant scene—one step enough for me.
 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou shouldst lead me on.
 I loved to choose and see my path ; but now lead Thou me on !
 I loved the garish day, and spite of fears,
 Pride ruled my will : remember not past years.
 So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still will lead me on,
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till the night is gone ;
 And with the morn those angel faces smile
 Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.*—NEWMAN.

¹ *Av'a lön*, in Middle-Age romance, the name of an ocean island, and of a castle of loadstone upon it,

"not far on this side of the terrestrial paradise." It is represented as the abode of Arthur, and Oberon.

124. THE DEAD.

REVERENCE for the dead is now, as it has been in all the Christian past, one of the distinguishing marks of civilized nations. Even amongst the pagan peoples of the elder world, the Egyptians, the Greeks, the Romans, the dead were invested with a sacred character, and their mortal remains were treated with all imaginable respect. The affection of friends and relatives survived the stroke of death, and all manner of ingenious devices were resorted to in order to preserve from destruction even the frail tenement of clay ^{devised} that had once been animated by a living soul. ^{desire of angels}

2. This fond remembrance of the dead was the natural instinct of human affection; but how much more high and pure and holy is the memory of the dead amongst the Christians? It is not alone as fellow-beings who once lived and moved upon the earth, played their several parts in Life's great drama¹ and who are gone forever from mortal sight, that we remember our departed ones. No, it is rather as our brethren in Christ—as sharing with us in the priceless boon of redemption—purified and ennobled by the same sacraments, and destined to dwell with us for ever in the home of blessed spirits beyond the starry sky.

3. What can be more impressive, more soothing to the sorrow-worn heart, than a visit to a Catholic cemetery, when the early sunshine gilds the graves, or when the gray mists of evening are beginning to enshroud the touching memorials of the dead, gleaming white and ghost-like through the gathering gloom, lending a softer, tenderer grace to all around? There we behold, indeed, a city—a city of silence and of peace unbroken, where the multitude of quiet sleepers are

¹ Drā'ma (or drā'mā), a story of connected events ending in an which is acted, not told; a number interesting or striking result.

forever at rest, each one reposing in the narrow house of death, under the shadow of that cross beneath which they fought the good fight—that cross which they loved and honored in the days of their earthly pilgrimage!

4. How hopeful, how helpful is all that meets the eye! The saving sign of man's redemption, raised aloft like the brazen serpent in the desert; the touching prayer for "the parted soul" whose mortal body molds beneath; the sweet face of Mary, the Immaculate Mother; the venerable form of the foster-father of Jesus; the Angel pointing heavenward; the emblematic figure of Faith, or Hope, or Charity, sculptured on the sepulchral monuments around: all speak of the sweet hope of a blessed resurrection, of an eternal re-union with the dead and gone children of the Christian family.

5. In the Catholic cemetery there is nothing sad, nothing dreary. There the darkness of desolation has no place or part. Winter may spread her snowy pall over the landscape, and shroud the trees, that overhang the graves and shade the silent alleys—yet spring, smiling spring—the spring of ever-blooming Hope reigns through all the changing seasons, in that calm abode of the buried dead. "May they rest in peace" pray all the stately monuments and all the humble head-stones that keep watch over the dead, and the grand "Amen!" goes up from year to year as the living come and go amongst the tombs, and kneel beside the graves.

6. The Dead! our Dead! what a world of solemn beauty, of mournful sweetness lies hidden in the words! What tender memories, what touching associations hover like angels around them, while memory conjures¹ up from the buried years the faces once so dear and so familiar, on earth seen no more, and recalls the tones of well-loved voices, silent

¹ Conjures up, to raise or bring into being without reason, or by unnatural means; as to conjure up a phantom or a story.

now forever ! Oh, how consoling is the blessed remembrance that the dear eyes closed in the peace of God, that the latest accents of those well-remembered voices were of prayer and love and hope !

7. "Why are the once-loved dead forgotten soon? Their path no more is intertwined with ours" in the daily walks of earthly life, yet their memory is ever with us in all our hopes and fears, our joys and our sorrows. Our dead are never forgotten. Our fondest affections are buried with them. Our prayers go up unceasingly for them to the throne of the Most High. They have a share in all the good works which by God's grace we are enabled to perform. The very trials and sufferings of our life are made available for them by being offered up for their comfort and refreshment in the after life.

8. No, our dead are not forgotten. They are ever with us in spirit, and the thought of them—gone before us into the everlasting mansions—resting forever in the bosom of their God, or "in Purgatory's cleansing fires," calmly, if painfully, awaiting their deliverance—that thought serves to cheer us on amid the toils and pains of life, brightening many a lonely hour that, otherwise, were dark and dreary. Our dead are more with us than our living, and we may truly say, with sweet Adelaide Procter,

"One by one life robs us of our treasures ;
Nothing is our own except our Dead."

9. The thought that we can still help them by our prayers and suffrages is a never-failing source of comfort to hearts oppressed with sorrow for their loss. All the day long and often, too, in the still watches of the night, when darkness, like a funeral pall, enshrouds the sleeping earth, the prayer of loving hearts goes up like incense to the highest Heaven, and thence descends in refreshing dew on the souls of the

departed, if they are still numbered amongst the ^{spirits in} prison," of whom St. Peter speaks in one of his Epistles.

10. While the stars look down on the quiet graves out in the lonely church-yard, angel eyes are watching where the prayer of faith ascends from sorrowing hearts through the calm evening hours, and the deep stillness of the solemn midnight, gathering all the petitions of the praying multitude for the faithful departed, and offering them up in the golden censer which St. John saw of old in his wondrous vision, to Him who sits forever on the Throne, the Lamb for sinners slain, the Judge of the living and the dead. MRS. SADLIER.¹

TO BE MEMORIZED.

*Seated one day at the Organ, I was weary and ill at ease
And my fingers wandered idly over the noisy keys.
I do not know what I was playing, or what I was dreaming then;
But I struck one chord of music, like the sound of a great Amen.
It flooded the crimson twilight, like the close of an Angel's Psalm,
And it lay on my fevered spirit with a touch of infinite calm.
It quieted pain and sorrow, like love overcoming strife;
It seemed the harmonious echo from our discordant life.
It linked all perplexed meanings into one perfect peace,
And trembled away into silence as if it were loth to cease.
I have sought, but I seek it vainly, that one lost chord divine,
Which came from the soul of the Organ, and entered into mine.
It may be that Death's bright angel will speak in that chord again.
It may be that only in Heaven I shall hear that grand Amen.*

ADELAIDE PROCTER.

¹ Mrs. James Sadlier (Mary Ann Madden), was born at Coothill, Cavan, Ireland, in 1820. She contributed to a London magazine at an early age. In 1841 she emigrated to Montreal, where she married Mr. James Sadlier, of the firm

of D. & J. Sadlier & Co., Catholic publishers, Montreal, New York. Few writers in America have done so much for the diffusion of excellent and useful literature, and to the well-being of her fellow Catholics.

¹ Often called from being the on the l



125. ELEGY IN A CHURCH-YARD.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
 The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
 The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Our few, the evening bell, so called from the evening bell having been the signal to put out fire on the hearth and remain within doors. The practice, common in the middle ages, was introduced in England by William the Conqueror, as a measure of police.

2. Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds ;
3. Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.
4. Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.
5. The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.
6. For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care ;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees, the envied kiss to share.
7. Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe¹ has broke :
How jocund² did they drive their team afield !
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !
8. Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;³
Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the Poor.

¹ Glebe, turf ; ground ; sod.² Jōc' und, sportive ; merry ;
very lively³ Ob scūre', darkened ; covered
over ; not well lighted ; humble ;
retired ; unknown.

9. The boast of heraldry,¹ the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable² hour—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.
10. Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.
11. Can storied urn, or animated³ bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death?
12. Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy⁴ 'the living lyre.'
13. But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury⁵ repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.
14. Full many a gem of purest ray serene,⁶
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

¹ *Hör ald rý*, the art or office of one who forms orders, and conducts public processions, ceremonies at royal marriages, etc.; the art or practice of recording the regular descent of a person or family from an ancestor; also, of the arms of the nobility and gentry.

² *In ðv* it a ble, admitting of no evasion or escape; certain.

³ *An'i māt ed*, full of life or

spirit; showing great spirit or liveliness; vigorous.

⁴ *Ecstasy* (ek'stā si), very great and overmastering joy; the greatest delight.

⁵ *Lyre*, a stringed instrument of music; a kind of harp used by the ancients to accompany poetry.

⁶ *Pön'ū rý*, poverty; want.

⁷ *Se rēne'*, clear and calm; not ruffled or clouded; fair; bright.

15. Some village Hampden,¹ that, with dauntless² breast
The little tyrant³ of his fields withstood;
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell,⁴ guiltless of his country's blood.
16. The applause of listening senates⁵ to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,
17. Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed⁶ alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;
18. The struggling pangs of conscious Truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous⁷ Shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.
19. Far from the madding crowd's ignoble⁸ strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool sequestered⁹ vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor¹⁰ of their way.
20. Yet even these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial¹¹ still erected nigh,

¹ John Hampden, an English statesman and patriot, born at London in 1594; mortally wounded in an affair with Prince Rupert, June 18, 1643.

² Daunt'less, not to be checked by fear of danger; fearless; bold.

³ Ty'rant, one who rules wholly; one who rules harshly, or contrary to law; a cruel master.

⁴ Oliver Crom'well, Lord Protector and virtually king of Great Britain, was born April 25, 1599,

and died September 3, 1659.

⁶ Cir'cum scribed, shut within a narrow limit; bounded; confined.

⁷ In gen'ra' cōn, noble; free-born; outspoken and truthful.

⁸ Ig'no'ble, of low birth or family; not noble; mean.

⁹ Se'que's'tered, taken from or set aside from; withdrawn or retired.

¹⁰ Ten'or, character; drift.

¹¹ Me'mo'ri'al, any thing which serves to keep something else in mind; memento; monument.

odd;
'T
show
is du

With uncouth¹ rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
 Implores the passing tribute² of a sigh.

21. Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered Muse,
 The place of fame and elegy³ supply;
 And many a holy text around she strews,
 That teach the rustic moralist to die.

22. For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
 This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,
 Left the warm precincts⁴ of the cheerful day,
 Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

23. On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
 Even from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
 Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.

24. For thee, who, mindful of the unhonored dead,
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
 If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
 Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate—

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
 "Oft have we seen him, at the peep of dawn,
 Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
 To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

26. "There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
 That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
 His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
 And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

27. "Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
 Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove;

¹ Un couth', not usual; strange;
 odd; clumsy.

² Trib'ute, something given to
 show services received, or as what
 is due or deserved.

³ El'e gy, a sad poem; a song re-
 lating to a funeral or some cause
 of sorrow.

⁴ Pré'cincts, limits or bounds;
 confines.

Now drooping, woful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

28. "One morn I missed him on the 'customed hill,
Along the heath, and near his favorite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he:

29. "The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne:
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Grayed on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

*Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth,
A youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown:
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her own.*

*Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to Misery—all he had—a tear,
He gained from Heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend.*

*No further seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose.)
The bosom of his Father and his God.*

GRAY.¹

¹ Thomas Gray, the poet, was born in London in 1716, and died 1771. His poems, inspired by the most delicate poetic feeling, and elaborated into exquisite terseness of diction, are among the most

splendid ornaments of English literature. His *Elegy*, first published in 1749, became at once, and always will continue to be, one of the most popular of all poems, since rivaled only by Tennyson's "In Memoriam."

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Accum
Advers
Affecta
Afflatus
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Agassiz
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